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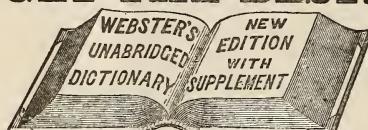
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CHARACTER.

[A work on Morals for the young, by Dr. William Royall, of our College, will appear at an early day. We have read with pleasure this extract in manuscript, and have obtained his permission to present it to our readers.—EDS.]

SECTION 8.

1. Character having much to do with the discharge of duty, it is necessary for us to inquire *what* it is, and what *kind* of a character will best fit and qualify us to do our duty properly. This I propose to do in the present section.

2. Character is WHAT WE ARE. It is to be viewed as embracing two points, viz: What we WERE AT FIRST and what we HAVE BECOME.

The first point—what we were at first—is one that we have but little to do with here. No one can be either blamed or praised for what is NATURAL in his being. Every one has certain dispositions, capacities and tastes which he received from his parents. One child is more sweet-tempered than another. No two, even very young children, seem to have exactly the same kind or amount of

spirit. The two may be lying beside each other on the bed, of the same age—being twins, nursed by the same mother, and receiving the same kind and amount of attention, and both in sound health; as you approach the bed one seems to be ready for a frolic with you, and the other has an expression of soberness and seriousness that says: “Don’t come with any of your fun about me.”

Now there is no moral quality here—no question of right and wrong—because these children have had nothing to do with what they now are. If there could be supposed to be any such question, it would be not in reference to the children, but their parents and ancestors. But that is a matter which is very dark and mysterious, and I am glad that we need not notice it here.

3. What we have BECOME and are

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NOW is the point in Character which we have to do with here, because we are responsible for that. If we think a moment we must see that "what we ARE now" does not mean merely what we KNOW and BELIEVE. It does not mean that *at all*, unless our knowledge and belief are a part of our very BEING. I mean that what we know or believe must have taken such a deep hold upon us as to affect and influence our way of LIVING and BEHAVING, before they can be said to have anything to do with our character. This is easily seen, when you consider that there are many things which we know and believe which have no effect upon us in the way of making us either good or bad. You know that England is ruled by a Queen, and you believe that what is said about Cæsar is true; but what is there in these two things to move you to do and to live in a way at all different from that to which you are accustomed? I do not say, however, that when even such things as these are known and believed *in connection with other things*, they may not alter our conduct somewhat. If your teacher should be calling your attention to some bad things which Cæsar did, in order that you may be warned by them, then it would perhaps affect your conduct more to know that what your teacher said about Cæsar was true—that such a man really lived and did these bad things and suffered for doing them. But MERE knowledge and belief—the "speculative kind"—forms necessarily no part of what we ARE.

Well, then, what does this expression mean?

I will try to answer it.

"What we are" or have "become" means what we LOVE, and what we love and find it EASY to DO. A man is best described by telling what he loves and hates or dislikes, and what he thinks about, says and does with the greatest pleasure and ease. We may describe him differently, it is true, but when our object is to tell the *true* character of the man, we speak of his LOVES and his HABITS.

Now as the best way of determining what a man loves is to find out what he is in the habit of doing when he is left to his own choice, it is clear that when we know the real HABITS of a man, we know his true CHARACTER.

4. Every really good thing—every thing that is pleasant to the eye or to the other senses, or to the mind, as it thinks about it, has two distinct qualities. Nothing can approach perfection if it lacks one of these. And the more nearly the two exist in certain proportions, the more nearly perfect the object is, and the more pleasant it is to be viewed or to be thought of.

These two qualities are STRENGTH and GRACE or BEAUTY.

Every object in nature—tree, landscape, ocean, mountain—and every work of art—painting, sculpture, music, poetry, and the rest, must possess both of these—each art and each specimen in different proportions, it is true. And any such object in Nature or Art which lacks either quality altogether, if such a thing were possible, would be called "imperfect," "defective," and sometimes "monstrous," on the one hand or "weak" on the other.

Our heavenly Father seems to have had reference to this, when he filled up the ugly crevices between the bones of man's body with a wadding of flesh, rounding off the different parts, hiding the unsightly skeleton, in which much of the strength lies, and then drawing over the whole the skin with its silky smoothness. The skeleton with sinews and nerves would of themselves have been sufficient to satisfy the demands of our nature for strength. There are needed, however, the filling up of the hollow parts and the clothing of the whole with a garment of skin to give the other quality—Beauty.

And Character will be found to form no exception to the rule.

It is perfect only as it possesses both Strength and Grace. A person may possess a "strong" character and be destitute of those qualities which impart attractiveness and beauty to it. Or one may be very amiable, gentle, mild, and inoffensive, and be deficient in solidity, weight, and force. It is only as the two are blended in proportions fixed by nature that we have the NORMAL condition of things—the perfect character.

5. Strength of character consists in the possession of certain good habits, which we will call VIRTUES.

Beauty of character depends upon the possession of other good habits which are known as GRACES.

6. Both the Virtues and the Graces must be HABITS, and for this reason : If the good qualities which they indicate are only *occasionally* and not *always* or generally seen in conduct,

they cannot be said to form a part of our character.

For character is something fixed and certain. Indeed, unless we can prophesy or judge beforehand with something like certainty how a man will act in a given case, we can hardly be said to know his character. If we are at a loss to know whether he will speak the truth or not, when he is a witness in a case, it must be either because we do not know his habit in that particular, or are satisfied that he has no such habit, but sometimes speaks the truth and sometimes lies. It cannot be said that he possesses the virtue of veracity at all unless he is in the *habit* of telling the truth.

There is another word which may be used instead of *habit*, viz : the word TRAIT. As when we say that a man has such and such traits of character. And the chief reason why I do not employ it here is that it lacks one point which the word "habit" possesses and which it is essential to consider in a work on Moral Science. Traits may be either natural or acquired, or they may be the result of both combined. Now, in so far as they stand for *natural* qualities they admit of no question of right and wrong. Consequently the word "trait" does not imply and suggest moral quality. Whereas "habit" being largely the result of our own voluntary action does imply and suggest the question of right and wrong. A very young child may be said to possess *traits*. But only those who are old enough to exercise reason to some extent, and to *choose*, instead of merely following instinct, can properly

be said to have formed or to possess habits.

7. When we speak of character as being STRONG, we must be understood to mean that it possesses those qualities which fit it to do good and faithful work. We prefer to employ strong men when there is real work to be done. And that character which succeeds in the battle of life—where Right and Wrong are like two rival generals always contending for the mastery—must needs be strong.

Hence it must possess VIRTUES.

For this word "virtue" implies strength and force. It is derived from the Latin word *Vir*—man—and means manliness.

When a person, after struggling with temptation or being placed in a position where men may be tempted, comes out unhurt, having withstood the darts of the Evil One, he is said to have acted in a *manly* or—which is the same thing here—a virtuous manner.

8. A man may be so much in the habit of doing right that it is easy for him to do it. But he is not the less called virtuous on that account. People still call him so, because they bear in mind the many hard battles with the wrong which he had to fight before he could form the habit of doing right.

And it is a blessed thing we can by forming this habit find it more and more easy every day to do our duty.

9. This leads me to say something about

HABIT.

We form a habit by doing the same thing, or thinking about the same thing, repeatedly. For we have habits of thought, as well as of doing.

All that we need to do in order to become adepts and experts, or to have skilful hands in doing anything, is to *keep on doing it*. Even children know this to be true. When they begin to play marbles, they find great difficulty in holding the marble properly and in shooting it at all. At first they use the whole arm, and throw it; then they push the arm forward and do but little more than drop the marble. And as to hitting the mark—if they do that at all, it is by accident, or by what the boys call "fudging." But before the season for this game is over, every boy who plays it daily will be able to shoot from the "line" to the "ring" and frequently to hit the "man" in the centre. "Practice makes perfect."

How hard it is for Susie to knit! She cannot learn the "stitch," and she is all the time "losing" it after she has learned it. See how she dashes the work down in her impatience, and finds relief in quieting baby, who is squalling. But I expect to find her some night before long out on the porch knitting away ever so rapidly by moonlight, because she is industrious and persevering and will keep on working at it.

This power of *forming* habits puts us within the reach of the enjoyment of many blessings, and the avoidance of many evils. Things that are so difficult to do that at first we have not the courage to undertake them, we are often induced to do when we see that by trying and trying we may do them as well as others. We are kept moving by HOPE. And hope urges a man forward just as steam drives an engine.

It is thus that we BECOME what we are. When one has acted constantly upon a certain plan and principle, he forms the habit of acting so ; and that makes it easy and natural for him to do it, for " Habit is second Nature." If one forms a bad habit he is in a deplorable condition ; it is so hard for him not to keep on doing wrong things. He very often does them although he knows how wrong they are, and regrets that he does them ; but as he himself *formed* the habit he has no one else to blame for his misdeeds. No man can excuse himself for doing a second time what he has found out is wrong, however we may feel like overlooking his taking the *first* wrong step. This we may think to be the result of carelessness or ignorance. But when his eyes are opened to the wrong by the lesson which the first wrong step is sure to teach him, if he takes the second, knowing it to be evil, then the guilt is his—he alone is in fault. And every succeeding step is worse in character than the one that preceded, because all the time he is growing in the knowledge of the wrong—he has more and more light. It follows from this that even if a man should say, "I cannot do better. The habit of wrong is fixed upon me, I cannot now break the chain that binds me," he is not to be excused. He is wrong in having done what he knew would fix the habit upon him. As soon as he discovered that every repetition of the act made it easier and easier for him to perform it, he should have taken the alarm, and rising up in the might of his will, broken away from the deadly embraces of the tempter. And as he *voluntarily* went

on doing wrong, he has no excuse ; he is by his own free act a slave to the bad habit.

An old swearer asked the deacon to excuse his profanity, as he " could not help it. The oath," he said, " would come out before he had time to *think how wrong it was.*" In that apology he admitted that he *knew* how sinful profanity was, but pleaded that the force of habit was too great for him. How will that plea avail him in view of his admission? The latter is fatal to the former. He knew his duty and he did it not. And " To him that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is sin." If he has lost the power to do his duty by repeated acts of his own, deliberately performed, that forms no valid excuse for failure in duty. He is even more guilty for having lost that power. If when a man has lost the power of doing right—or claims that he has, he is excusable for wrong-doing, then it follows that the more hardened and obstinate a sinner is the less guilty he is. And the basest and vilest men would be the most innocent and best—a thing which we all know to be absurd.

We are here arguing the question from the position of the wrong-doer, that he " has lost the power " of doing his duty. And I may add that our ablest men contend that the only sense in which a man may be said to lose this " power " is when he loses the " will." If this be so, and we put the plea of the wrong-doer into proper words, it would read thus: " Excuse me for doing wrong in this case ; I have fallen into the habit of it, and now I am not *willing* to do right."

Would any one excuse him on *that* plea? No. Our only safety lies in not taking the FIRST wrong step. Or if we have done so, we should immediately TURN back. The road runs down hill and by a gradual descent. At every step our gait is accelerated and quickened; we are beguiled by beautiful landscapes, babbling brooks that cross our path and gay flowers that line its borders. Lively and boon companions share our joy with us and thus increase it. Soon the descent becomes steeper, and the fascination and charm deepen; we are in the "Enchanted Land." The road broadens and multitudes join us and with song and dance intensify our joy. Now the way becomes so steep and the throng so press us that we can turn back only by putting forth *all* our powers. We make a feeble attempt; it is the best we can do, because we are not in *earnest*. We are losing the power of being *determined* to return; soon the road ends in an abrupt precipice, and—we are lost!

10. I wish, before leaving this point, to impress the following thoughts upon the reader's mind:

1st. Character is made up of Habits.
2nd. Character is not what a man *SEEMS* to be, but what he *IS*.

3rd. *Every* act which has right or wrong in it is helping to form character.

4th. Character whether good or bad may become FIXED and unchangeable for time and for ETERNITY.

SECTION 9.

THE VIRTUES—PURITY.

The Virtues are Purity, Righteousness, Benevolence, Method, and Courage.

The possession of all these gives the element of Strength to character. And the lack of any one of them produces Weakness. Whoever has each and all possesses the ability to meet and discharge duty manfully and faithfully. But if any be wanting in a man, he is apt to yield to temptation and falls an easy prey to the seductions of the enemy. Character is the full armor in which the battle with wrong and evil must be waged. If the enemy discovers a weak point in it, he directs his whole force against *that*. Character is the wall which protects the besieged fortress. If there be one portion of it badly constructed or unguarded, the fortress lies at the mercy of the besieging army almost as certainly as if there was no wall. "The chain is not stronger than its weakest link." In seeking to form character then, we must keep our eyes intently fixed upon these five virtues —each and all—and strive to make them our own.

We begin with

PURITY.

The meaning of this word is "freedom from substances which are foreign." The word "foreign" means "coming from abroad," and is applied to anything that does not properly belong to the place where it now is, or is out of its original and true place. So that anything may be said to be "pure" when it has in it only that substance which is its own. If any other substance or thing is mixed with it, it is said to be "impure." But we generally understand that this "foreign" substance is inferior to the one which belongs to the article. When we

speak of *silver* being *impure*, we usually mean that it has some other baser or inferior metal mixed with it, like copper or nickel. This we do because it is much more usual to mix the inferior with it than the superior and better—like gold for instance. And that is the case with Purity as applied to the character or to the mind. A man of Purity—a pure-minded man, is one who has no inferior or base quality in him, and who allows no bad thought to remain in his mind.

But we can understand the subject better perhaps by visiting the Silver Spring in Florida, which some of you may have read about or even seen. Let us sit in a boat in the middle of it; for it is large enough to float a steamer. Look down into its waters. One of you says, "How *clean* it is!" And he is correct, for there is not a particle of dirt or mud in it. Another exclaims, "How *clear* it is! I can see into it in any direction." While a third adds, "And how *transparent* it is! For I can see the little minnows swimming about at the bottom thirty feet away, and even the ten cent piece which you threw in."

Now these are just the qualities which the Purity about which we are talking has—Cleanness, Clearness, and Transparency. Let us notice each.

I. CLEANNESS.

1. This is the condition of every pure mind and heart. It has no unclean, filthy, and vulgar thoughts and feelings. They may enter by accident, but do not remain there.

Some persons—even when young,

have very filthy imaginations. They seem to love to think and talk about matters that are low and obscene. If any anecdote or story gives an account of persons who have debased themselves by lewd conduct, they delight in hearing it and are fond of repeating it to their companions. When such people are alone, their imaginations are drawing pictures of low and vulgar scenes, and in company they are pleased with nothing better than exciting the lusts and fleshly appetites of their fellows, by drawing for their benefit the same or similar pictures. And while at their favorite employment they use such coarse and indelicate language, that pure-minded persons are shocked and forced to quit their company.

2. "Cleanness," when applied to the actions of men—as we are doing here—is better spoken of under the names of two virtues, of which you have doubtless heard, viz: MODESTY and CHASTITY.

The Modest person is ashamed to think of such mean things as we have alluded to above, and blushes when they are mentioned in his presence.

While the Chaste person is ashamed to think and to hear of them, and will not *practise* them. It really includes much of what is meant by Modesty proper, but means, besides that, the refraining from, and avoiding all base and lewd *conduct*.

3. There is no habit which weakens character and disqualifies us for the discharge of some of the gravest duties of life so much as Impurity does. The man of unclean mind and lips is ready to violate the law which governs

the intercourse of the sexes at any moment, and to tolerate its violation in others. He looks on it as a very small offence; and if all men were of his mind, the very foundation upon which society rests—the Marriage relation—would be destroyed. But we leave it to parents and teachers to enter into a fuller presentation of this very important subject to the minds of the young than becomes these pages.

4. Modesty and Chastity are twin sisters; indeed they are almost as inseparable as the *Siamese* twins. They live together, and the death of one means the speedy death of the other. Philosophers and poets have delighted to describe their beauty and their worth. And the estimation in which they are held by men generally is seen in the severe penalty which the immodest and unchaste woman has to pay for her misconduct. And if the woman, why not the man also?

2. CLEARNESS.

1. The pure water which we saw in the Spring was said to possess Clearness also. There was no mud or trash mixed with it to discolor it and prevent our seeing the water wherever it was. In a muddy river you cannot see much of the water—only so much of it as is near the top or surface. You cannot tell whether it is deep or shallow. The Mississippi River is in some places many feet deep and ever so wide. Yet you may be right on its banks and not be able to see deeper down into it than an inch, and not that much only a few feet off; it is so full of mud.

2. That is exactly the case with a pure mind or heart. You can see into it in all directions—and tell just what kind of a mind and heart the person has.

There are some people about whom you can form no certain opinion. They have a way of so disguising and discoloring their feelings and the state of their minds that you cannot do more than guess what they really are, or what they mean by their conduct. You can only see what is on the surface, but cannot look deep down into them and find out their true motives and purposes, or what they really feel. And perhaps you know so little about them after long intercourse with them, that you cannot certainly say of them that they have this double character. You cannot look down into them far enough to know certainly that they are hypocrites and deceivers. So artful are they that “*they conceal art.*”

They remind us of the cuttle-fish. When it is pursued, it has a way of shooting out from its body a dark, inky liquid which so discolors the water that it cannot be seen, and thus it makes its escape.

On the other hand, there are persons who seem to let you know at once and without any effort what they are and how they think and feel. They are open, frank, honest, and straightforward in their conduct. They make no attempt to deceive by concealing their true designs and pretending to feel towards others as they do not.

3. The term “Clearness” is not the one usually given to this form of Purity. And we must try to find one

in common use, which answers the purpose.

I think that the two words, CANDOR and SINCERITY come as near to it as any others.

4. Sincerity means "freedom from wax." Honey with the wax left in it is not "pure" honey. And when an old Roman housekeeper went into the market to buy pure honey, she wanted it "sincere," that is, without wax.

So in a pure character we must have Sincerity. I think this term is generally used to denote the habit of expressing and showing our real FEELINGS about any person or upon any subject. While Candor is used to denote the habit of expressing our real THOUGHTS and OPINIONS about persons, and their conduct, or about other subjects generally.

Sincerity is a true revealer of what is in our *hearts*.

Candor tells exactly what is in our *minds*. If a sincere man is dealing with you he treats you, speaks to you, speaks of you, if necessary, in such a way that you can easily see how he actually feels towards you. Of course, he may not always say, "I dislike you," when he does dislike you. Because that would put a stop to all business and all intercourse between you and him, and if generally practised, might bring the world to a standstill. But he will never knowingly mislead you, by making you believe that he loves you when he does not. He will not *try* to make that impression upon you by look, or word, or act. He does not purposely hide his feelings from you, although he may not *show* them to you—perhaps, for

your good. And if he says he feels a deep interest in a *subject*, he speaks truly; not like some who say they do, and yet do not. Lawyer Duple, when speaking for his client who had murdered a man, told the jury how very, very deeply he felt for the poor man and his family, and even wept. But when he had finished his speech he said to his partner, "I wish you to tell me whether the feeling I showed was deep enough to touch the hearts of the jury." And they both laughed about it. Was *that* sincerity?

And even preachers have to guard well against falling into the habit of seeming to feel when they do not. If sincerity is not a part of one's very being, he is in danger of committing a grievous wrong here to a good cause. For persons sometimes think that a cause is bad because the one who defends or advocates it is bad. And as soon as they discover insincerity in a preacher they set him down as a bad man, and his cause as no better. True, they are wrong in judging of the cause from the character of its advocates. But such is human nature.

I sometimes fear that the boys and girls of the Chesterfield family will grow up lacking this quality of sincerity. In some respects they are well behaved. They certainly are genteel and polite—even polished in their manners; but there are some family customs that I fear will injure them in the end. I took breakfast with them once, and Papa and Mamma stood at the door of the dining hall and waited for the children to come from their rooms. Each boy and girl came up and kissed each of the parents,

and inquired after their health and how they had rested. And then each of them said to this effect, when assured that their parents were well and had rested well, "I am *so* glad," and little Jane said, "I am *so very* glad." I thought it quite beautiful, and was glad myself to see so many little folks who were glad. But that very day Mamma was taken quite ill, and Jane, who was busy making a doll dress in her room, smiled when Johnnie ran up and told her about it, and kept on at her work. When she had finished it and tried it on her doll she ran down and seemed to take her mother's illness so much to heart. "Dear Mamma," she said, "I thought it would kill me when I first heard how sick you were."

I think it was the oldest sister, Lucy Chesterfield, who received a note from Hannah Singleton that she was coming to spend the next day with her. On receiving it she tore it up and called Hannah all kinds of ugly names, and said she was a "horrible pest," and such like. Her mother overheard her, however, and scolded her about her conduct. Then she said that Lucy must write Hannah the politest note she could inviting her to come—adding, "I think you are right about her, she is a very coarse person, but you must be polite, and treat her just as if you loved her dearly." And you should have seen how Lucy overwhelmed Hannah the next day with her professions of deep love, adding : "You never can even guess how I have been dying to see you," and a little afterwards she said, "Oh ! with what rapture I have been looking forward to this happy day." Then she left

the room, and meeting the old family nurse, she said ; "What a long day is before me. That horrible fright has come to worry me to-day."

Such things as these are common in all branches of that family, and I fear that "hollow-heartedness" and duplicity and hypocrisy will not die out while any of them live.

But we must notice Candor now.

The candid man is one who tells you in an honest, straightforward way what he THINKS. It may not be always pleasant to hear what he has to say. Because he does not flatter and thus deceive or mislead ; at least he does not *intend* to do so. When he expresses an opinion about you that you do not like, you are apt to call him "blunt" and "plain-spoken," but you cannot help feeling that, after all, he is a good friend. He tells you of your failings as well as your good deeds and good qualities, and thus helps you to know *yourself*, which is next in importance to knowing God.

We like to hear our good points of conduct or character spoken highly of, and as to our faults—we would be glad if our companions never alluded to them. But to be gratified in these respects is to suffer a very great injury and injustice. Because we will be apt to think we are stronger and better than we really are, and thus become blind to the dangers which are around us. If, however, one knows that he has a weakness, and that he can easily be tempted to do wrong on account of it, he is apt to be on his guard and not go in the way of temptation. Just as when I know that it is very apt to make me sick to eat a certain dish, I

will be in less danger of eating it than if I did not know that. Now your candid friend by showing you your weak points puts you on your guard against the tempter, and makes you feel the importance of strengthening your character at those points.

The young do not always see this matter in its true light, and often become impatient of the advice and opinion of parents, teachers, and others who love them too tenderly not to make an honest effort to correct the faults which they plainly discover in them or their conduct.

Flattery is the most hurtful form of lying, because it injures character, and character is all that any man really and for all time possesses. If a man, by lying, cheats you out of your money or drives away your friends or brings injury to your reputation, you may after a while get any or all of these back; but when he undermines and destroys your character, he deprives you of what no one in this world can restore.

And not only when he is speaking to you about your conduct and faults, may a man show Candor. He may do it on any subject. When he speaks on politics, for instance, he does not think one way and speak another. If his party think one way and he another, he comes out boldly and says what *he* thinks. And if he is a candidate for office, and the people who vote have opinions which he does not adopt, he does not say that he adopts them, even if he knows that he will lose their votes thereby. Mr. Clay, one of our greatest statesmen, once said, "I had rather be right than to

be President of the United States." He meant that he would rather lose the Presidency than to say that he believed and thought what he really did not believe and think. *There* is a specimen of Candor! Let the young profit by the example.

The boys at my school *used* to think very little of Frank White. Whenever he saw anything wrong in us, he was sure to shake his head and put on a look that said, "I can't stand that." And although he did not tell the teacher on us, he never failed to do something or say something which showed what he thought of our tricks. Once Jack Sligh caught a lizard and carried it into the school-house, and put it away in his desk. Just as soon as the teacher turned his back, he took the lizard out and threw it on little Tom Child, and then turned around and pretended to be studying hard. Tom screamed out with fright, for he was but a child; and the teacher without asking any questions ran up to him, collared him, and began to whip him. Frank White could not stand that. He jumped up, and being a large boy, and having great strength, he pushed the teacher aside and jerked away Tom from him. Then all the boys and girls screamed out with delight, and the poor, hasty teacher, seeing he had all against him, became, at first, very angry. But when he saw that he would have the whole school to whip if he whipped *any*, he went to his seat and seemed conquered. Then Frank went up to him and begged his pardon for what he had done, and told all about the matter, but begged him to let off Jack Sligh this time, as he

thought it would be a good lesson to him for the rest of his life. The teacher thanked Frank for acting as he had done, and pardoned Jack. And now every boy and girl in the school fairly worships Frank White. *In the end*, the candid man will stand "head." And *he* is the man who may be counted on to do justice to *all* parties in a controversy or in a quarrel. But the flatterer is a sneak and a coward, and thinks only of saving his own poor carcass in an emergency or a difficulty. How can you trust him anywhere or at any time?

4. The importance of these habits—Sincerity and Candor—may be seen or inferred from what we have said above. But we will be convinced of it when we view them as helps in the discharge of duty.

A man owes it to himself to *be* what he *seems* to be, and never to seem to be what he is not. Deceit and Lying are hateful vices. They degrade a man—letting him down to the level of the Fox and the Flea. The man who is insincere and lacking in candor creeps up to you as the Fox did to the Crow who was sitting in the top of a tree holding a slice of cheese in her mouth. By telling the Crow how much he liked to hear her sweet voice in song, he flattered her so that she began to sing, after her fashion, and dropped the cheese—just the thing which the Fox was hoping for. And the Flea pounces on you before you know he is about and bites you in a place where you least expected him. And when you think you have your finger on him, "he is not there." Look for him, and you

see him sneaking off at a safe distance, or jumping away so quickly that your eye cannot follow him. Your only way of avenging yourself is by saying: "You mean fellow, you are beneath my notice."

It seems to me, however, that the insincere man is meaner than Fox or Flea; because he knows he is wrong; while they are only following the bent of their natures, and doing just what a Fox or a Flea *may* do.

It is doubtful whether the thoroughly insincere man has it in him to perform his duties to others. For it is not certain that he has heart and soul enough left to have any *sense of duty*. His soul is so eaten into and honey-combed by the worm of Deceit that it cannot be impressed with duty. When you speak to him about the most solemn things, he smiles or "laughs in his sleeve" at you. He is "dead while he liveth." The "whited sepulchre" represents him best. Let the young beware! Deceit is the tree that bears the "Apples of Sodom." If it has sprouted in your breast, pluck it up by the roots and cast it from you.

But what a true friend and safe adviser is the sincere, candid man! How well qualified he is to help the tempted and to bring back the wandering. He always speaks *wholesome* words, and they are better than *pleasant* words. "May his shadow never grow less!"

"Let the righteous smite me; it shall be a kindness. And let him reprove me; it shall be an excellent oil, which shall not break my head."

3. TRANSPARENCY.

1. Things are to us what they *seem* to be. If a man has the disease called Jaundice, everything around him looks yellow. The blood in his eyes is impure. It has yellow bile in it. And as he must *look* through the eye and has that alone to depend upon for seeing, if there should be anything wrong with that, it is to be expected that the object looked at will not be seen to be exactly *as it is*, or *what it is*.

Mary had been sick with jaundice several days, but she did not "give up" and go to bed for it. Her mother asked her one day to go to the clothes line and bring in all the *white* stockings that were hanging there to dry. She went, and looked and looked up and down the line but did not see a single pair there. Now was not that strange, when the fact is there were seven pair of them there? No, not at all, when you remember that she had the jaundice and that white objects looked yellow to her. When we looked into the Silver Spring, we all agreed that it was "transparent"; and we meant by that to say that it was not only clear so that we could see the water itself in all directions, but also that we could make out every object in and beyond the water, and see it just *as it was*. We saw the ten cent piece at the bottom and recognized it as such. We did not think it was a button. The water was too pure for that.

2. To form a correct opinion of men and of their conduct, we should not look at them through "jaundiced" eyes. There are certain wrong things which sometimes get into our minds

and derange our mental eyes so that we misjudge and form wrong opinions about people, and about what they mean when they do certain things.

Often we condemn the innocent and acquit the guilty, and do great injustice to men and their motives and intentions, by not seeing things in their true light, on account of the "darkness that is in us."

Some people are full of suspicion. Without *knowing* why one acted as he did, they suspect his intentions and fear he had the basest designs. They seem to be on the lookout for evil in human conduct and to discover much more of it than good, pure-minded men do; they have an "evil eye."

3. Now we may call that quality or condition of the mind which enables us to see and to judge aright about human conduct and intentions—EQUITY. Some may think Impartiality a more suitable one; I prefer Equity. The word brings up to our minds the idea of evenness or equality. When one is weighing an article in scales he tries to make the weight in one scale exactly equal to the article in the other; and then the scales will hang even with one another. Now if the mind has Equity, human conduct and actions will be weighed evenly. And no opinion will be formed until this weighing has taken place.

4. Almost any wrong feeling in the mind will interfere with its proper action. We can be equitable only so far as we are free from everything which clouds and discolors the mind. But there are two things which especially hinder us from doing our duty

at this point, viz : Prejudice and Passion. Some men are full of one or both of these, and then they are dangerous neighbors or associates, not to speak of their being disagreeable as companions.

They do not like this man and that man and many other men, because they have faults which nobody else has discovered in them, or because one has red hair, another stoops, a third talks too loud, a fourth talks too low, and so on. And none of these men ever acts so as to please them entirely. If one of them does a good deed it is said to have been done with a bad design.

They are prepared to hear the very worst of their neighbors. And should one of them turn aside from the right path, they seem rather glad and say, "I knew it. I told you so. I am glad people have found him out at last. Ever since I noticed that he walked like a parrot I knew he would not do." Here we see the work of Prejudice.

And Passion, or excessive fondness or aversion for others, leads us into just as great errors at this point. We love one so much that we cannot see the slightest fault in him. And we hate another so that we cannot see any good in him or in what he does. This is so well known and occurs so often in human experience that we need not say another word on the subject.

4. Prejudice and Passion differ in this way : Passion is love or hatred existing to *excess*. Prejudice is the same feeling without cause or *foundation* to rest on. When either enters the mind its evenness or equilibrium is disturbed and it cannot weigh out "even-handed justice" to men and their actions. In this condition, without Equity, how can we discharge our duties?

5. See now what a list of valuable and necessary virtues is included in Purity: 1. Modesty and Chastity; 2. Sincerity and Candor; 3. Equity.

OLIM AND SADOC.

I was dreaming of living a long time ago, and travelling in Palestine, on the road going down from Jerusalem to Jericho. My interpreter was Olim, a learned Jew, and a teacher of a school of boys at Jericho. He had been improving his vacation by a visit to the High Priest and other officers at the Capital. Being a devout man, he also attended the ceremonies of the Tem-

ple. Having been liberal in his benefactions, he proposed to recruit his funds by taking me under his charge and allowing me to spend a week in his school, which was to begin on the day after the full moon. Sadoc, a young man from Bethany, going to attend Olim's school, travelled with us. Olim informed me that his school was mostly made up of young men from

the hill country of Judea. The Jericho boys, like their fathers, were wicked and addicted to sport, lovers of lucre rather than learning. Jericho stood where the road bursts out of the mountains into the broad valley of the Jordan and the Dead Sea.

This same fruitful plain once ensnared righteous Lot and caused him to pitch his tent towards Sodom, as many, in a figurative sense, still persist in doing.

Olim selected Jericho as a suitable location for his school, because the water was always good and abundant, the mountains supplied stones, and the valley of the Jordan furnished lumber for building purposes. Grain was cheap in the valley, and fruits filled the neighboring hills. So, in a land naturally flowing with milk and honey, board was next to nothing in Jericho. Olim's residence was near to that of Zaccheus, and was large enough for the accommodation of a boarding school, though many of his boys boarded themselves.

Olim, Sadoc, and myself were travelling on foot. Sadoc told us of a remarkable boy, born at Bethlehem and working with his father as a carpenter in Nazareth. Yet his friends claimed that he was the expected Messiah. Some remarkable circumstances attended his birth, but as yet there was nothing portending any conspicuous future. Olim was perplexed, because, while the prophecies pointed to the present coming of Shiloh, only an obscure person claimed the Messiahship. So we journeyed and talked by the way. My interpreter was a thoughtful, intelligent man.

He spoke English with hesitancy, and sometimes missed his word, but his meaning was manifest. I encouraged him to talk of the prophets, especially of those who were teachers of schools. He said that Eli was one of the many teachers who neglected his own sons, but was faithful to the boys attending his school. He said that in spite of all the faults of teachers, the Lord had selected one of them to be carried up to Heaven without suffering the pangs of death, and he did not remember that any other profession had been similarly honored. He was very much inclined to think that the boys torn by bears belonged to Jericho and not to Bethel, because the Jericho boys were such as would naturally be impudent enough to make sport of a miracle, and torment a teacher. He spoke of a teacher who taught on a stony hill, not far from Jerusalem. His popularity attracted students till his cabin was crowded, and they finally proposed to build him a larger house if he would move to the bank of the Jordan, where lumber could be obtained. Olim said his own schoolroom was crowded, but his students were too parsimonious to enlarge it. He was not surprised that Naaman, accustomed to the crystal waters of Damascus, should hesitate to enter the muddy and slimy Jordan, even at the bidding of a prophet. He thought that Gehazi was simply an imitative African, pretending to collect a support for poor students, as he had often seen his master do, and hiding the same for his own use, as his greedy soul suggested.

Sadoc soon tired of this conversa-

tion, which he did not understand, and quietly pushed on, eager to catch the first glimpse of the city which would terminate a tiresome journey.

We had scarcely missed him when we saw two pack mules and a saddle mule standing in the road. The rider was in front, on the ground, by a gloomy overshadowing rock, in which were dismal clefts. At his feet Sadoc was lying, wounded and bleeding. His head had been cut with a club, and his right knee was completely disabled. They struck his leg to prevent his running, and gashed his head to make him submissive. His coat and his money were gone. The Priest and the Levite had passed by on the other side. Perhaps they had money and were afraid of robbers. But this commercial traveller from Samaria, with all his money, was not afraid or unwilling to relieve a fellow mortal in distress. He opened one of his packs and took out wine, then another, and took out oil. And after washing the wounds with wine and anointing them with oil, and putting bandages on them, he requested Olim to help lift Sadoc to the back of his mule. But Olim's religion did not allow any dealings with a Samaritan, not even co-operation in an act of charity. He motioned to me (a great sinner in his estimation), and I assisted the Samaritan in placing Sadoc on the mule. The traveller then mounted one of his pack mules, and leading Sadoc's mule to Jericho, took him to the Fountain Hotel. Before Olim and I reached Jericho, the sun had sunk behind the mountains, and darkness was spreading over the valley. But many elegant

buildings were visible by moonlight, and a dark thread indicated the course of the river. Olim's wife had retired for the night, but she and her children arose to welcome him, and gave us milk and rolls for supper. Olim showed me a pleasant chamber, containing a table, a stool, and a bed. The murmuring fountain was near and invited sleep. On the morrow, when I opened my door, the sun was shining on the valley of the meandering Jordan. I took a walk in the city, so beautifully shaded by palm trees, and saw the Samaritan already trading with the merchants and rapidly selling his goods. The walk had prepared me for the delightful breakfast which Rachel, Olim's wife, had spread. Fat kid, fresh milk, warm rolls, olives, figs and grapes made up the bill of fare. Then Olim agreed to go with me in search of Sadoc. We found him in a comfortable room and much improved. He proceeded to tell us the particulars of his misfortune. Two robbers armed with short, heavy clubs, stepped out of a cavern and stood before him; he attempted to run, but a blow on the knee brought him to the ground. He then seized a stone to defend himself, and struck the nearest robber on the shoulder. The exasperated man immediately laid him flat with a blow on the head. The blood flowed profusely, and he made no further resistance. The robbers took his money and his outer clothing, and fled. Besides the Priest and the Levite, five other men had passed him. The first said, "Alas, poor man, how I pity you! What great sin have you committed that the Lord should

turn loose robbers upon you? But the just and righteous judgments of Jehovah must be executed. So I leave you to your fate." The second said: "Friend, I am truly sorry for you, robbed and wounded, without money and unable to walk. But you do not belong to our city, nor to our sect. We help no others. Farewell." The third said: "My friend, you are in a sorrowful situation, and I sympathize with you. I am the disburser of a large charity fund, but we help those only who try to help themselves. So if you will rise and buy yourself a change of raiment we will make you a present of an elegant pair of sandals." The fourth said: "My dear unfortunate friend, I pity your distress, but it is my rule to make all my benefactions stimulate others. Instead of giving according to my income, I give on condition that others will give; I will therefore restore half the money taken from you if you will find one party to restore the other half, and another to restore your clothing. As my time is limited, I

give you one hour in which to find the other parties." "The fifth," said Sadoc, "was a poor, feeble old man, who brought me a cup of cold water from the rock spring, near which I was lying, and bathed my feverish wounds. He said, 'As I cannot help you myself I will pray for relief from Heaven.' So kneeling down, he offered a fervent prayer, which was promptly answered by this good Samaritan, who has nursed me so tenderly, though he has not even told me his name."

As we were talking the Samaritan entered, and said to Sadoc, "I have transacted my business in Jericho and am about to return. I have instructed the keeper of this hotel to charge your board to me; go to Ezekiel & Co., on Palm street, and my friend will hand you a sum contributed by the merchants, sufficient to meet all your expenses during the coming session. Farewell!"

At this point "the rising bell" awoke me from sleep and called me to my daily duties.

J. H. MILLS.

A RIDE + A RIDE = TWO RIDES.

I am fond of riding, and suppose that most students are. Some, alas, are so fond of it that they *will* ride even while at college. I have ridden on railroad, buggy, horseback, and boat this summer.

I think the buggy is preferable, but want to speak first of a boat-ride; then of a ride on rail.

The first was from Hillsboro two

miles up Eno river. The party consisted of two young ladies and two boys.

I had never rowed a boat, but my friend had. So I sat behind and pulled two strings. I never saw a boat with strings before, and hardly knew how to manage them. I had seen fish swim, though; and when we started I began to pull first one, then the other, imita-

ting as nearly as possible the movements of a fish when swimming. My partner informed me that I knew nothing about steering a boat. I knew that.

Here it was necessary to stop and receive some instructions. I thought I had it, but when we started off, I pulled the wrong string and drove into a bunch of willows.

My partner was good-natured and said but little, but thought it was getting mighty hot. Well, it was hot; for the 13th of July was by no means a cool day.

Another lesson was necessary before we could advance. This I soon learned, and a bee-line up the stream brought us to the foot of the first of the three mountains near Hillsboro. Yes; *mountains!* The first and only I ever saw.

After a few minutes' pause we went higher up to the next largest. The foot of this one forms the right bank of Eno river, and from the water the ascent is very steep. And the mountain side was verdant with most beautiful shrubbery. All looked so romantic we decided to ascend. As soon as we found a suitable place we landed, and with great difficulty reached, not the summit, but a pleasant spot from which we could take a general survey. One could stand where I did, and, if disposed, jump into the water from an eminence of—I can't say, but enough to satisfy his ambition for jumping. We roamed over the mountain, ate whortleberries, gathered flowers, drank of the cool waters from the mountain side, visited the "panther's den," and returned to our boat.

I was to act as oarsman going back, but my friend was so fond of rowing that, like Tom Sawyer, he wanted me to pay him to let me row. I appeared to be anxious and was willing to give almost anything, but I'd left my marbles, top, and limber-jack all at home, and had nothing he wanted.

It was not long before he was willing to credit one, but I wouldn't think of going in debt for a thing I could get along so well without. And, too, while we were trying to come to terms, a fierce cloud was rising and it would never do to stop to change places. I was afraid the cloud would catch us. By this time we were so near home, I was not willing to take hold for just that little. But the cloud came so fast I was quite willing to help, and rowed manfully for a while with a board; but the storm came upon us and drove us to land before we were ready. I with the ladies got out and hurried home, leaving my partner to conduct the boat to its place, and get home as best he could.

The last we saw of him he was near the middle of the river going round and round, but not making much headway. I have heard since that he was not drowned, but got sprinkled. Thus closed the first ride, and he agrees with me in saying that it was a pleasant one.

The second ride was very much like the first, and yet very unlike it. They were alike in that they were both rides; unlike in that one was on water, the other on rail. They were alike in that they were from Hillsboro; unlike in that one was a round trip, the other was not. This was from Hillsboro to Plainview; but I wish to notice only

the ride from Alma, but not *Alma Mater*, to Plainview. I speak of this because it was new to me, and I suppose is new to most of us.

I had a way-bill which said, "Change cars at Hamlet and go a few miles to Alma. There you will change again. You will have to lie over about two hours, but there is a hotel near the depot where you can rest until train-time. Then get aboard the Little Rock and Alma Railroad, and I will meet you at Plainview." I followed the directions very closely. Changed cars at Hamlet, again at Alma, and called out for the hotel. I heard somebody laugh. Again I called out for the hotel with considerable force. And after a pause I heard a grum voice say, "No hotel here. There's a house over yonder whar folks stop sometimes." By inquiry I found that the "hotel" accommodated the railroad and saw-mill hands, and "passers-by" when they could do no better.

I belonged to the last mentioned class, and made my way to the house and called for the proprietor. But he said that he had no room for me; that all of his rooms were occupied.

I asked if I might sit in his parlor till day. He said I might if he had one, but—"That's enough." The last resort: "May I sit on your piazza?" "O, yes." But those "two hours" were the longest I ever saw. They extended from a little after three until nearly eight o'clock. During this time those within snored, the cats yelled fearfully, and fought as if they'd tear each other's eyes out, the ducks quacked, and a great many things there were to keep one from sleeping. The break

of day put a stop to these interruptions, but those children! Well, I did not sleep.

After a while the proprietor came out and, in a very jovial manner, began to speak of his fare, informing me that the railroad fare was nearly as poor as his.

Pointing to a very common box-car, which was being loaded with meat, salt, and molasses, he said, "You'll go in that car, or on the engine." "Is it possible?" I asked. "That's the only chance."

I could go almost any way, but I found that there was a lady who was going that way. I could scarcely see how she could go; for it was rough for a man. But she was resolute, and willing to venture. She was as badly deceived in the "Little Rock and Alma Railroad" as I; but we both thought the fare not so bad when we learned that the road was built by two or three energetic men of the place for the purpose of hauling spirits turpentine, rosin, and lumber from the piny woods. They did not claim to accommodate passengers.

The engine is light and runs on a wood rail part of the way, and therefore runs very slowly and carries only two or three cars at a time. But when they get an iron track, they will put on a "peerter" horse and fairly wake the natives as they fly through that quiet forest.

At the "Alma hotel" they failed to notify me when they went to breakfast, and so I had not the proper equipments for the journey. But after we started, my lady friend opened a large box and invited me to

breakfast. She received the same treatment at the hotel that I did. I don't know when I enjoyed a breakfast more. I shall always feel indebted to her for that act of kindness, or mercy; for I don't think I could have recovered soon from a trip from Alma to Plainview and back with nothing to eat. No: I don't know how much I ate; for the train was bouncing so I could scarcely convey the food to my mouth. But by special effort, I ate enough to sustain life.

I would like to speak of the country through which we travelled, but will leave that for next time. I must say a word about the people; for I have

never met such before. The hotel man did not charge me a cent for spending the night. Nor did the conductor make any charge for my riding on his road. A free ride there and back! When I asked what I owed, he said, "If you are satisfied, I am." I was twice satisfied.

When I told him good-by, he asked me to come and ride again at the same price whenever I felt like it. And just as soon as I feel like it I am going to do it; and I want as many of my friends to go with me as can. There are very few such people as these, and I think we ought to patronize them.

M. ORTON.

EDITORIAL.

SALUTATORY.

With this issue THE STUDENT begins its third volume, and a new board of editors assume the quills. It is our first duty and pleasure to extend a cordial greeting to its friends and readers, and to assure them that their support and consideration in the past have been appreciated. It is our intention to sustain its literary character, and, as has been the case in the past, to exclude unpleasant personalities and all other matter unworthy of its columns.

Since THE STUDENT began its career, its success has exceeded our most sanguine expectations. For its continued success we appeal to the friends, the alumni, and the students of Wake Forest College. Subscribe for it yourselves, use your influence in extending its circulation, and occasionally send us a pointed and pithy article on some interesting topic for publication. We would ask the members of the Literary Societies, especially, to contribute to its columns. You must not think, because you have elected editors, that all the work devolves upon them. One of the principal reasons for its establishment was that you might have a better opportunity for improvement in composition; and if you do not write for its columns, it will not meet the object for which it was, in part, designed.

It is a duty incumbent upon each of you to aid it to the best of your ability, if you would see it an honor to your College, your Societies, and yourselves.

S.

FILIO PATER.

On the front of the most beautiful building in the grounds of Brown University are engraved these striking words. Upon entering it the eye of the visitor is at once arrested by a tablet bearing this inscription: "In memory of William Clark Sayles, who died Feb. 13, 1876, a student in this University, this Hall was erected by his father William Francis Sayles." We are glad to observe that it is becoming quite common thus to make the memorial of the dead useful to the living. As other instances, we might mention the magnificent Memorial Hall at Harvard, erected by the alumni of that institution in memory of their fellows who fell in the civil war, the Jeter Memorial at Richmond College, and our own Wingate Memorial.

We can understand how some sensitive natures would at first thought recoil from associating the memory of their lost loved ones with the everyday work and bustle of the world. But we dare say, that in all the granite and marble of Laurel Hill, Mt. Auburn, and Greenwood, there is no memorial more touching, more lasting, or more fitting than "Filio Pater" on that beautiful but useful pile of brownstone.

W. L. P.

A REGULAR COURSE.

It is strange that so many young men go to college with no definite views as to what they intend to do. They seem purposeless. If asked

whether they intend to take a regular course, they "hardly know;" and in many instances, after much hesitating and vacillating, they do decide to take—a few English and scientific studies, and thus "prepare" themselves for "practical life!" This ought not to be so.

If any young man is really unable to complete a regular course at college, and yet desires and determines to educate himself to the extent of his ability, he is to be commended for his efforts, and not censured because he cannot take a course. But there are very few young men who are placed by force of circumstances in just this position. If they have energy enough to make them take the initiatory step of entering college, they will find a way to go farther. Friends are always watching, and, when they see worthy boys in need, are ready to "lend a helping hand."

But when young men can take a regular course, but will not for fear that they may "strike something hard" if they trouble the ancient languages or mathematics, they show plainly by their actions that they do not appreciate the duty they owe to their parents or the expectations of their friends. But most of all, and strangest of all, they do not recognize the necessity of taking a regular course.

This is an age of great mental activity and intellectual improvement; and the severest competition in every vocation. The time is fast approaching when he who is not *thoroughly* prepared to compete in the great struggle of life, must succumb. There

is no other alternative. The educated, the trained, will be at the top of the ladder, and those who are not must necessarily be pushed to the bottom. Which will our young men do, prepare themselves and rise to stations of honor and distinction, or fail to do so, and be pushed down to the lowest point?

They who think of preparing themselves for life by completing a few English and scientific studies of the most elementary nature, are as unwise as he who would go to battle without any instrument of defence.

The only course for those who wish to succeed, in the true sense of the term, who desire to be more than mere plodders through life, is to begin work, at their entrance in college, with a determination to secure some degree. It is very reasonable that any one of the courses mapped out at this college or almost any other college, is far better than any you could map out; for these courses are decided on by educators who appreciate the needs and requirements of the times.

Let every young man who is undecided about this question, make up his mind immediately to take a regular course, and his life will always be the brighter for it. J. C. C. D.

IMPORTANCE OF RECREATION.

The subject of relaxation from work—work either mental or physical, but more especially mental—has been discussed in almost every periodical in the country. It seems that college magazines particularly have a proclivity for placing before the public

lengthy dissertations on the importance of recreation. And naturally so; for, perhaps, in no other place is there seen more plainly the need of its wonderful recuperative powers, than among the exhausted minds and attenuated bodies of the students of a college. Still we think the subject of such paramount importance to the continuance of healthful and robust lives, that it will bear being handled again and again without waxing too old for consideration.

A large number of boys who come to college have been reared on the farm, or in some other occupation in which their physical organs received sufficient exercise for vigorous growth and due expansion. Their intellectual faculties, however, were not developed as fast as they should have been during this period of muscular training, and after the farm is left and the college reached, the order of development is reversed, the preponderance of care being bestowed on the mind rather than the muscles. That a certain amount of physical exercise is necessary to a healthful and symmetrical development of the man in all his parts, is not only conceded as a fact, but urged as an essential factor in successful college life. Prudence, however, should be consulted as to the amount of exercise to be taken, so as not, by endeavoring to make the physical organism strong and vigorous, to do so at the expense of the mind. Besides, excess of physical exertion is as hurtful in wearing away the muscles, as the right proportion of it is beneficial in building them up. The extreme either way will produce a

dwarf, and not a giant. A gigantic mind in a weak and emaciated body is a monstrosity—a counterfeit on nature, and not in accordance with her regular and beautifully adjusted laws. On the other hand, when both are equally and proportionally trained, what a beautiful specimen of manhood, every part of mind and body capable of performing its proper function legitimately! That is the typical man. He can fill with dignity and honor the place allotted to him by the Creator.

A colossal mind unimpeded by physical debility!—a boon truly worth the time and care necessary to attain it. A student who shuts himself in his room with no companion save his text-books, and toils incessantly day after day and night after night, certainly does so to the detriment of his best and highest interests. The mind needs and must have recreation as well as any other part of the being, and to keep it in a perpetual strain—every nerve wrought up to the highest tension—is not only not increasing his power of learning, but is positively injurious in proportion as it diminishes his ability to continue it.

Let us, then, by all means have a portion of each day set apart for some kind of health-giving diversion. Whether some regular species of exercise stipulated by the officers of the college would be more beneficial than to leave the matter at the option of the student, we do not pretend to say. But, undoubtedly, as can be corroborated by those who have observed it, where a prescribed course of recreation is in vogue, it soon ceases to be a

virtue, and thwarts the object for which it is maintained, for the reason that students come to regard it as a duty rather than an amusement, as soon as the novelty of the thing wears off. On the other hand, however, it may be correctly said that where it is left wholly optional some take no exercise at all. But speculating on theories is not our purpose here; and, besides, the good to be derived turns not on what particular method is best, the great object being, rather, to gain the end without the method.

The capacity of the mind, and, indeed of the whole body, after a rest

time, is increased so that a given amount of work can be accomplished in a much shorter time. The economy of prudent exercise, leaving out of consideration the deleterious influences arising from constant application, is sufficient inducement to the student to avail himself of it. While we believe in plenty of amusement, there should be in it such a judicious apportionment as to preclude the possibility of overdoing the thing. There is danger in the motto, "*Deus nobis haec otia fecit; dum vivimus vivamus.*"

A. M. R.

CURRENT TOPICS.

—THE CHOLERA.—The deadly march of the cholera in Egypt fills the heart with horror, and elicits all the sympathy of our natures for the inhabitants of the land of the plagues. The smoke of the battle field had hardly cleared off; the British bullets ceased whistling only to make way for this dread plague.

Records of the disease in the height of its course, in Cairo alone, show a death-rate of 500 a day. Compared with this, the daily mortality from the yellow fever at Memphis in 1878 makes but a small showing. Their situation appears more heart-rending when we consider them cut off from escape and kept in the very jaws of death by a system of *cordon sanitaire*, to prevent the spread of the disease. It is quite evident that the plague was invited by the universal

neglect of sanitary precautions, which suggests that much blame must rest upon the inhabitants themselves. Present indications are that, like a prairie fire, it will run its course only when material fails.

—THE STRIKE.—The recent great telegraph strike has not been without its good results to the country. In the first place, being deprived of its use, we get a keener appreciation of the value of the telegraph to all business interests. There were evils existing in its administration which needed to be brought into the light. This whole telegraph interest has been in the hands of two or three men; and with their charter from the government, these monopolists have multiplied immense fortunes by the most consummate tact and baseness. Stocks were "watered" and the

wages of the operators shaved down to the very bone. Facts and figures show that it did not take long for thousands to become millions, while thousands of skilled workmen were reduced almost to the bare necessities of life. But the late strike has aroused popular sentiment, and there seems to be but little doubt that the question "of the power of monopolies over Congress will be tested next winter."

—THE EARTHQUAKE.—The terrible earthquake, which, on the night of July 28th, visited the Island of Ischia, lying off the famous Bay of Naples, and swallowed up the beautiful watering-place of Casamicciola, is the most direful tale of disaster of the century. It is said that the large theatre building was filled to its utmost, a large part of the audience

being composed of wealthy and fashionable Italian visitors.

Strange to say, the most important part of the burlesque for that evening was a scene in which an earthquake was to be represented. The curtain had just risen and every heart beat with pleasurable expectancy, when, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, with a shock and a roar, the vast terror-stricken audience were precipitated into a heap and buried beneath the debris; changing a burlesque into one of the most tragical scenes on record. The scene throughout the town is said to have beggared description, rivalling in its havoc the last days of Pompeii. It is estimated that no less than 8,000 human beings were entombed alive.

W. S. R.

EDUCATIONAL.

—A BETTER opening at Wake Forest than last year, 135 now present.

—A NEW building is to be erected in Raleigh for the white graded school. In Winston ditto.

—Hon. J. C. SCARBOROUGH reports that the normal schools of the State were better the past summer than ever before, excepting that at Elizabeth City.

—Prof. J. L. TOMLINSON has resigned his position as superintendent of the graded school at Wilson, and Mr. John F. Bruton has been elected in his room. Prof. Tomlinson goes to be principal of the graded school in Winston.

—Rev. M. L. WOOD has been elected president of Trinity College to succeed the late Dr. B. Craven. We wish for Trinity a new and more brilliant career.

—THE obituary reports of Harvard, Andover, and Newton are said to be suggestive of the physical value of mental discipline. The average age of the deceased graduates was nearly seventy.

—IT is stimulating to see the improvements that were made in the college buildings of the country during the vacation. The contagion spreads from Harvard and Yale to Richmond and Wake Forest.

—THE University of Indiana suffered by a disastrous fire in the month of August. President Lemuel Moss announced, however, that its opening would not be hindered or delayed by the calamity.

—Rev. D. A. LONG, late president of Graham Normal College, N. C., has accepted the presidency of Antioch College at Yellow Springs, Ohio. He graduated at Chapel Hill and continued his studies at Yale. He is thirty-nine years old.

—Mr. CHARLES B. WRIGHT, ex-president of the Northern Pacific Railroad, has given \$50,000 towards the establishment of a college for boys and the same amount for a college for girls at Tacoma, Washington Territory.

—THE buildings at Peace Institute, Raleigh, are to be enlarged. We hope the chapel will share in this enlargement. Many of our institutions have not sitting room for half the people whom they invite to their public exercises.

—UNIVERSALISTS have liberally endowed Tufts College, at Somerville, Mass., but in spite of its strong faculty and fine buildings and equipments, its success is but moderate and is attributed largely to the generous help it offers to needy students. It is too near to Harvard to flourish.

—THE Louisville Exposition has its educational exhibit, and on the 19th, 20th, and 21st ult., a convention was held there to consider the question of education in the South, how best to promote its interests, and from what source to obtain the needed funds.

—THE Jeter Memorial Hall at Richmond College is not a separate building, but is made a part of the plan of the old building. The whole, as seen from a distance, is one of the handsomest college buildings in the country. It is well situated near the city limits, and with improvement of the grounds can be made a beautiful spot.

—Dr. A. D. MAYO delivered before a large audience at Martha's Vineyard a good lecture on "The Schools of the South." He presented not only our needs, but our all but heroic efforts in the struggle with illiteracy. He advocated strongly the claims of the South upon the government and upon individuals for liberal aid in the matter of education, and those present expressed their hearty assent.

—THE Martha's Vineyard Summer Institute opened on the 11th of July and continued five weeks. The faculty of instruction numbered thirty-one, representing seven different States. The president is William J. Rolfe, the author of *Rolfe's Shakespeare*. There were 295 students, about two-thirds of whom were ladies. They came from Nebraska, Texas, Iowa, Alabama, Minnesota, Missouri, Illinois, Kentucky, etc., as well as from the Middle and Eastern States. North Carolina shows 13 in the catalogue.

—THE Commissioner of Education has issued a circular containing answers by prominent educators throughout the country to his inquiries about co-education. He makes some concluding remarks, in which he expresses the opinion that the welfare of the nation "depends on the prevalence of

co-education." Mr. J. H. Mills, of Oxford, in his thorough way, criticises some of these answers, giving at the end of his article two arguments against co-education. The majority of teachers in North Carolina will agree with him, rather than with Mr. Noble, president of the N. C. Teachers' Association, who, to the Commissioner's inquiry, responds, "Better results can be secured with co-education."

—IT is announced that Mr. Charles L. Colby has given \$1,000,000 to found the new University in Wisconsin, of which the Baptists are to have control.

—Rev. Dr. G. B. STRICKLER, of Atlanta, Ga., has been elected to fill the chair vacated by Rev. Dr. Dabney in Union Theological Seminary, Va.

—THE recent movement in Kentucky in behalf of better educational facilities is timely, to say the least. The State makes a smaller appropriation for school purposes than any other State, the rate being \$2.04 per capita, against an average of about \$8 per capita in the Northern States.

—THE Summer School of Christian Philosophy, Rev. Dr. Deems, President, has been better attended this year than ever before. The ninth lecture was delivered by Dr. Francis L. Patton, of Princeton, on "The Recent Criticisms of the Theistic Belief."

—HOWARD College is to-day, in the judgment of Alabamians in general, the best male college in the State, the University not excepted. It attracts to itself students from under the very

eaves of the State schools in spite of their free tuition, and is regarded by "patrons who know," as "the cheapest college of the same grade in Alabama." Its distinguished faculty is known throughout the land.

—IT is gratifying to note the great improvements that are being made in our sister State, South Carolina, in educational facilities. In the last two or three years a large number of schools of high grade have been established. The State University at Columbia and the Citadel Academy at Charleston have both been reopened recently, and are doing efficient work; while Furman University is growing in favor and efficiency daily. Besides these, there are many other fine male and female schools in the State.

—IN some respects, Ireland is the foremost nation in the world in the matter of education, as is shown in a recent circular of the Bureau of Education. In the comparative statistics of elementary, secondary, and superior education in sixty principal countries, Ireland heads the list, with an average of twenty per cent. of her population of 5,159,829 attending school. The United States comes second with a percentage of nineteen and three-fifths of a population of 50,155,783. Germany is next in order with a percentage of fifteen and nine-tenths. England is behind even Switzerland. Russia sends only one and one-half per cent. of her population of 78,500,000, making an average attendance of pupils little greater than Ireland.

—THE year 1850 found Wake Forest College for the first time in its

history free from debt. In 1871 the endowment fund in cash amounted to \$13,140. This amount was invested in Raleigh city bonds at \$90, and the endowment thereby became nominally \$14,600. In June, 1872, the treasurer reported the total endowment fund of the College, as follows:

Raleigh city bonds, worth par,	\$16,250
W. & W. Railroad stock,	1,000
—	
Total productive fund,	\$17,250

The slow but steady growth of the endowment may be seen from the following statement:

June 1, 1875,	\$23,204.18
June 1, 1883,	59,806.65

This simple statement shows that the endowment fund for the last decade, though increasing slowly, has not taken any steps backwards. Surely North Carolina Baptists are able, by the 1st of January, to make it \$100,000.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

—"TO LET" on Carlyle's house at Chelsea shows how the fashion of this world passeth away.

—GLADSTONE'S published works, translations and monographs, number 291 titles.

—ANOTHER Indian poem by Edwin Arnold, author of *The Light of Asia*, is expected in October.

—THE popularity of that unclean book, *Peck's Bad Boy*, brings to light the depravity of the public taste.

—NO artist of the highest order can work contentedly in an element of triviality.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

—THE MACMILLANS will publish at once a volume of Dr. Phillips Brooks' sermons to supply the demand created by his popularity in England.

—THE summer is always dull for the book-trade, and the last has been exceptionally so. The prospects for the fall trade are not very stimulating.

—THE gate of Longfellow's home stands open, and a temporary fountain throws its spray over the well-kept grass and lilac bushes.

—IVAN TOURGUENEFF, the Russian novelist, is dead. His vivid pictures of the sad condition of the serfs had much to do with the abolition of serfdom. Some dozen or more of his works have been translated into English and French.

—TWO volumes of the "Parchment-Paper Series," published by the Appletons, have appeared—*English as She is Spoke and Don't: A Manual of Improprieties and Mistakes in Conduct and Speech*. A third volume will be *English as She is Wrote*.

—WHEN Dean Stanley was writing *Sinai and Palestine* he relied more upon a small military treatise by Napoleon the First on the geography of the Holy Land than upon any other book. He found it so clear and practical that he almost made it the basis of his own book.

—COL. SLOAN, of Greensboro, N. C., is preparing a history of North Carolina in the Civil War. It is to be issued in parts. The first part is out. He gives special attention to the substantiation of his statements by citing original documents, and his several years' residence in Washington has been so utilized.

—MRS. MARY F. BUTTS contributes to *The Companion* this gem on "A Water Lily":

"Golden-hearted beauty,
Thou dost make me see
How from life's low places
Cometh purity.

Rooted in the darkness,
Thou reachest hour by hour,
Till the light thou lovest meets thee,
And makes of thee a flower.

—THE London *Spectator* has this to say of Walt Whitman: "According to the accepted canons of criticism and taste, we should have expected that the greater part of Whitman's 'poems' would be set down as egotistical mouthing of sentiments either trite or untrue, sometimes deliberately nasty, and exhibiting very few traces of the inner qualities and external characteristics of true poetry."

—THOSE who are interested in the writings of the Christian Fathers would be pleased with the three volumes of the "Early Christian Literature Primers" that have appeared: *The Apostolic Fathers*, *The Fathers of the Third Century*, and *The Post-Nicene Greek Fathers*. The series will be completed by a fourth volume, now in preparation, on *The Post-Nicene Latin Fathers*. Cheap, neat, and satisfactory. D. Appleton & Co., N. Y.

—MISS MARY ALICE PERRY, a brilliant young writer, died a short time ago, shortly after the appearance of her first novel, *Esther Pennefather*. Some poems of hers submitted to the late William Cullen Bryant elicited the following response: "Tell her by all means to cultivate her talent for poetry, but tell her also there is no money in poetry; she must do other literary work too." Miss Perry made specialties of political science, botany, and of painting. Her premature death is a loss to the literary world.

—THE following is an extract from the London *Daily News* criticising Miss Lillian Russell's first appearance in that city: "Her voice is of excellent quality and of considerable volume and power, though apparently somewhat limited in compass. She never sings out of tune, and is guiltless of those faults of exaggeration and over-emphasis with which some of her countrymen have been justly charged. It is certain that it is long since a more promising debutante has been welcomed to our stage."

—THE following interesting story is told of the poet Browning: The other day, at a garden party at which the poet was present, a young lady, who did not know the author of *The Ring and the Book* by sight, mistook Mr. Browning for a friend of her family with whom she was slightly acquainted, and under that impression went up and spoke to him. Mr. Browning, who did not know the young lady, saw that she was acting under a mistake, and good naturedly suggested that she mistook him for some one

else. "Oh no!" said the young lady. "You are Mr. —, are you not?" Mr. Browning pleasantly denied being the gentleman in question, and the young lady, with many apologies, was on the point of retiring, when Mr. Browning added that he would tell her who he really was if he did not fear to alarm her. On the young lady's assurance that she would not be alarmed, the poet, with great gravity, said, "I am Mr. Bradlaugh." The young lady smiled and shook her head. "I have seen portraits of Mr.

Bradlaugh," she said, "and I am sure you are not he." The poet then produced a card, wrote a few lines of verse on it, and gave it to the young lady on condition that she was not to look at it until she got home. Judge of her delight on finding that the genial unknown was the distinguished poet, and that he had enriched his visiting-card with a pleasant little epigram in which his own name was made to rhyme with the word "frowning," ingeniously introduced.

SCIENCE NOTES.

By *Alumni Editor.*

—MOTION PHOTOGRAPHED.—M. Mybridge, at Paris, has invented a process by which photographs can be taken in the hundredth part of a second. He obtained six photographs of a leaping clown. These figures may be projected in succession on a screen, and the clown exhibited as in motion, with all the changes of position during the leap.

—MANHATTAN ISLAND, on which the city of New York stands, has a water front of $23\frac{3}{4}$ miles. It is only 270 years since the *Tiger*, commanded by Capt. Adrian Block, was burned as she lay at anchor just off the southern end of the island. Her crew were the first white men who built and occupied a house in the forest that then covered the soil of the great metropolis.

—MANKIND FROM A SINGLE PAIR. I am one of those who believe that at present, there is no evidence whatever for saying that mankind sprang from any more than a single pair; I must say that I cannot see any good ground whatever, or even any tenable sort of evidence, for believing that there is more than one species of man.—Huxley: *Origin of Species*, p. 113.

—THE FLOWER CLUSTER OF THE CENTURY PLANT is one of the most beautiful objects in the vegetable kingdom. It is about one foot long and five inches in diameter, and of a greenish yellow color. The compact arrangement of the individual flowers is relieved by the stamens with versatile anthers which project beyond the corolla two inches, and by the single slender pistils which extend some two

inches farther. The whole presents a rare combination of richness and grace.

—THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE closed its last meeting, which was held in Minneapolis, on the 24th of August. The attendance was not so large as usual. 166 scientific papers were read and discussed. Perhaps the most exciting discussion of the session was initiated by President Dawson, of Montreal, who, in his retiring address, expressed himself against the theory of evolution. Of course the extreme evolutionists must needs reply. The following remark by Mr. H. C. Hovey, who was present, is interesting as showing how this theory is looked on by scientific men in this country: "In one form or another most of the members of the Association appear to hold to evolution, though not always attaching the same meaning to the term. While some of them do not hesitate to speak of it as certainly demonstrated, others declare that it rests on no satisfactory evidence and can, in the nature of things, never be proved; and probably the majority regard it merely as 'a good working hypothesis.'" Prof. J. P. Lesley was elected president for the ensuing year. The next meeting will be held the first week of September, 1884, in Philadelphia, at which it is expected that a number of scientific gentlemen from England will be present.

—ASSES AND APES.—Phil. Robinson comes to the rescue of these much-abused though highly respectable animals. He declares that he has overwhelming authority from the Past for

his respect for donkeys. "The purely stupid ass is unknown to antiquity." He shows in what esteem he was held in Hindoo, Greek, and Roman mythology. "In Egypt the white ass still claims something of the respect, and fetches the high price, of olden days; and during the Egyptian war I remember seeing more than one of these animals figuring conspicuously in the British camp." His character in fable and folk-lore, likewise, is nowhere odious or unlovable. How is it then that he is now the universal butt of jests? Our author lays it all to the poets, saying, "The poets have need of an animal that shall illustrate, as they think, an easy sneer; so when they do not use the owl they use the donkey." And the ill-repute of the "freakish monkey" (*Oldham*), "abhorred baboons" (*Montgomery*), and "apes with hateful stare" (*Hood*) is explained in much the same way. "The poets describe them as half idiots and with very bad intentions, but I have so often myself taken advantage in their wild forest state of their generous credulity and otherwise laudable thirst for knowledge, that I speak as an expert when I say that though I have harmlessly astonished them with trains of gunpowder and frightened a whole company out of all gravity by painting one of their number an agreeable vermillion, I never saw anything in their behavior, sober or drunk, composed or alarmed, that led me to think them particularly foolish, as compared with men. Indeed, when undisturbed in mind the monkey has a philosophical gravity which compels my admiration, although I confess the alterna-

ting fits of monkey frivolity and indecorum exasperate me."

—A DISASTROUS EARTHQUAKE, more fatal to human life than even that in the island of Ischia, occurred on the 25th and 26th of August in Java. The island is 640 miles long, and varies in width from 36 to 126 miles. It has just about as many square miles as North Carolina but about ten times as many inhabitants. Two ranges of mountains, sometimes uniting in one, with numerous volcanic peaks, form the backbone of the island. The earthquake, the lava, and the tidal wave that swept in from the sea destroyed from 30,000 to 75,000 human lives. The sites of villages were completely buried, a neighboring island has entirely disappeared and the navi-

gation of the Straits of Sunda is rendered dangerous by the volcanic upheavals.

Sailors will miss a conspicuous landmark at the west end of the island. The Banyan-tree, at Anjer Point, visible many miles at sea, was the largest tree of any kind known in the East. It was not so high as some of the giants of California, but much larger in girth than most of them. It was 170 feet high, its trunk, or rather assemblage of trunks, was 23 feet in diameter, with a spread of foliage 192 feet in diameter. The details of this terrible catastrophe call to mind Pompeii and Lisbon, and make one feel how helpless is man in the presence of the unrestrained forces of nature.

IN AND ABOUT THE COLLEGE.

—THE session opened with 135 students, and still they come.

—MR. A. M. REDFEARN is superintendent of the Reading-Room, and Mr. Dunford is Librarian.

—WE have about forty-five new students, and we are pleased to note that as a whole they are better advanced than usual.

—WE welcome Mr. S. W. Brewer and family, formerly of Raleigh, as citizens of the Hill.

—WE regret to learn of the intended departure of Miss Zollie Montague, who has accepted a call to teach music at Judson College, Hendersonville.

—DR. ROYALL spent vacation in visiting the Northern cities and summer resorts. We are glad to state that he returned much improved in health.

—THE ladies of Wake Forest must exert a magnetic influence over some of the Wilmington boys. This accounts for the visit of two of our former students, Messrs. Alderman and Morrison, during vacation.

—MR. THOS. DIXON gave an interesting reading in the Chapel Monday evening, the 10th inst. His selections were well chosen, and in rendering them he added new laurels to a reputation already unexcelled by that of any amateur elocutionist in the State.

—OUR Sunday-school is as well attended and prosperous as during any previous session. Mr. J. C. C. Dunford is superintendent for this session.

—THE Faculty have agreed that the Editors may use the old Philomathesian Hall as their sanctum, and in the future it will be the office of THE STUDENT.

—Prof. Taylor is still travelling in the interest of the endowment fund. In his absence the duties of his chair are performed by Prof. Poteat and Mr. Marshall.

—SIX students entered College this session from the Wake Forest Academy, under the charge of Mr. J. C. Caddell. This school offers good advantages for preparing young men for college, the charges for tuition, &c., being moderate.

—THE friends of the College will be glad to learn that Rev. R. T. Vann has accepted the pastorate of Wake Forest Church, and will begin his labors in October. We know that the students and citizens will give him a hearty welcome.

—MRS. A. F. PUREFOY'S boarding and day school continues to grow in popularity. This school is located in one of the healthiest sections of the State, and the course of study pursued is admirable. We have been informed that the attendance this session is very good.

—MR. J. B. H. Knight, a former student of this College, who has been reading medicine under Dr. Lankford, will leave for Baltimore on the 27th inst., to attend lectures at the College of Physicians and Surgeons. He has our very best wishes for success in his chosen profession.

—It is with pleasure that we note the many improvements being made in our little village. Messrs. Powell and Brewer have just completed a large brick building, and will soon open a first-class store. They will also deal extensively in cotton. Handsome residences have been erected during the summer by Mrs. T. M. Allen and Mr. C. F. Reid.

—THERE are several first-class musicians in College, and it would be a source of much pleasure to the students if they would organize a string band and furnish music for Senior-speakings. Funds enough could be easily raised among the students to purchase all necessary instruments. It is to be hoped that steps will soon be taken for the accomplishment of this object.

—DURING the summer Prof. Simmons had his chemical laboratory remodelled and refitted for improved apparatus. Prof. Poteat had the museum removed to his recitation room, and has fitted it up in an attractive style. His department is greatly helped by the accession of a fine microscope purchased this summer at the North. These improvements were much needed, and will be appreciated by the students.

—PROF. POTEAT took quite an extended tour through the New England and Middle States during the summer. Among the places of interest visited were Yale and Harvard Colleges and Brown University. He also had the pleasure of attending a course of lectures at the Martha's Vineyard Summer Institute. The recreation was much needed after the arduous labors of last session, and he returned looking much better.

IN MEMORIAM.

At a recent meeting of the Euzelian Society, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has seemed fitting to our Heavenly Father in his inscrutable providence to take to himself our beloved brother, Andrew J. Garriss,

Resolved, That while we bow in humble submission to the will of Him who healeth while He chasteneth, we mourn the loss of a loyal brother, a faithful student, and a warm friend.

Resolved, That to the relatives and friends of our deceased brother we extend our heartfelt sympathy, and commend them to Him who hath said, "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted."

Resolved, That as a token of our respect, we wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

Resolved, That these resolutions be sent to the *Biblical Recorder* and *WAKE FOREST STUDENT* for publication, and that a copy be sent to the family of the deceased.

W. V. SAVAGE, }
W. S. ROYALL, } Com.

WE copy from *The Biblical Recorder* the following interesting statements by the College Treasurer:

"WAKE FOREST COLLEGE—FINANCIAL RETROSPECT.—In December, 1836, the special committee, D. Thompson and Amos J. Battle, on the state of the finances of Wake Forest College, reported to the Board of Trustees as follows: 'Our indebted-

ness amounts to \$3,343.21,—to discharge which we have in balances due from students \$2,477.86; and a *firm trust in Divine Providence*.' These pious brethren of the past generation, rightly judged that a *firm trust in Divine Providence* was to be counted among the best and most reliable assets of the College.

"A period of thirteen years elapsed, before the indebtedness of the College was liquidated; and the year 1850 found the Institution, for the first time in its history, *free from debt*.

"During the period from 1851 to 1861 an endowment fund of \$50,000 was accumulated; and all the investments were made in bonds of the State of North Carolina, and in Cape Fear and Deep River Navigation bonds endorsed by the State. In 1862, it was ordered by the Board of Trustees that the treasurer should sell \$20,000 of the State bonds, and with the proceeds purchase Confederate bonds. This was, of course, a great mistake. The order caused two-fifths of the endowment to be swept out of existence.

"In November, 1865, the endowment consisted of \$28,000 of State bonds, worth on the market 50c. in the dollar. In other words, the entire fund was \$14,000. Such, however, was the general destruction of property by the war that, instead of complaining, we find on record the following resolution passed by the Board of Trustees:

"*Resolved*, that the thanks of the Board are due the treasurer for the faithful manner in which he has preserved the funds of the College during the war.'

"In May, 1866, the State bonds were ordered to be exchanged for Raleigh & Gaston Railroad stock; and in November, 1871, the railroad stock was sold at \$45 per share, and the endowment fund was now in cash \$13,140. This amount was immediately invested in Raleigh City bonds at \$90, and the endowment thereby became nominally \$14,600.

"In June, 1872, the treasurer reported the total endowment fund of the College as follows:

Raleigh City bonds, worth par,.....	\$16,250
W. & W. Railroad stock,.....	<u>1,000</u>
Total productive fund,.....	\$17,250

"The slow but steady growth of the endowment fund may be seen from the following statement:

June 1, 1875,-----	\$23,204.18
1876,-----	27,954.18
1877,-----	31,554.18
1878,-----	39,718.06
1879,-----	42,871.88
1880,-----	46,458.88
1881,-----	48,113.88
1882,-----	50,678.27
1883,-----	59,806.65

"These figures show that the endowment fund for the past decade, though increasing slowly has taken no steps backwards.

W. G. S."

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

—'54. Of course he could not help coming back—we mean Dr. T. H. Pritchard. He has served the Broadway Baptist Church in Louisville, Ky., just about one year, in which short time he has lifted a debt of \$15,000 from the church. The church in Wilmington has engaged him as pastor, and he takes charge in November. May we not hope to see him at the College soon and extend our share in North Carolina's welcome?

—'62. Dr. Lansing Burrows, our Alumni orator elect, has resigned as pastor in Lexington, Ky., and goes to take a church in Augusta, Ga. The Kentucky Baptists seem much bowed-down to lose so strong a man.

—'73. Rev. R. T. Vann, A. M., since his graduation has been preaching in the eastern part of the State. The

last two sessions he has taught Moral Philosophy, we think, in Murfreesboro College. At the June meeting of the Wake Forest Church he was unanimously elected pastor, and some weeks later accepted the responsible position. He is expected here the second Sunday in October. He has no hands, but he has what is worth more than four hands—a clear and vigorous mind, together with a warm and genial nature. Our entire community is glad to welcome him.

—'77. Rev. C. W. Scarborough is going to leave us after all. We shall miss him. He has been pastor of churches near the Hill, and goes now to teach at Murfreesboro and preach in the vicinity.

—'80. J. N. Holding, Esq., of Raleigh, expects to visit Boston about the 20th inst.

—'80. Mr. M. A. Jones, who recently joined the church at Apex, opened this session of his school there with some seventy students. *The Orphan's Friend* says the school is a fine one, has a large patronage, and is doing good work.

—'80. Mr. W. B. Waff has removed from Waughtown, where he was principal of an academy, and is assisting his brother, Mr. J. T. Waff, in his flourishing academy at Reynoldson, Gates county.

—'83. We are glad to notice how soon this class have fallen into their places:

W. F. Marshall is tutor in Wake Forest College.

H. P. Markham is taking a complete

course at Eastman Business College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Messrs. Dixon and Osborne are at Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore.

G. C. Briggs is Professor of Greek and Modern Languages at Judson College, Hendersonville, N. C.

T. J. Simmons is a teacher in the Fayetteville Graded School.

W. R. Walters is going to survey and farm.

L. L. Jenkins is in the post-office at Charlotte.

H. B. Folk has passed his examination to enter the Junior Class of Harvard College in January next.

Messrs. Alderman, Bostick and Jones will leave for the Seminary, October 1st.

WORTH REPEATING.

THE ANCIENT LANGUAGES IN THE CURRICULUM.

[From President Porter's criticism, in THE PRINCETON REVIEW, of Mr. Adams' late Harvard Address.]

The ancient languages in their structure, their thoughts, also in the imagery which their literature embodies, are better fitted than any modern language can be for the single office of training the intellect and the feelings and the tastes; and in every one of these advantages the Greek is pre-eminently superior to the Latin. They are, indeed, remote from modern life in respect of any worthy scientific conceptions of nature, but they are very near to the universal intellect and heart in respect of their exemplification of that curiosity and wonder which are the perpetual inspiration of all science. They are also pre-eminent for that clear insight and lucid speech without which the loftiest pretensions of science, whether ancient or modern, must sooner or later be rejected, and for inexorable exemplification of consistency with fact and with itself which is incarnated in the Greek geometry and the Greek logic. The perfection of the Greek language as an instrument for the perpetual training of the mind of the later generations is no accident of climate or atmosphere or other physical environment, however much the physical condition of man may have contributed to its perfection, but is rather to be ascribed to the fresh and energetic activity of cultivated man, as he was

gradually awakened to the most important facts of this mundane existence. The Greek language gives us in form and structure all that we can desire, and the best that the race could attain, when first in its *pliant* and next in its reflective youth it looked out upon nature and looked in upon the human soul, and constructed commonwealths, and sought after social and domestic order and perfected art, and was entranced with beauty, and only failed to find the living God and a blessed moral life and a satisfying spiritual immortality. The student who in any satisfying sense masters the Greek language so as to analyze it and to read its plainer prose and its fluent poetry with moderate facility has mastered the key with which to unlock all other languages. He not only has not wasted or misapplied the time which he might have better applied to German and French, but if he expects to learn German and French with the greatest facility and with anything like a complete mastery, he uses his time with the best economy by learning the elements of Latin or Greek before he proceeds to the two modern tongues. He does this because by acquiring the grammar of the Greek or the Latin he conforms himself to the norms of universal grammar, and learns once for all what the organ-

ism of language signifies when it is successfully applied to the expression of clear discrimination and coherent reasoning, of noble aspiration and pathetic emotion.

We contend that, for the very reasons given by Mr. Adams in his forcible delineations of modern life, the old classical training is needed more than ever as a preparation and a corrective—it is no paradox to say as a preparation because a corrective.

The rush and hurry of our modern activity need the influence of a calmer spirit and of steadier thoughts. Its rash and eager generalizations and its exaggerated statements need strong and steady thinkers who were trained in the school of severe definitions and sharp conceptions and steady and clear-eyed good sense. The extravagant oratory, the sensational declamation, the encumbered poetry, the transcendental philosophy, the romantic fiction, the agnostic atheism, the pessimistic dilettanteism, to which modern speculation and modern science and modern poetry tend need now and then a "a season of calm weather," such as a dialogue of Plato, an oration of Demosthenes, a tragedy of Sophocles, or a book of Homer, or at least a letter of Cicero, an ode of Horace, or a book of Virgil, to quiet the fevered spirit. Even if it is too much to expect that the modern student shall retain the power or find the time to read from a classic writer, it will be of no slight value to call to mind the remembrance of the time when ancient thought and ancient feeling and ancient diction engrossed our attention for hours, and we breathed the fresh

breezy and possibly the frosty air of the morning of the world's culture, and ourselves were strong and hopeful and clear-eyed—before the modern world with its stern and savage conflicts was upon us and its bewildering problems demanded their instant solution

We feel no disposition to deny the peculiarities of modern life. We acknowledge that Goethe and Schiller and Kant and Lotze and Schopenhauer and Coleridge and Tennyson and Spencer and Darwin, and scores of others, engross the attention and occupy the energies and disturb the waking thoughts of the men of the present; but alas for them—we say emphatically, alas for every one of them—if they have never been men of the past in their thoughts and by their studies; alas for them if in their life's morning they have never known anything of the world's spiritual morning in its crisp and clear thoughts, in its glowing yet modest imagery, in its ardent yet subdued emotion, and its energetic yet tasteful speech; and alas for the generation that is content with the inspiration and guidance of teachers who must take all their impressions of ancient life from superficial and second-hand criticisms and sketches!

CARLYLE'S VICTORY.

[From August CENTURY.]

Carlyle owed everything to his power of will and to his unflinching adherence to principle. He was in no sense a lucky man, had no good fortune, was borne by no current, was favored and helped by no circum-

stance whatever. His life from the first was a steady pull against both wind and tide. He confronted all the cherished thoughts, beliefs, tendencies of his time; he spurned and insulted his age and country. No man ever before poured out such withering scorn upon his contemporaries. The opinions and practices of his times in politics, religion, and literature were as a stubbly, brambly field, to which he would fain apply the match and clean the ground for a nobler crop. He would purge and fertilize the soil by fire. His attitude was at once like that of the old prophets, one of warning and rebuking. He was refused every public place he ever aspired to—every college and editorial chair. Every man's hand was against him. He was hated by the Whigs and feared by the Tories. He was poor, proud, uncompromising, sarcastic; he was morose, dyspeptic, despondent, compassed about by dragons and all manner of evil menacing forms; in fact, the odds were fearfully against him, and yet he succeeded, and succeeded on his own terms. He fairly conquered the world—yes, and the flesh and the devil.—*John Burroughs.*

A WAVE.

[From "AUTUMN SWALLOWS."]

O Being in thy dissolution known
 Most lovely then;
O Life that ever has to die alone,
 To live again;
O bounding Heart that still must bow and
 break
 To touch thine end;
O broken Purpose that must failure take,
 And deathward bend,

For the great tide to stretch from rock to
 rock
 His shining way;
O wandering Will that from the furthest
 shock
 Of sea-deeps gray,
Silver constraint of secret light on high
 Leads safe to shore;
O living Rapture that dost only sigh,
 And evermore
Within thy joy the wailful voices keep:
 I see thee now,
O Son of the unfathomable deep!
 And trembling know
The crowned Shadow of man's opposites,
 The forces dread
That sway him into being, blanched with
 lights
 Of thunder bred;
A poised Passion wrought from central
 breath
 Of whirling storms.
And evermore a deathless life in death,
 That still re-forms.
And thou, man's prototype in varying
 moods,
 Didst lonely beat
The vacant shores and speechless solitudes
 With silver feet,
Through the great æons wandering forlorn
 In search of him,
As rose and fell like vacant flames, lone
 morn
 And evening dim,
Ere light had grown articulate in love,
 Or silence knew
Herself as worship. Then didst thou ever
 move
 Beneath the blue,
An incommunicable mystery
 About thy shore;
A visible yearning of the earth and sea,
 That evermore
Flung out white arms to catch at some far
 good
 Yet unfulfilled,
And failing sobbed and sank in solitude
 With heart unstilled;
A voice that ever crying as of old
 In deserts dumb,
With hollow tongue reverberate foretold.
 A Life to come.

—*Ellice Hopkins.*



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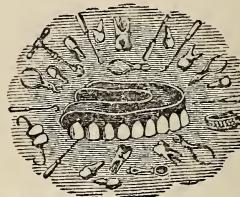
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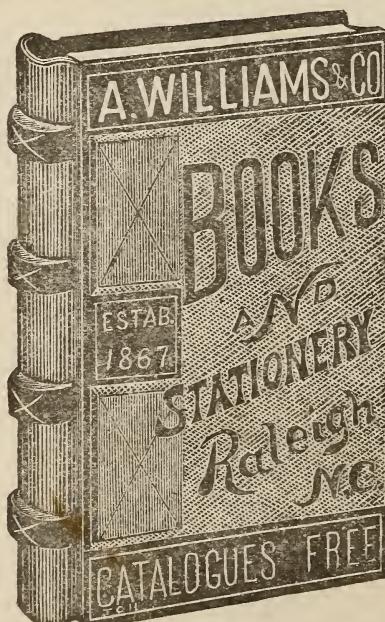
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OCTOBER, 1883.

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NO. 2.

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THE COAL FORMATION.

Perhaps no branch of Geology excites more interest than the Coal Formation.

Pit-coal was deposited in the earth on the third day of the Mosaic creation. That day was remarkable for its luxuriant vegetation, when "the earth brought forth grass and herb yielding seed after his kind, and the tree yielding fruit whose seed was in itself."

The writings of Moses do not undertake to fix the antiquity of the globe, and the word "day" in the Mosaic account means a vast and indefinite period of time.

The defenders of Divine Revelation have sometimes weakened their cause by asserting that the Scriptures are always to be interpreted *literally*. The Doctors of Salamanca deemed it unscriptural to believe with Columbus that the earth is round and not flat. Francis Turretine thought it unscriptural to maintain with Newton and Gallileo that the earth moves and the sun stands still. In like manner Pro-

fessor Moses Stewart has declared that it is unscriptural to hold with Dr. Chalmers that the Scriptures do not fix the antiquity of the globe.

Now all interpretations of Holy Writ which are in conflict with established truths of science must be erroneous. The scientific Christian geographer rejects the exegesis of the Salamanca Doctors respecting the form of the earth because that exegesis commits the Scriptures to the support of a false system of geography. The enlightened Christian astronomer repudiates the biblical dogmas of Turretine respecting the Solar System because those dogmas commit the Bible to the support of a false system of astronomy. In like manner we are justified in dissenting from the literal interpretation of the word "day" by Prof. Stewart, because such an interpretation commits the Mosaic account to the support of a false system of geology. We are sure that the same God is the author both of Nature and Revelation, and it is not possible that there should

be any discrepancy between the two records. Revelation, rightly interpreted, can never conflict with science rightly understood.

Pit-coal, as has already been said, was deposited during the third period, called by geologists the Carboniferous period, while man was not created until the close of the sixth. Therefore three periods must have intervened between the deposition of the coal and the creation of man. It is impossible to determine with precision the length of these periods or Mosaic days, but there are geological facts which show that they must have comprised millions of years. Hence the beds of coal stored up in the interior of the earth by a provident Creator must have remained untouched for countless ages previous to the appearance of the being whom they were designed to benefit.

It is unnecessary at this day to undertake to prove the organic origin of coal. The inimitable impressions of fern leaves in the slates in which the coal is imbedded furnish unmistakable evidence of its vegetable origin. In chemical composition it is almost identical with charcoal, and the microscope reveals in it a distinct woody structure. Indeed, the fossil botanist has not only been able to determine that coal is of vegetable origin, but to point out the peculiarity of the forest trees from which it has been produced, and ascertain the nature of the climate in which they grew.

Never before or since has our planet borne so rank and luxuriant a vegetation as on the third day of the Mosaic creation. All our coal deposits, vast as they are, form but a comparatively small part of the *flora* of that wonder-

ful era. The ferns (now so diminutive and insignificant) comprised, during the Carboniferous period, no inconsiderable proportion of the entire vegetation. These ferns often rose to the height of sixty or seventy feet. The Calamites, or reed-like plants, attained an incredible size. The Sigillarias (so called from the seal-like impressions on their trunks) were forest trees unlike any which have existed on the globe during the historic period. They were remarkable for their beautifully sculptured stems. They were fluted vertically—each flute having its line of sculpture. Their trunks covered with leaf-like carvings resemble a Corinthian column, and the geologist, when walking amid the ruins of the gigantic flora of the Carboniferous period, often imagines himself surrounded by the fragments of some Gothic temple, or the debris of some highly ornate style of architecture.

Although the plants of the Carboniferous period differ in species from our living plants, yet they have some analogy to the vegetation of low tropic-islands. From this fact it is inferred that the climate of that period was both warm and moist, and therefore highly favorable to the development of a vigorous vegetation. A climate so warm and moist must have been characterized by severe storms and heavy rains. The rivers must have been larger than those now existing, and subject to greater freshets. And as the streams of tropical districts are of greater magnitude, and more liable to destructive floods than those of colder climates, so the still larger rivers of the Carboniferous period, must have been subject to freshets far surpassing

anything now to be witnessed in any quarter of the globe. It was, compared with the present state of things, a period of wonderful activity in the vegetable kingdom, remarkable for its peculiar vegetation, its warm climate, its humid atmosphere, its terrific storms, its drenching rains, its mighty rivers, and especially for the frequency and force of its inundations and consequent transportation of drift wood and sediment.

The quantity of wood drifted down by the Mississippi and other large rivers which traverse heavily timbered regions, is a subject of great geological interest. On a branch of the Mississippi in Louisiana there was formed in thirty-five years a raft of drift wood ten miles long, one-eighth of a mile broad and eight feet deep. In Slave Lake the quantity of drift wood brought down annually is so great that the lake itself must in process of time be filled up. Much drift timber is buried under the sand at the mouth of the Slave River, and huge piles of it are accumulated on the shores and bottom of the lake. The native forests of Iceland have been nearly exhausted; but although the Icelander can obtain little wood from the land, he is abundantly supplied with it from the ocean. Thousands of pines, firs, and other trees are thrown by the waves upon the island and afford to the inhabitants a sufficiency of wood for fuel and building purposes.

In like manner the bays of Spitzbergen are covered with drift wood, consisting of larch trees, pines, cedars, and firs. The trunks of these trees appear to have come from the great rivers of Asia and America. Much of

the timber that descends the Mississippi is transported by the Gulf Stream to the shores of Greenland and Norway.

While much drift wood is carried by marine currents to distant coasts, as already observed, it is nevertheless true that the greater portion collects in seas and lakes or in oceanic eddies, where it becomes saturated with water and sinks to the bottom. There in its watery grave it in process of time becomes by chemical action transformed into coal.

Pit-coal is therefore carbonized drift wood deposited on the bottoms of lakes and oceans and covered over with sediment hundreds and sometimes thousands of feet thick. Those who have observed the enormous rafts borne down by the Amazon, McKenzie, and other large rivers whose shores are covered with primeval forests, will be at no loss to conceive how the swollen streams of the Carboniferous period could have transported to the ocean, or to inland seas and lakes, drift wood sufficient to form the largest beds of coal. These deposits, in the course of time, became covered over with sediment transported by the same streams. In this way, after the lapse of many ages, extensive basins of drift wood lay buried far beneath the ocean's bed. In many instances after the wood had been covered over with sediment, another deposit of wood took place, which in its turn was likewise covered over with another layer of sediment. Accordingly we not unfrequently find in the same coal-field several alternations of coal and sedimentary rocks.

It would seem that these magazines of carbonized wood, entombed in earth

perhaps a thousand feet below the bed of the ocean, must forever remain unseen by human eyes and untouched by human hands. But let it be observed that the same prospective Benevolence which by the operation of natural causes has provided for us these repositories of fuel, has with equal care provided the means by which they shall be brought within our reach. And it is interesting to notice that volcanic action, which is often so destructive to human property and human life, is in the hands of Deity the beneficent instrument by which these submarine treasures are made accessible.

Accurate geological observations have demonstrated that many portions of the earth's surface are slowly undergoing changes of level. It is highly probable that the beds of existing oceans have all at some time constituted dry land, and it is certain that existing continents have at different times constituted the floor of the ocean. Changes of level occur so slowly that during the historic period they have scarcely been appreciable. Hence we are accustomed, erroneously, to regard the ocean as circumscribed within fixed and unalterable boundaries. But closer observation has shown that in many localities the waters are encroaching upon the land, while in others the land is encroaching upon the waters; that changes of level are constantly taking place, and that the same district has often been alternately dry land and water.

During the earthquake in Chili in 1822, the coast of South America for upwards of a hundred miles was elevated from two to seven feet, and the whole area thus permanently uplifted

was estimated at ten thousand square miles.

In 1819, during an earthquake near the mouth of the Indus, a tract of land two thousand square miles in area was permanently depressed and converted into an inland sea; while a portion of the adjoining country, comprising several hundred square miles, was elevated about ten feet above its previous level.

The temple of Jupiter Serapis was built on the shores of the Mediterranean, near Naples, about 1800 years ago, and it affords unequivocal evidence that changes of level have twice occurred at that locality during the Christian era. The ruins of this temple were first observed in 1749, at which time three columns were to be seen projecting a little above the surface of the ground. After excavation they were found to be composed of single blocks of marble forty feet high and standing upon a pavement. The columns from the pavement to the height of twenty feet are bored by a species of marine mollusc inhabiting the Mediterranean. Above twenty feet all traces of these borers disappear. The perforations in the lower half of the columns are so numerous as to render it certain that the columns were half immersed in sea water, their upper portions projecting above the water, and consequently placed beyond the reach of the borers. The pavement is now about one foot below high-water mark. The evidence, therefore, is conclusive that the columns were first depressed, and after remaining partially immersed in sea water for a considerable period were again elevated. Each movement of subsidence and elevation exceeded twenty feet, and occurred so

gradually that the columns continued to maintain their upright position. At the present time they appear to be again subsiding. In 1828 excavations were made below the marble pavement on which the columns stand, and it was found there was another pavement of mosaic five feet below the first. The existence of these two pavements at different levels clearly implies some subsidence previous to the building of the more modern temple, which subsidence rendered it necessary to construct a new floor at a higher level.

The gradual elevation of the northern portions of Norway and Sweden has been proved by marks cut in the rocks along the sea coast. A scientific commission appointed by the Swedish government determined the rate of elevation to be four feet in a century.

The western coast of Greenland has been gradually subsiding for two centuries. Inland towns have become sea-ports, and the early settlements on the coast have been wholly submerged.

In like manner the coast of South America, from the mouth of the Rio de La Plata to the Straits of Magellan, has been elevated within a comparatively recent geological period to the height of one hundred to one hundred and forty feet. This coast is twelve hundred miles in length, and the change of level is proved by the beds of marine shells found above high-water mark.

To take an example of subsidence nearer home, it is found that the bottoms of the sounds along the coast of North Carolina are in many places so thickly studded with stumps of the common long-leaf pine, that it is neces-

sary to remove them with gunpowder before the fish seines can be hauled.

These and a multitude of similar facts render it certain that large portions of the solid crust of the globe are, as regards level, in a constant state of fluctuation. Nearly all our continents and islands consist of rocks which have been formed and consolidated under water, and afterwards elevated above the water to the positions in which we now find them.

It is, therefore, in conformity with the general laws of nature that the coal-beds, formed of drift wood on the bottom of seas and oceans, and covered over with sediment of great thickness, should in the course of time have been raised above the water and brought within the reach of man.

To the thoughtful, reasoning mind nothing can be more clearly indicative of the eternal forethought which framed the world, than the fact that perishable organisms which flourished millions of years before the creation of man should have been made necessary auxiliaries of his progressive civilization.

In comparison with the duration of the Carboniferous period, the human era of six thousand years is but a moment; yet it was for man, this creature of a day, that the primeval forests grew, *for him* the mighty ferns waved their fronds, and the Sigillarias reared their massive trunks; *for him* the favoring sun shone and the heavy rains descended; *for him* the fallen masses of timber were borne away and buried in their watery grave; and *for him* they were carbonized and were packed into solid sandstone cases and condensed beneath ponderous rock presses.

The coal is found in detached beds which frequently assume a basin shape, and are hence called coal-basins. Had it been distributed in superficial layers, it would have been too easily and therefore too quickly mined. Its present situation requires so much labor for obtaining it that selfish and reckless plundering is rendered impossible. By an evident exercise of benevolence in the great Author of nature, this invaluable fuel has been stored up for us in deposits most accessible, yet least exhaustible. Our coal-fields are so many banks of circulation, in which there is abundance for adequate currency, but against any sudden run upon which numerous checks have been interposed.

In our extensive beds of coal we have the motive power of the world treasured up in the most compact and suitable form. In them we have the world-moving lever of Archimedes, and it may be added that the steam-engine is the fulcrum.

Calculations have been made respecting the quantity of woody matter necessary for the formation of a given bulk of coal. The Midlothian coal-field, in Pennsylvania, has a layer of coal thirty-six yards in perpendicular thickness, and if we suppose that it was formed of plants that grew *in situ*, a period of seventy thousand years would be required to accumulate this remarkable deposit. Hugh Miller observes: "All the forests now covering the American continent would, if gathered into one mass, be insufficient to furnish the materials of a single coal seam near Pittsburgh." There are beds of anthracite in Pennsylvania between forty and fifty feet thick, and Sir

Charles Lyell remarks that the wood from which this coal was formed must have been three hundred feet thick. Great Britain contains five thousand four hundred square miles of coal beds, varying in thickness from a few inches to one hundred feet. It is difficult to conceive the period of time during which the vigorous vegetation of the Carboniferous period was accumulating these deposits, or the perhaps still longer time during which chemical action was carbonizing the fallen timber and preparing it for fuel.

Prof. Rogers estimates that sixty-eight millions of tons of coal are annually exhumed in the British Islands. In order to obtain an adequate conception of this vast quantity, it may be stated that if these sixty-eight millions of tons were excavated from a subterranean gallery thirty-five feet high and twenty feet wide, the length of the tunnel annually exhumed would be more than five thousand miles.

In the time of Edward I. the inhabitants of London and other large cities in the British Empire were not allowed to use coal, because its fumes were thought to be deleterious to human health. This prohibition was removed in the time of Charles I., and at the present time the capital employed in working the British coal mines amounts to fifty millions of dollars. The coal annually brought to the surface is worth seventy-five millions of dollars and is almost the only domestic fuel of the island.

It is impossible to overestimate the force which this agent is capable of wielding when directed by human sagacity and enterprise. If we assume a lifetime of hard work to be twenty

years of three hundred working days each, we find by actual experiment that three tons of coal will, during its combustion in the steam engine, perform the work of a lifetime. It is somewhat humiliating to reflect when looking upon a wagon load of coal, that there lies a repository of force which is equal to all that one man can exert in a lifetime of hard labor. Pit-coal in England performs the work of sixty-six millions of able-bodied laborers—the entire adult male population being about two millions.

Everywhere coal-fields attract population and concentrate industry. They decide the location of our vast factories and iron works. The neighboring coal deposits have given prominence to Manchester, Birmingham, and Sheffield, in England, and Richmond, Baltimore, Pittsburg, and Cincinnati, in the United States. Men and manufacturers will follow coal. Take a geological map of a new and thinly settled country, and if it be marked with coal-fields, the locality of future cities may be safely predicted.

The United States is remarkable for its extensive fields of coal. These comprise an area of two hundred thousand square miles. The coal-fields of Great Britain, vast as they are, are insignificant in the comparison. The possession of such a treasure fore-shadows a future of boundless wealth and enterprise. Pennsylvania contains more coal than all Europe. The Appalachian coal-field alone has more coal than the whole of the Eastern Continent. It is probable that within the limits of the United States the quantity of coal is ten times as great as in all the rest of the world com-

bined. At the present rate of consumption, this vast store-house of fuel would not be exhausted in one hundred thousand years. Indeed Providence seems peculiarly to have favored the United States not only in fertility of soil, in variety of climate, in the magnitude and navigability of its water courses, but also in the abundance of its metallic ores, and the inexhaustibility of its treasures of fuel.

Incredible as it may seem, our coal-beds, except in certain localities, have been but little worked, and the United States for a long time imported fuel from Great Britain. In fact, nearly half of all the coal consumed in Christendom is taken from the British mines. England has the finest engines for pumping out the water and drawing up the coal. She has the cheapest and most expeditious means of shipping the fuel. Her coal mines give steady employment to two hundred thousand persons. But in the United States the primeval forests still flourish, and there exists but little necessity for investing capital in order to rob the earth of fuel. Moreover, the labor in coal mines is toilsome, disagreeable and perilous, and our sparse population find other employments more congenial and more lucrative. This will, however, not always continue. Our boundless forests will ere long fall before the axe of the woodman. Our fertile soil will become impoverished. Every department of industry will be overrun with laborers. The difficulty in obtaining the necessities of life will compel those who have strong arms and brave hearts to descend into the earth, and, with pick in hand and lamp suspended over head,

to dig where breeze never blows and sun never shines. Then not only above ground will scenes of activity everywhere meet the eye, but also under ground galleries of mining industry will astonish all who dare descend into them. Then we shall supply the world with fuel. Then will our railroads be greatly multiplied, and our manufacturing and commercial interests become commensurate with our natural advantages.

Besides the use of coal as fuel in our fireplaces and steam-engines, it is also employed for manufacturing iron from ferruginous ores. There is in this country more coal consumed in smelting and forging iron than for all other purposes combined. Most iron ores contain much flints, and must on this account be mixed with a flux, in order that they may yield iron of good quality. The flux most commonly used is limestone. The chief materials requisite for the manufacture of iron are accordingly coal, iron ore, and limestone. These three substances are very heavy, and their transportation would be both difficult and expensive.

Now, if we were led to admire the prospective benevolence of the Deity in laying up for man those immense store-houses of fuel which we have been considering, our admiration must be greatly enhanced when we are told that the coal-beds are almost always found in immediate contact with inexhaustible supplies of limestone and iron ore. The materials for manufacturing iron—the coal, the limestone, and the ferruginous ores—are accordingly drawn out of the same pit, and without transportation are thrown up together into a smelting furnace, from

which cast-iron is obtained at a very small expense.

It is to be observed, moreover, that the limestone, iron ore, and slates which lie contiguous to the coal, are usually so impregnated with bituminous matter that mineral oil and illuminating gas may be obtained from them in greatest abundance at a trifling cost.

The Deep River coal-fields of North Carolina exemplify the principles above stated. At Egypt, in Chatham county, a few hundred yards from Deep River, a perpendicular shaft has been sunk to the depth of 450 feet. Organic remains are found in countless numbers throughout the slates which are perforated by the shaft. These slates are so bituminous that they burn readily with a bright flame. Indeed, no less than twenty-five per cent. of their weight of coal-oil has been extracted from them.

At the depth of 420 feet the first layer of coal is reached, whose thickness is six and a half feet. Properly it consists of two layers of coal, separated by a layer of black-band iron ore. This black-band is precisely similar to the Scotch black-band so celebrated in the manufacture of the best wrought iron. It is probable that this ore accompanies the coal throughout the whole of the Deep River formation.

The geographical area of this coal-field is still undetermined. It has been variously estimated from twenty-five to one hundred square miles. It is certain that this repository of fuel is so great that it will not be exhausted for several generations.

The Deep River coal is better and cheaper than wood or charcoal for con-

ducting many branches of manufacturing industry. And it is so valuable in the reduction of the black-band with which it is associated that cast-iron can be made in the locality at nine and a half dollars per ton, or less than half a cent per pound. Here are the elements which always attract capital, and build up intelligent and thriving communities; and the geologist would predict that the Deep River region of North Carolina must become the most opulent and flourishing district in the State.

From present indications it would seem that commercial prominence and national superiority are to be acquired and maintained by the employment of steam power. Viewed in this light, how momentous to Americans is the possession of their two hundred thousand square miles of coal-fields. France, Spain, Austria, and Russia are dependent on England and the United States for fuel for their engines. Hence the contest for commercial and military supremacy must lie between the United States and England, since these alone of all the nations of Christendom

possess large repositories of coal. It is probable, moreover, that success in maritime warfare must henceforth be secured by the employment of steam propelled iron-clad vessels. Therefore the future command of the seas depends upon the possession of coal, and here again the contest for superiority must lie between the American and the Briton.

In the steam-engine coal generates the power that transcends all other powers—a power that disdains narrow imprisonments—that wings us over the land and wafts us across the sea—that makes tens of thousands of wheels and spindles revolve with incessant hum—that causes raw materials to be condensed into the most solid structures or wrought into the airiest fabrics—that forges our ponderous engines which shriek and snort and thunder across our landscapes—that propels our thousand steamers against wind and tide—that transports armies and munitions of war, and that alters the mode of naval warfare, decides the fate of battles, and determines the destiny of nations.

W. G. S.

THE YEAR 1882.

The tendency of our age to eulogize the past and pile up fresh laurels on the ancients, is not very complimentary to modern institutions. That they deserve honor for their deeds, their learning, and their pure, unselfish patriotism, is a proposition that will be cheerfully conceded by all. But to draw the line at which we are to stop, is no easy task. When we consider

the large number of encomiums bestowed now-a-days upon antiquity, we can not but reflect that it is an injustice to ourselves and to our civilization. Perhaps it may seem benevolent and philanthropic to praise that which has passed away, and to venerate and adore what is far removed from mortal vision. However this may be, it is a truth that heroes, patriots, and human-

ity in general involuntarily turn to the past for models in their several departments, and they search the ancient libraries from basement to attic, and desecrate with unclean hands the erudition of the Orient in order to copy the example of some venerable Roman, or some philosophic Greek. While the examples here found are worthy of study and emulation, modern times furnish us standards of ideal manhood as pure, loyal, and devoted as any to be found in the annals of the past. And I shall attempt a review of the year 1882, as one that furnishes us in part these examples, coupled as they necessarily are with the events which called them forth.

In the first place, then, I think a contrast between the years 1782 and 1882 would materially aid us in determining how far the condition of the world has improved; in short, whether humanity has made progress or not. We see young America (not in a geological sense) one hundred years ago just emerging from a successful revolution, with her towns and cities in ruins, her wealth devastated, her homes pillaged, and her nationality almost extinct. Civilized life extended only a few leagues from the sea-coast, and the vast unexplored expanse of territory lying in the interior served no purpose except to afford hunting grounds for the Indians, and pasture for wild beasts. The sites of busy and populous cities, now the centres of important manufacturing or commercial interests,—the place where the railroad train dashes along, bearing in its course the industry of the nation,—where the telegraph-wire flashes with lightning-like rapidity the intelligence

of the world from station to station,—all emblematic of the nineteenth century,—the eighteenth beheld, in their places, the dusky form of the Indian warrior, the majestic Mississippi rolling down its waters to the gulf, undisturbed by the splashing of the steamer or the whistle of the engine, and its banks dotted here and there with the crumbling remains of the famous mound-builder, whose reputed civilization passed into oblivion with him ages before. American independence was just beginning to be recognized by the British government, America's resources were almost wholly undeveloped, her fertile plains and waving forests were standing in their primeval growth, the tall trees on the shores of her great lakes and rivers were fanned by breezes unpolluted by the smoke of active industry.

Now, if we look for a moment at the other side of our contrast, we shall be able to appreciate the difference that a century has wrought in the material, educational, social and political outlook of America. The rush and whirl of fifty millions of busy, energetic, thorough-going people, filling every department of life and labor with men equally alive to the realities of the present and the exigencies of the future, present quite a different picture from that on which our ancestors of the last century had to look. So material and tangible is the change, that were one of the men of three generations past allowed to behold our position now, the story of our progress would seem incredible in the last degree. Many of the institutions which were bequeathed to us have been abolished, and the changes in others

have been so great that it would be impossible to identify them. America was then in her infancy; she is now in her maturity, and as such she stands a nation among the nations. Her natural resources are unsurpassed, her position in religion, morality, science, and art, as well as education and politics, is honorable to her short history.

The present status of Europe compared with that of the last century shows a like preponderance in favor of 1882, though in some respects not so great as might be desirable. Ten decades ago a great many of the prejudices and superstitions of the middle ages were still impeding her progress. She has just begun to realize the grand truths and principles which have since revolutionized the world, socially and politically. She was then on the eve of a series of wars which convulsed her for a quarter of a century, and after her baptism in blood, she came out elevated in thought and ennobled in character; but to-day there is an indescribable presentiment of trouble which portends in the near future serious and disastrous consequences to European institutions, and it is the legitimate fruit of nihilism, materialism, and the various isms and secret societies, governmental and socialistic, that are widespread over the whole continent. The idea of a complete reform has permeated the lower strata of society, and is showing slight outcroppings in the form of secret organizations. Russia has felt the influence of these societies to a greater extent, perhaps, than any other country of Europe. Italy, too, has had her share of their evils, but whether the influences they tend to implant and nourish are, or rather have been, bene-

ficial to the interests of these powers or not, it is not my province to say; but undoubtedly, in some respects at least, they are not to be condemned, for when a people, virtuous, loyal and patriotic, are subjected to the abuse and arrogance of a tyranny more galling than the thraldom of the feudal ages, to insolence and maltreatment from a haughty and perfidious aristocracy, to abject servitude to a narrow-minded and selfish nobility, elevated and refined humanity sympathizes with the cause of the down-trodden and oppressed, and secretly hopes to see them rend their chains. A person who enjoys the prerogatives of free and untrammeled citizenship under a government which recognizes at once the sovereignty of the people and the equality of man, cannot but commiserate the condition of a people struggling for their rights. Thus we see a few differences which go to constitute present Europe and Europe of the last century. Not long since, the blue waters of the Mediterranean Sea were covered with British men-of-war, drawn thither by a noble, but unsuccessful, attempt of Arabi to liberate his country from the increasing oppression of burdens under which she was groaning.

The whole continent of Africa presents to the traveller of to-day quite different scenes from those of a hundred years ago. Excavations at and around the ancient cities have excited a lively interest in Egyptian antiquities, and have caused men of science and letters to turn their attention to that part of the world, and a wider, more complete knowledge of Egyptian institutions will be the probable result.

The Phoenix Park murders in Ireland, and the subsequent local and national disturbances, threw Irish sympathizers into a fever of excitement all over the world; England has dealt very rigorously with Irish malcontents and seems determined to make them feel and recognize her power. So much for the political condition of the world.

Now let us glance briefly at some of the most important characters of the year 1882. And we may well place at the top of a long category of illustrious names our beloved Emerson and Longfellow. As authors and poets they are the glory of American literature, their works are universally recognized as coming from masters, from colossal intellects, towering high above the common level. Both of these passed away in 1882, indeed the year seems to have been one prolific in the death of men who had spent their lives in the elevation of mankind. "Emerson, the grandest of American men of letters," as some call him, was one of whom his country may well be proud; his subtle intellect, his vivid imagina-

tion, and his liberal views have all contributed to place him among the renowned of the world. Another man of letters passed away during this year in the person of Rossetti. His ideas partook largely of the impassioned fervor of a warm Southern nature; "there is one dominant idea running through his entire life, and that is love baffled by death; he brings it out in his pictures also," he clothes this idea in all kinds of strange and fantastic garments and clings to it with lifelong tenacity. If we turn next to France, we behold Gambetta in his majestic power swaying the multitude with his burning eloquence. Just as the old year 1882 is drawing to a close his spirit takes its leave and resigns the leadership of the Republic to hands less accustomed to govern. Why then need we be looking back twenty centuries for models when we have institutions more noble, governments more free, and men of more wisdom and genius than any of which antiquity can boast?

A. M. R.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE MOUNTAINS.

A summer or two ago, being in bad health, I determined to spend the summer in the mountains. After looking around for a healthy place, I settled on the little village of —. This village is so healthy that, although about two hundred years old, only one man was ever known to die there, and he was hung. The people live to such an age that they have the appearance of mummies. One man there is so old that sometimes when he is

talking his jaw-bone drops out of socket. When you get tired of hearing him talk, all you have to do is just to give his jaw-bone a little tap, and he will be unable to talk until you push it back for him, when he will thank you and rattle on as if nothing had happened. It is the dullest place, I suppose, in creation, and the only attraction is the Falls of — River, near by. One day my older brother, who was then with me, informed me

that he intended going to the Falls the next morning with a party of young ladies and gentlemen. But he, like most elder brothers, was a little inclined to "lord it" over me, and said he thought I had better stay behind; I might get snake-bitten, or something else might happen to me; and if anything were to happen the "old folks" never would forgive him. But I had no idea of being cheated out of the trip in any such style. So the next morning I started out to walk to the Falls, which were distant about six miles. There were only three mules and one blind horse in the village, and the other party had secured them, so I had to "foot" it. After a long and tiresome walk I reached the Falls, having seen but one man and a yellow dog. It is said that the people up there retire into the caves and hollow rocks when winter sets in, and remain torpid all during the winter like snakes and frogs. After an almost perpendicular climb of six miles I was not in a condition to admire the scene, which is said to be very fine. All I thought of was a shady place in which I could sit down and fan myself; and even then I had no peace, for every stick I saw immediately shaped itself into a rattle-snake. This thing of climbing mountains is not very pleasant, and always knocks the romance out of me. After remaining on the top of the mountain a short time I began the descent. At this place the river makes two falls, and the descent from the upper to the lower falls is almost perpendicular, and in descending one has to let himself down by rocks, trees, or anything he can catch hold of. I had almost completed the descent when I heard

such screaming and splashing of water that, parting the bushes and holding fast to a laurel bush, I leaned over to find out the cause. About twenty yards below me was one of the prettiest scenes Dame Fortune has ever cast in my way. There, just below me, was a party of young ladies screaming, splashing in the water, playing tricks on one another, and having a fine time generally. You may talk of your mountain scenery and fine views, but give me the "beauties of Nature" every time. In a moment all my fatigue had vanished, and holding fast to the laurel bush, I leaned over and enjoyed the scene. I could not imagine what it all meant, unless it was "wash-day" among the mountain nymphs and they had all turned out to take a bath. Such screaming and splashing! and then the conversation I overheard! And such pretty feet! After I had enjoyed the scene about ten minutes and had forgotten completely where I was, suddenly snap! went the bush I was holding to, and down I went into the midst of those girls, followed by a shower of rocks, sticks, dirt, &c.

'Mid cries of "here they come; oh! what shall I do?" I landed, leaving a part of my pantaloons hanging on a rock about twenty feet above and fluttering in the breeze. I don't know which blushed the more, the girls or myself. I am not much given to blushing, but it is my candid opinion that, if anyone had thrown a bucket of water on me, I would have fairly "sizzed." The girls hid behind trees and rocks, but I remained sitting where I fell, for a very good reason. Finally one lady, who was rather too old for wading,

told me, if I would retire for a few moments the ladies would make themselves a little more presentable, and I could come back and take dinner with them, which invitation I accepted, of course. So, with an effort, doubtless ineffectual, to supply with my hands the place of what was fluttering above, I walked off a little distance. It seems that the young ladies had sent the young men of the party off while they took a wade. I went back and took dinner with them, but you may be certain that I never turned my back to them, and when I left I *backed* off. There was one very pretty young lady in that party, and, like Maud Muller, she looked best bare-foot. That night I was unable to sleep. Whether it was on account of the mosquitoes that

kept singing "high tenor" in my ears, or the mice that knawed on my old boots, or the fleas and bed-bugs that were drinking the life-blood from my veins, or the sight of those pretty feet that kept dancing before my eyes, I am unable to say, but am inclined to think it was the last. Finally I got up and composed the following poem:

When tortured by mosquitoes,
Or worried by a flea,
Or plagued by rats and bed-bugs,
I'll think of thee.

Having thus relieved my mind, I returned to bed and slept the sleep of the just until late next morning. I have seen many pretty scenes in the mountains, but this one will always seem to me the prettiest of them all.

CAPUTALBUM.

RESULTS OF THE PRINTING PRESS AND MARINER'S COMPASS.

The time when the Printing-press and Mariner's Compass were invented has not been accurately determined; nor is it of very great moment to us when they were invented or by whom.

In determining who was the inventor of the Printing-press, and the date of its invention, it is necessary to decide what the art of printing is; whether it consists of impressions made upon wood and stone, or of characters engraved upon movable pieces of wood. By recent discoveries it has been found that the early Egyptians had some idea of the art of printing, as is shown by the correspondence between the characters engraved upon their walls and the characters composing their alphabet.

In the early English monasteries one might have seen the monks busily engaged in printing the letters of some volume—a highly prized relic of antiquity—valued on account of its prehistoric descriptions.

It is generally admitted that Gutenberg first reduced the art of printing to a system, and published two volumes which corresponded with each other in every respect, and this was in the early part of the fifteenth century, towards the close of the Dark Ages.

Previous to this time there were but few books, and those few were to be found only in the monasteries where they had been written by monks; so, as we would reasonably suppose, the people were ignorant and superstitious.

They were kept under bondage by the rulers, and having no way of communicating with other nations around them, they came to regard all other nations as heathen, and treated them accordingly.

Who can imagine the joy of the people on finding the price of books so much reduced? Now they could begin to read books in their own language, and feel a real interest in the subject of education. Although the cost of printing was too expensive to render books available to all classes of people, yet all began to feel its effects, and a brighter future dawned upon the world; and the clouds of ignorance and superstition began to break away.

The literary revolution that succeeded this important invention finds no parallel in history: poets began to sing of the mighty feats of their countrymen; correct histories were written; works of imagination were produced. The desire for books became so great that the imperfect printing-presses were inadequate to supply the demand. Accordingly men of mechanical genius devised great improvements.

The Printing-press has had a wonderful influence upon the social and moral condition of the world; for previous to this time the people of one nation did not communicate with those of any other, and, therefore, they did not cultivate the chief *essentials* of prosperity and happiness. Education was at a low ebb, and there existed a belief that none but the priests should be educated; even the rulers were not able to write their names, but had to stamp their signature by dipping their hands into ink and pressing them upon paper. But as the art of printing be-

came more popular, and the printing-press was improved, books became more plentiful, so that not only the priests, but the monks also were able to have access to books. It was from these books that the monk Luther obtained his ideas of *true Christianity*.

As education and Christianity rapidly advanced through the medium of the printing-press, and since they are essential elements in raising the standard of morality in any country, we conclude that the printing-press has had a wonderful influence upon the morals of the world. Now the country is flooded with the best products of thought and imagination. The cheapness of books, newspapers, magazines, and periodicals places them in the reach of the poorest classes. Men who have no talent for anything but writing are encouraged by the demand for literature, and are given scope in which to develop their talents.

The Compass, in some form, has been in use for several centuries, but to no great extent, as the majority of the people thought that the magnet was possessed of evil qualities, and was an unsafe guide, especially upon the seas, as there was a superstitious idea among them of an existing island in the midst of the great sea which, if approached, would draw the nails and iron from the planks of vessels, thereby letting it fall to pieces in the midst of the rolling billows. Such was the fear with which the magnet was regarded by our superstitious ancestors.

The Compass, though imperfectly formed, was first used by the Chinese and Arabs for religious purposes; it was next employed for war chariots,

then by navigators to direct them in steering when the sun, moon, and stars were obscured by fogs and clouds.

It has been of great importance upon land in laying out railroads, canals, and in the division of lands into districts, counties, and states. Previous to its use in navigation, vessels were afraid to venture far from land and trust themselves upon the bosom of the trackless sea. On finding that the needle pointed to the North Star, navigators concluded that it was an instrument which would guide them safely over the surging billows and would land their vessels at any desired port. Never did there dawn a brighter day upon the commercial world than that on which the Mariner's Compass first saw the light. Well might Locke say, "He that first discovered the use of the compass, did

more for the supplying and the increase of useful commodities than those who built warehouses." Previous to this time the nations of the earth had no way of interchanging commodities, and compared with the present they were extremely poor. Labor was high, and the mariner's life was one of danger and uncertainty. The Compass enabled mariners to discover a near route to India, through which a large and flourishing commercial trade was carried on between the various powers of Europe.

This opened up the way to other and more important events, such as the discovery of America and the circumnavigation of the globe. Vessels now traverse the mighty deep without any fear of losing their course, and every sea is whitened by international commerce.

W. G. OTEN.

YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY.

What an immensity of time is comprehended in the word yesterday!—in the yesterday of our lives, in the yesterday of the world's history. To the youngest of us, it seems in gazing through the vista of by-gone days, almost an age since the first recollection of our existence; but, notwithstanding its seeming vastness, it is but a moment of time in comparison with the to-morrow, and of comparatively no importance in comparison with the to-day. The infatuation with which the heart of man clings to the past is apparent to all; how the mind loves to revert to the past and dwell upon things that were; how fascinat-

ing are the objects around which the silvery forms of the long ago have lingered, breathed, and sported; how dear are the single heir-looms that descend to us, how our hearts' tendrils twine about them, because they breathe the atmosphere of other days, because they smile upon us in their rugged simplicity and whisper in eloquent silence tales of the past. And with all this reverence for days gone by, we have but little care about the present, and forgetting that we are existing now, imagine ourselves living centuries ago. We stand and eagerly gaze through the echoless corridors of the past, while the blooming heath of

to-day lies before us with its flowery and dewy breast. We clasp in our arms the haggard and withered form of Yesterday, while To-day, radiant and blushing, stands within our grasp. So complete is our regard for the things of the past, that we extract more pleasure from the contemplation of a single fragment of marble from the sculpturings of Phidias than from the sublimest conceptions that ever germinated in the brain of a modern artist; more from the contemplation of a blackened cinder from the ruins of Pompeii than from the grandest structure that adorns the land of freedom. In fact, I believe that, if the azure curtain of heaven, with its stars and silver crescent, were creations of to-day, the people would cease to regard it with admiration and pleasure.

The question now arises, Why does this retrospective propensity exist in man? why is he oblivious of the present and always conscious of the past? It is because his happiest hours are those that are past. There are beautiful pictures of those halcyon days so deeply engraved upon the heart that the hand of time can never obliterate them while memory remains true to her trust. The bright past is embalmed in our memories and hallowed by association, and it calls back the mind to its happy hours, and in fancy we feast upon, and even live over again, those golden moments. Who does not sometimes hear breaking in softest cadence upon his ear the gentle tones of a mother's lullaby? We prefer to linger amid past joys rather than to bring ourselves to realize the unpleasant realities of to-day. And the same is true when we extend the view to

embrace the world's history. It was in the past that our first parents lived so innocent and happy in the Garden of Eden, inhaled the fragrance of incipient nature, and listened to the whispering zephyrs and, to the music of tinkling rills in their sylvan retreat, happy in their purity and secure of happiness in eternity. But to-day how different is the condition of man! how changed his position with respect to God! Is it then any wonder that he should delight in his past history! It was in the past that the Roman Empire stood out in all its magnificent power and grandeur as mistress of the world; but to-day she has fallen from her lofty eminence and lies at the feet of a feeble monarch. It was in the past that Greece was the queen of nations, the mother of art and science, at whose breast were nourished the most illustrious warriors, the sublimest poets and profoundest philosophers; but to-day her pride and glory are crumbled and vanished; the sword of Alexander has long been consumed by rust; the tongue of Demosthenes that once poured such a silvery stream of eloquence through the Senate chamber is no longer heard; the lyre upon which old Homer sounded the sublimest strains of the Iliad has been broken; and the philosophical lectures of Plato and Aristotle are never heard by the Athenian youth of to-day. This is why we love the past of those countries more than their present; we love to view them in their prosperity, but shut our eyes to them in their days of adversity.

As with nations so with individuals. I have no doubt that Napoleon on the Isle of St. Helena, as he watched the

waves break on the rocky coast, loved to turn from his sad and degraded condition, and reflect upon the days of his prosperity, upon the time when he led his gallant Frenchmen to battle and to victory; when the tread of his mighty army shook all Europe; when the mention of his great name inspired terror in the hearts of the monarchs of the world. Thus it is with all of us: yesterday we were happy, to-day stern realities meet us. We may wish for centuries of life, but increasing years will bring increasing sorrows. Yesterday the future loomed up before us bright with smiling visions, and our dreams were arched with the rainbow of promise; but to-day, those dreams have vanished, the air-castles that we spent so much time in building have all fallen, and our once buoyant hopes of grand achievement now lie in their

graves. But we should never allow ourselves to be lured back from present duties by the vanishing shadows of our dreams. We should never pine and languish amidst the prostrate columns and arches of once fair anticipations. We should reflect that it is our duty to leave a heritage to posterity which will inspire them to nobler actions. If we expect to ascend the hill of science and plant our banners upon "Fame's eternal camping ground," we must "let the dead past bury its dead;" we must leave off musing on the past and eagerly stretch out our hands and gather in the golden sheaves of to-day; go forth to the field of battle to contend for life's prize with the mighty and the brave; make whip cords of nerve and muscle, and with a manly and dauntless heart meet the coming morrow.

D. G.

THE STORY OF AN ITALIAN CONVERT.

Until Victor Emanuel II. acceded to the crown of Italy in 1861, the Roman Catholic religion under the Popes had been ruling with an iron hand both the temporal and spiritual affairs of nearly the whole of Italy. But with the accession of King Emanuel the door of religious toleration was again opened on Italian soil.

From 1861 to 1870 the majority of the missionaries to Italy came from Great Britain. Even up to that time, in 1870, missionary work had gained but a slight footing there; and Bibles were quite scarce, owing to the vigilance of the priests. To illustrate the feeling existing against the Protestant religion, I give the story which I once

had the pleasure of hearing from the lips of an Italian convert, who is now a missionary in Italy; of his sore trials on embracing the Protestant religion, and endeavoring to further its interests among those around him. He left the impression on me that we Americans cannot conceive of the bitter hatred which, about 15 years ago, existed in the hearts of the Roman Catholics in Italy against the Protestants. For several months after his conversion he was constrained to conceal his new faith. But at last, as is characteristic of every true heart, he made an open avowal. Upon this the parish priest immediately repaired to his parents, bade them disown and dis-

inherit their heretical son, in accordance with the laws of the Catholic Church, or suffer excommunication. But they, before deciding, sought their boy and together they used all manner of argument and persuasion to win him back, but with no avail. In their extremity, the affidavit of disinheritance was signed and the declaration was given that they would never again harbor the heretic under their roof, or ever after name him as their son. After this sentence was pronounced, another still more gloomy ordeal was in store for him. By a special provision of the law he was seized and put in a coffin, the lid of which, having a few air-holes supplied, was screwed down tight, so as to prevent his extrication. Thus situated he lay for hours in the parlor of his home—his no more,—his family and relations gathered around the coffin lamenting bitterly as over his corpse. Then the bier, followed by a solemn procession, was taken to the church, where the regular services for the dead were read, and prayer was offered up for his soul.

When the services were over, and the audience had dispersed, the priest caused him to be taken out, flogged and set loose, with the order to leave the parish immediately. That night, while he was preparing for a sad farewell of home and friends,—and yet, why should I say farewell, for that last desire of his heart was denied him,—his mother's hands were busy removing the fireside seat which he was accustomed to occupy at her side; his father was erasing his name from the family records; his brothers and sisters were collecting for removal all his effects and all the little tokens of love

—school-books, toys of his youth, and everything about which might ever cluster any tender recollections of their banished brother.

The next morning found him at a little town not far distant, whither he had gone for guidance and aid to the American missionary, who had been the agent in his conversion. Discerning in the youth a promising instrument, the missionary cared for him until he succeeded in procuring him a passage for the United States. On his arrival here he was put to school, where he spent four years of hard study. The next three he passed at the Seminary, fitting himself up for the ministry. At the end of seven years, his education completed, he resolved to carry the Gospel to his native land and home.

Arriving in Italy he sought the missionary who had been such a friend to him, and by him he was allotted, as his field of labor, the country around his native village. We must know that seven years had wrought a great change in the affairs of Italy, and the strength of the Roman Catholic Church was fast ebbing. Missionaries were working with impunity in places hitherto most radically under the heels of the priests. So we can imagine what feelings filled the breast of our hero at the prospect before him; how his heart bounded with joy at the thought of so soon meeting loved ones again; but anon, full of misgivings as to the reception he would meet. Entering the village one bright, sunshiny morning, the first person he met was the old parish priest, who most pleasantly doffed his hat, as is their custom to strangers, of course not

recognizing in the full-grown, fine-looking stranger the boy who had once been the object of his wrath. As he passed on through the street, how the villagers eyed him, and the children stopped in their play to gaze at the new-comer. With what rapid succession the scenes of early days rushed into his mind as he looked from side to side. Presently, on turning the corner of a well known little street, he was brought into the presence of his own little home. He could but pause a few minutes, and with eyes filled with tears, attempt to check the rush of feeling which the prospect before him occasioned. He had made up his mind on meeting his parents not to make himself known at once, but to be entertained as a stranger. He approached the house and rapped at the door, but received no answer; so he opened it cautiously and looked in. There, sitting at the fireside and wrapt in deep thought, was his mother; no doubt, at that very moment longing for him, and wondering where in the wide world her heretical boy could be.

Forgetting his resolution, he rushed to her, seized her in his arms, and covered her with kisses. She, of course not recognizing him, and supposing herself in the hands of a ruffian, screamed for help at the top of her voice. His elder sister in an adjoining room, being the only other person in the house, grabbed a carving knife and ran to help her mother against the supposed ruffian. Remembering that they could not recognize him, for seven years of separation had given him a beard, he promptly and imploringly asserted himself the long banished son. At first his mother and sister were bewildered, and he found it necessary to

recount some scenes from his childhood days before they would be convinced. They immediately tried to persuade him to leave their roof for fear of the awful penalty. But his heart was too full and his limbs refused to stir. After some moments of hesitation, his mother regarding him affectionately, suddenly gave vent to her feelings and fell on his neck weeping tears of gladness, and freely forgave him for all the past.

During all those seven years hardly an hour had passed that her heart did not burn for her son. The most cruel edict could not check that mother's love. When his father came home he was at first very angry and ordered him out of the house; but through the intercession of his mother he was allowed to remain for a day at least, to give an account of himself, for now this could be done with more impunity. In their eager ears he poured the history of the seven years of separation; of his success in America, and of that beautiful Christian religion, the practice of which he had found to bring so much real happiness. His talk and persuasion was not without effect upon his parents. They seemed to take more and more interest in listening, and finally consented to allow him to remain with them permanently if he would. Upon hearing of their action the priest immediately caused them to be excommunicated. But that gave them little concern now, for with them the morning of a new life was dawning. It is needless to say that in the course of not many weeks his father, mother, brothers, and sisters all received this light of the new religion, and in time became ardent Christians, seconding all his efforts to further its interests

W. S. R.

EDITORIAL.

WHAT STUDENTS READ.

In this age of books and newspapers almost everybody reads something daily. What the general public read is plainly shown by the thousands of newspapers and periodicals that flood the country. It is further shown by observing what authors are most extensively read. This furnishes also a good criterion by which to judge of general literary taste. Let everyone decide for himself if it is what it should be. We think it is far from it.

But what do students read? As they are to a certain extent isolated from the rest of mankind, this may be an interesting question. It is one that should be of interest to the friends of education everywhere, and it especially concerns all parents who have, or expect to have, sons or daughters in college. For the success or failure of their after lives will doubtless depend largely upon what they habitually read while at college. The time spent at college is usually the formative period of the student's life. His mind is then plastic and may be easily bent, and each day's mental exercise helps to give it permanent shape. How important then that all influences which are brought to bear on it should be right, healthful influences; and it is true that we are in great danger of being wrongly influenced by literature that is mere trash, if not positively poisonous.

The question then arises, What ought students to read? This question

should be seriously considered by every one of us, for, as we have seen, very much may depend on our decision. Reason would dictate to us to read such papers and books as contain healthful matter, such as contain truths that we may gather and treasure up for the advantage they may be to us in the future. As our time for reading is necessarily so limited, it becomes our highest interest, as well as our highest duty, to read such books, and such literature generally, as will present us with facts and truths which will aid us in our future progress—which will serve as the foundation of that superstructure of knowledge which we desire and intend to erect.

But do students act thus? We fear that many of them do not act on good judgment. If you will get a peep, as has the present writer, into the Librarian's book, you will find written an account that is not altogether complimentary to college students. Of course, we expect to find, in a large number of students, every shade of taste for reading; and our college libraries are wisely supplied with sufficient variety to gratify the most peculiar. Here is what the students read. A large amount of history and biography, which is only another species of history, is read by many of the students, indeed by a great majority of them. But we cannot commend them very much for this, for it is done through compulsion (for they are required to prepare themselves for the discussion of historical questions in the literary

societies), as is plainly shown by the fact that during the first two weeks of the present term, as society work could not be thoroughly organized, very little history was read. But they read other books with avidity. The ministerial or theological students read a large number of *commentaries* and other religious books. This is perfectly right, if there be a judicious mixture of other reading. Very few students become sufficiently interested in scientific works to read them much. On the other hand, they all, with but few exceptions, Seniors, Juniors, "Preps," old students, new students, all, read *novels*, and these are rarely standard works. Scott, Reade, Dickens, Simms, Thackeray, &c., are scarcely ever interfered with; but those of a much lower order, such as "Tempest and Sunshine," "Deserted Wife," "Buffalo Land," "Sylvia's Lovers," "Forgers and Detectives," "Planter's Daughter," "Love After Marriage," and scores of others not so nearly standard as even these. When a sufficient number of novels of this class, which we do not condemn, but only the exclusive reading of them, cannot be had, resort is had to *romance*, and often of the wildest kind. Baron Munchausen, Arabian Nights, Gulliver's Travels, and Jules Verne's and Mark Twain's works, are sought after by many a student.

Novels are more read by our students than any species of literature. Of course, there are a few who do not read novels at all. These do wrong in not reading them. So it is plain that we do not condemn, but would rather encourage, novel reading. But we do most emphatically condemn the reading of novels and romances to the ex-

clusion of all solid reading, and we hold that students, as well as all other persons, should, as a rule, read those works which are considered standard; though the constitution of the human mind is such that a very light work occasionally is the very best thing to wear away its fatigue. Then a light work is sometimes not objectionable. The extent to which novel reading is carried by some of our students is seen by the fact that Mr. X. read six from 13th to 21st of the month, and Mr. Y. read eight from 12th to 26th! Such a course of reading is very hurtful to any student, and should be stopped immediately.

J. C. C. D.

THE PEOPLE MUST RULE.

To say the least of it, the news from Spain is significant. In one of the districts the King's soldiers have united with the people in a revolt against the government. Although the rebellion may last only a few days, it has a deep meaning. It is the first mutterings of the great social and political earthquake that will soon break forth in all its fury.

It has been well said that the beginning of a great revolution is like the beginning of a mighty river—starting at first in a tiny rill, a stream so small that a child might stay its course with its hand, it flows on and on, increasing in size and power, foaming and dashing over rapids and down cascades, and ever widening its boundaries until, at last, it rushes on—a resistless torrent to the sea. Thus began the French revolution—we know the history of its progress, its final result, and its effects on the continent of Europe. Thus

the Spanish revolution has begun, and notwithstanding its leaders are few and untitled, yet, unless concessions are made by the throne, we may expect, before many years shall have elapsed, to witness a struggle that will deluge that country in blood. The eyes of all Europe are fixed on the United States. They witness the prosperity of this country and the contentment of our people, and viewing these fruits of freedom they behold with shame the servitude to which they are forced to submit.

While the efforts of the Nihilists, Invincibles, and Spanish Insurgents may prove to be ineffectual at present in establishing a republican form of government, yet they show that democratic ideas have been disseminated in Europe, and, as has been proved in France and America, they will at last prevail.

In this age of progress the people read and think too much to submit tamely to burdens that were once thought to be necessary and borne without complaint. That idol, the divine right of kings, once so fondly cherished by every European, has been shattered. We see the wonderful progress that has been made in the century that has elapsed since this fetter was broken; and now that the spirit of liberty is abroad, who can predict what will be the political changes in Europe in the next hundred years? Those who are at work now are not only "clearing the ground" for the edifice

of Liberty, as former revolutionists have done, but they are also preparing to build.

. How long it will take them to accomplish the end aimed at we are unable to say, but that the cause of liberty is being rapidly advanced is apparent to all. Stepniak, in a recent work on Russia, says: "In this struggle between liberty and despotism, the revolutionists, it must be confessed, have on their side an immense advantage—that of time. Every month, every week of this hesitation, of this irresolution, of this enervating tension, renders the position of their adversary worse, and consequently strengthens their own. Hidden forces, unconscious and powerful as those of nature, come into play to undermine the basis of the imperial edifice; such as the economical position of the people, which has reached such a terrible crisis; the financial question, and also that of the administrative corruption, which is almost as fatal as the other two. . . By yielding to the legitimate requests of the nation, conceding the most elementary political rights demanded by the times in which we live, and by civilization, everything will enter upon a peaceful and regular course. The Terrorists will be the first to throw down their deadly weapons and take up the most humane and the most powerful of all, those of free speech addressed to free men, as they have several times explicitly declared."

S.

CURRENT TOPICS.

NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.—Another important era was marked in the industrial progress of our nation when, in Western Montana, on September 8th, in the presence of a vast audience, the last stroke was given to the golden spike marking the completion of the Northern Pacific Railroad. For the first time the two oceans are joined by a road almost direct, bringing San Francisco materially much nearer New York. We can have no better testimony of the rapid development of our country than the statistics showing the increase of extension of railroads. It is only necessary for us to picture in our minds the one-horse country towns, few and far between, dotting the vast area of the far West; and the early day stage-coaches and "prairie schooners," the only means of intercourse and trade fifteen years ago; then how we open our eyes as we contemplate the rush of railroads penetrating the length and breadth of the states and territories and giving birth and stimulus to myriads of busy little towns and villages. What a civilizing influence the railroad exerts! offering at our very doors all the products and luxuries from every clime, we take new life, ideas, and energy, and are quickened in emulation to keep pace with the progressing world. What another decade will bring forth, with the present rate of railroad building and the amount of inventive genius multiplying, will be interesting to note.

EXPOSITIONS.—Among the most striking signs of the growing civiliza-

tion of the age, are the number of national, state, and municipal exhibitions, expositions, and fairs that are constantly in occurrence. The results arising from the coming together of men from all quarters of the land with their capital and representative products have been remarkable in the history of progress since the late war. By placing the products of the West, the staples of the South, and the manufactured goods of the North and East side by side, in varied and rich illustration, new impetus is given to the spirit of material development in every department of industry. There is but little doubt that the Centennial Exhibition held at Philadelphia in 1876 attracted more human beings than any exhibition of a like nature the world ever saw; and its results, though not all patent, have been signally felt, not only on this side of the Atlantic, but even in the Mother Country. The Atlanta Exposition opened the eyes of strangers to the industrial wealth and possibilities of the South. There is every indication that the Louisville Exposition will do the same thing on a grander scale. The main object of the two last named expositions has been to arrest the attention of Northern capitalists by showing them evidence of our vast manufacturing resources. The World's Fair, now in progress in Boston, will do wonders for Art and Science.

But the greatest good to be derived from these expositions comes from the tendency to unify the interests of the North, South, East, and West. If the

future welfare of the country, as an undivided people, depends on its young men, then let them be brought together under the wholesome influences of exhibitions and fairs, and exchange ideas and imbibe fresh energy for the grand march of progress.

OUR NAVY.—The proverb, "In the midst of peace we are in war," was never more significant than during the past month, when the unsettled state of affairs in China and Peru revealed the danger that Americans and American interests were in because of the deplorable weakness of our navy. At any rate, there is no love lost between China and our government, especially since the passage of the Anti-Chinese Bill. This spirit was clearly evinced a few weeks ago when, at a port in China, a sudden rush was made by the natives upon the foreigners, largely Americans, to kill and burn—all be-

cause of an unintentional act committed by a Portuguese sailor. We are accustomed to plume ourselves on our military strength, and by it hope to command the respect of England and all Europe; but we in turn, as a child to a giant, must bow down to England as the mistress of the waters. There is said to have been a large surplus of funds in the Treasury at the close of the last fiscal year. Now it certainly seems that a nation with the prowess and strength of ours, and having such a large part of its merchants and trade in foreign ports, constantly imperilled too, ought to have a powerful navy. Then, too, what an advantage we offer, having our broadsides on the Atlantic and Pacific open to any attacking enemy. After the cause of education, this matter needs the first consideration and most liberal appropriation at the hands of the next Congress: W. S. R.

EDUCATIONAL.

—THE male school, Shelby, is reported to be in a flourishing condition.

—IT is announced that Mr. John Guy Vassar has given \$25,000 to Vassar Brothers Institute of Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

—THE graded schools in the city of Wilmington opened on the first of October. Prof. Noble, the superintendent, says he expects a very large attendance.

—THE Princeton Theological Seminary opened with 200 students. The new students that entered were fifty, a considerable increase over the usual numbers.

—HAMPDEN SIDNEY COLLEGE, Va., started its session with an addition of thirty new students.

—THE Charlotte Graded School began this session with flattering evidences of success. There were 840 pupils in attendance.

—THERE are 150 students at the Virginia Agricultural and Mechanical College, Blacksburg, and more are expected. The school is growing.

—AT Madison University there is established a contest in oratory for the Seniors, and it is said to be of the greatest benefit. Suppose some of our Southern colleges try it?

—JUDSON COLLEGE opened favorably. We are pleased to know it. This institution will be one of much concern to the friends of education, as it is co-educational. How is it going to work? interests all.

—WE are sorry to know the disappointment felt by the friends of Trinity College relative to its opening. There were only 60 present on the first day. This is not at all encouraging to the friends of that college, and to the new professors.

—WE hear but little from Oxford Female Seminary, of Oxford. It is reported to have opened with encouraging indications. This school, with Prof. F. P. Hobgood as its president, is worthy of the patronage of all parents who have daughters to educate.

—THERE are over 25,000 pupils and nearly 800 teachers in the public schools of the District of Columbia.

—THE building of the graded school in Winston is in course of erection. It will be two stories. The building, when completed, will contain fourteen rooms, and the assembly room will be thirty-six by eighty-two feet. The cost will amount to something like \$18,000.

—A Southern University for ladies is to be opened in Abingdon, Va., as soon as the funds are secured. Officers are appointed and a general agent is canvassing the field. This is a long-felt need of our Southern land. It is a step in the right direction. Let other steps be taken. The females of our land must have schools where they can be educated in the full sense of that term.

—JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY, Baltimore, opened with 230, of whom 130 are graduates of other colleges. Mr. W. H. Osborne, who graduated here last June and is now there, writes us that President Gilman, in his opening address, said there had never been a like spectacle on the American continent.

—THE public schools of Richmond were opened for the session of 1883-'84 with the total number of scholars admitted, 7,282—of whom 4,431 were white, and 2,851 were colored. Many new scholars who applied for admission had to be refused for want of school accommodations.

—THE Nebraska Baptist Seminary begins the fourth year of its existence with a good attendance. The institution is out of debt, but very poor. The Board of Managers met with considerable success during the summer in raising funds for current expenses of the school.

—*The Religious Herald*, of Sept. 27th, has the following to say of Wake Forest College: "We saw a brother from North Carolina, a trustee of Wake Forest College, on the cars last week, who was in a glow of enthusiasm about the College. He thinks they will matriculate 200 boys during the present session. From what he says we think that the movement on foot, with respect to the endowment, will succeed. If so, Wake Forest will have more ready cash than any other Baptist College in the South." We fear that our enthusiastic brother will be mistaken about the 200 matriculates during the present term. But as to the endowment of the College, the

friends of the Institution are determined that it *shall* succeed.

—THE Shelby Female College is a late and valuable addition to the female colleges in North Carolina. Rev. R. D. Mallary, an able and energetic worker, assisted by a thorough corps of teachers, will do great good in elevating the educational standard of the State. This session opened with a large number of students.

—CHAPEL HILL has one hundred and seventy students at present and is expecting more at the beginning of next term. There have been some very good improvements made in the way of a new chapel. The Senior class has twenty members. The annual sermon before the Young Men's Christian Association was delivered by Rev. D. A. Walker, of Greensboro. N. C.

—THE Greenville Female College, located at Greenville, S. C., is an institution of thirty years' standing. It has a full and competent corps of teachers and is justly regarded as one of the first schools in the South for the education of females. The Greenville Conservatory of Music is connected with and constitutes the music department of the college.

—THE Durham Graded School opened with the brightest prospects. Though the number of pupils last year was very large, there are about 100 more this year. With the zeal of its worthy superintendent and an increased teaching force, it promises even better work than it did last year, though it was very flattering and complimentary to the teachers, and especially to the superintendent, Prof. E. W. Kennedy. This school stands

among the first of the graded schools of the State.

—PROF. J. B. BREWER, the president of Chowan Baptist Female Institute, reports his school in fine condition, 60 boarders the first day. He has lately secured Miss Georgia Snead, of Fluvanna county, to preside over the musical department. She bore off the highest honors of Hollins Institute in the school of music, a year or two ago.

—IT is a question of importance to us just now, whether the endowment fund of the College will reach \$100,000 by the close of this year. A question of vast importance it is also to the Baptists of the State. But that it will succeed we do not dare to doubt. The amount of good and efficient work that Wake Forest has done, and is doing, is a guaranty, that, with her endowment completed, she will be able to repay the denomination an hundred fold for all the trouble, time, money, and prayers that have been bestowed on her. Then let the friends of Wake Forest, and especially the Baptists of North Carolina, come forward, and place the Institution where it can do the greatest good by securing the remainder of the \$100,000.

—THE University of Nebraska cannot be called a prosperous one, although a generous amount of money is expended on it by the State. The attendance is not very large, and the institution has suffered lately from discord between the members of the faculty, on account of religious views held by them. There is a struggle between Christianity and Infidelity, where there ought to be unity of

thought and purpose. This appears to be an argument in favor of denominational schools.

—THE Southwestern Baptist College of Bolivar, Mo., has had a grand opening. Although the college is in its infancy, it had present on the first day of the current term 160 students, young men and women of mature years. Its friends expect 250 present at the opening of the next term, while they claim to have one of the finest faculties in the West. We congratulate our friends of the West on their pleasing prospects; but how about co-education?

—HON. GEO. A. WOLVERTON proposes to aid in raising a fund, the interest of which shall be used to educate the sons of Baptist preachers. The friends of Richmond College ought to act as becomes them in reference to so important a move, for this obvious reason, there are few Baptist preachers who receive any more than is actually necessary for the support of their families. It is a constant grief to them that their sons are deprived of the means of an education.

—WE clip the following items from *The Orphan's Friend*, which are well worth repeating: There is an evil in our educational work that ought to be abated, but which lies beyond the control of our educators. It is the disposition, on the part of parents, to have their children hurried through their educational courses, often at the sacrifice of health, and, oftener still, at the sacrifice of real scholarship and culture: Our boys and girls "graduate" too early. Time enough is not taken for the work laid out for them.

They go over it superficially, or give way under the strain, if they attempt in earnest the impossible tasks required of them. The former result is that most frequently realized. We are glad that nature revolts, and the victim of a false system and evil fashion, preferring shallowness to suicide, takes times for sleep and recreation, even if one or more of a dozen "studies" are neglected, in whole or in part. But the number of those who break down, mentally and physically, under the high-pressure system in vogue—the ardent, ambitious, enthusiastic young spirits full of promise, who fall by the wayside, in this mad attempt to compass impossibilities—is alarmingly large. Many of them fill early graves, and many others are crippled for life.

WE have thought much lately of the "higher female educational" theory, and wondered if our faithful, earnest teachers might not add this to their list of duties—to teach the girls the great value of modesty and of quiet demeanor everywhere; to tell them the beauty of soft voices and gentle speech; to give them instruction in the true "wisdom" whose price is above rubies; to show them their proper paths, lying narrowly along the low, unseen valleys, where birds sing and flowers bloom, and not upon the thronged highways where older feet must tread. Would it not be the first great movement towards that "higher education" of woman, if our teachers should give each day—side by side with mathematics and Latin, if you please—some careful instruction regarding the beauty of girlhood as shown by modesty, by unselfishness, by unostentatious care for others, and

especially for those who are older, by quiet ways and words in all public places, and by gentle yielding to those in authority? Let the school make it an important study. Give it high grade. Let it be put into immediate practice, under the watchful eye of the teacher. Let our girls be taught to be true girls, with girlhood ennobled and glorified and set apart for pure and special work.

—GERMAN UNIVERSITIES.—The official notices have been lately published giving the numbers of students who have been attending the lectures at the several faculties in the different German universities during the present summer, and comparing them with the corresponding attendance last summer. There are twenty-one universities in Germany, of which ten are in Prussia. The total number of students attending lectures during the present summer was 25,084; of those 12,591 attended in the Prussian universities and 12,493 in the other German universities. The corresponding numbers last year were: 23,834, 11,948 and 11,886. There was thus a total increase this summer of 1,260, or about 5.4 per cent. Of the students attending lectures this summer 3,558 were Protestant divinity students, being an increase in this faculty of almost 15 per cent.; 811 were Catholic divinity students, being an increase of a little over 7 per cent. The law students are 5,426, against 5,602 last

year, being a diminution of 177, or a little more than 3 per cent. The medical students have risen to 6,172 from 5,303 last summer, an increase of 16.4 per cent. In the faculty of philosophy, which includes literature, mathematics, and the sciences, the number of students this year is 9,117, against 9,073 last year, being an increase of about 4.8 per cent. The university of Berlin has the largest number of students, 4,062; next comes Leipsic with 4,097, and Munich with 2,295; the smallest number, 231, are being taught at Rostock. The largest number of Protestant divinity students are at Leipsic; of Catholics, at Wurzburg. The largest number, relatively, of law students is to be found at Munich, 822, nearly one-third of the whole number of the students of that university. The medical students are also proportionately very numerous at Munich, being 707, or over 30 per cent. of the whole number; and at Wurzburg they are 600 out of a total of 1,085, or over 55 per cent. of the whole. This shows what a high reputation the Bavarian medical school has in Germany. In Berlin the number of medical students is 773, being a little over 11 per cent. of the whole number of students. It is also worth noting that the number of medical students has been rapidly increasing, from session to session at Munich.—*Goldsboro Messenger.*

LITERARY GOSSIP.

—*The Examiner*, the great Baptist newspaper of New York, is now to be had for only \$2 a year.

—WHAT has become of that collection of North Carolina poets and poems that was announced not long since?

—IT is said that Wilkie Collins alternates between yacht-cruising and writing. He has a new novel nearly ready for the press.

—A STORY of the future life, entitled *Beyond the Gates*, written by Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, seems to be creating a stir in literary circles.

—A VOLUME of poems by Maurice Thompson, the Indiana poet, and also a novel by H. C. Bunner, entitled *A Woman of Honor*, will soon be published by J. R. Osgood & Co.

—THE September number of the *Princeton Review* appears with a strong article advocating cremation, written by the Rev. John D. Bengless, a well known minister of to-day.

—THE following is a pleasant tribute to Mr. Lowell, from the London *Telegraph*, in an article on the unveiling of Fielding's bust: "There is, probably, no living man of letters who could more appropriately perform the approaching function than Mr. James Russell Lowell. He is a genial humorist, a keen wit, and a polished and nervous writer; and he is one of the long line of distinguished American authors who have shown how they appreciate the humor, the wit, and the nervous force of Fielding's style."

—CHAS. SCRIBNER'S SONS have in press an American edition of an important volume on the *Wisdom of Goethe*, by Prof. John Stuart Blackie. The editor introduces the work with a sympathetic and acute essay. "An estimate of the character of Goethe, which adds much to the standard value of the work."

—THE "Elziver Library" of John B. Alden & Co. is noted for its cheapness, while it embraces within its series some very choice pieces of literature. "Plato," by Clifton W. Collins, is a valuable essay, containing quotations from Jowett's translation, while the thoughts of the writer are mature, and his analysis is the result of a careful examination of the best authors.

—THE first volume of the new series, "American Commonwealths," published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., will appear this month—*Virginia*, written on by John Esten Cooke. Mr. Wayne McVeagh will treat Pennsylvania; Rev. Dr. Wm. Barnes writes on Oregon; Hon. Wm. H. Trescott, formerly Assistant Secretary of State, on South Carolina; William Hand Browne, of Johns Hopkins University, on Maryland; Prof. N. S. Shaler, of Harvard University, on Kentucky.

—THE third volume of the *History of the Civil War in America*, by the Comte de Paris, has just been published in translated form by Porter & Coates. The war on the Rapidan and the Mississippi, in Pennsylvania, and the third winter of the war, are treated with the same fulness and clearness

with which the others have been characterized. The maps are carefully drawn, and on the whole the book is an admirable specimen of workmanship.

—“IT is nearly an axiom,” says Bishop Potter, ‘that people will not be better than the books they read.’ And it is almost as much of an axiom that they will judge people much as they judge books. If, therefore, they estimate a book by its binding, they are likely to value a man by his clothing. The outside of a book is the least important part of it. A good book is good by reason of its soul, of its inner light and heat. Its external attire may be gay and gaudy, or sad and sombre; it may be bright and fresh, or old and worn. It is the inside alone which is of importance. The hapless man who values books by the outsides has no books in his house save a few gilt and glittering gift-books and a few feeble religious books, and perhaps a patent-medicine almanac and a dream-book or two; and it is pitiful to think what a sad old age he is preparing for himself. The man who values books for themselves, for what they are, for what they teach, for what they mean to him, may have no more volumes than the other; but his Shakespeare and his Moliere, his Homer and his Horace, his Scott and his Cooper, his Montaigne and his Emerson, old and battered and faded and shorn as they may be of any earthly beauty they may have had, are to him more precious than jewels.—Arthur Penn: *The Home Library*.

—THE following is an interesting story of the origin of the well-known

novel Ben-Hur, written by General Lew Wallace: “Before and for some time after the war General Wallace was inclined to be skeptical in religious matters, particularly as to the divinity of Christ. One day, while travelling on a railroad, he chanced to meet Colonel Ingersoll, the infidel. Their conversation turned on religious topics, and in the course of the discussion Ingersoll presented his views. Wallace listened, and was much impressed, but finally remarked that he was not yet prepared to agree with Ingersoll on certain very extreme propositions relative to the non-divinity of Christ. Ingersoll urged Wallace to give the matter the careful study and research that he had, expressing his confidence that Wallace would, after so doing, fully acquiesce in the Ingersoll view. After parting, Wallace turned the matter over in his mind, and determined to give it the most thorough investigation. For six years he thought, studied and searched. At the end of that time *Ben-Hur* was produced. I met Wallace at a hotel in Indianapolis not long after. The book was naturally the topic of our conversation. After having told me the story I have just given, Wallace turned to me and said: ‘The result of my long study was the absolute conviction that Jesus of Nazareth was not only a Christ and the Christ, but that he was also my Christ, my Savior, and my Redeemer. That fact settled in my own mind, I wrote *Ben-Hur*.’”

—THE following extract from Appleton’s Literary Bulletin, written by a correspondent of the Cleveland Leader, on Bancroft’s Daily Life, will

perhaps be of interest to many of our readers: I called on George Bancroft a short time ago, and found him working among his roses. The rose is the historian's favorite flower, and he has the finest rose-garden on the continent. It is situated back of his house on H Street, and embraces a greenhouse and an open garden. It contains every known variety of roses, and is devoted to this flower alone. A gardener is kept especially to attend to it, though Mr. Bancroft spends much time in working in it himself, and understands all about rose-culture. The old historian came into the house as I entered. He was clad in black broadcloth, and a slouch hat covered his iron-gray hair. A fine specimen of the highest class of intellectual workers is the Hon. George Bancroft. Over eighty-three years of age, he has a frame of iron and a brain as bright as that of a youth. He is of middle height, lean and wiry. His thin, thoughtful face is lengthened by his silky beard of sable silver, and his thick, gray hair is combed back from a broad, high, brawny forehead. He has light-blue eyes and a complexion darkened by the winds of his daily horseback-rides, for this old man rides daily, and he has one of the best blooded Kentucky steeds in Washington. Among the questions I asked him at this visit was, "How long can you ride, Mr. Bancroft, without tiring?" He replied, with a laugh: "I don't know. All day, I suppose, if I had the time. Riding does not tire, and I generally spend three or four hours a day in the saddle. I believe the secret of good health is in taking care of yourself. I go to bed early and I

rise early. I find the morning is the best time for work, and I would advise you to do your literary work then in preference to the evening."

I here looked around the room, and remarked, "Mr. Brancroft, you have a fine library." "Yes," he replied, and his face lighted up as he did so, and I could see that he was very proud of his books. He arose and took me around the shelves, showing me how the books were two rows deep, and pointed out some of the rarer editions. He then gave me into the hands of his German valet, a bright Berliner, whom he picked up when he was in Prussia and brought to this country, telling him to show me over the rest of the library. Bancroft's library is one of the finest private collections in the United States; every book of it is valuable, and it contains works in all the modern languages. There are over twelve thousand volumes, and these are closely packed in the four large rooms which comprise the literary workshop of their owner. No display is made in the way of expensive cases for the books. They are kept in common shelves running along the wall, without covering of either glass or curtain. Bancroft knows his library perfectly, and could find any of his books in the dark. The bulk of the library is on the second floor. The chief work-room is first entered. It faces the street and is very large and well lighted. In its centre stands a large table covered with books and manuscripts; on one side of this sits the great historian, opposite him a young secretary, and often in addition another, all writing and working together.

The next room serves a twofold purpose. It is a library and bedroom combined. Its walls are lined with books, and in its centre a small single bed covered with a plain green spread is seen. "Here," said my guide, "in that bed sleeps the old gentleman, and on that table," pointing to a little table with two wax-candles on it, which stood at the head of the bed, "he keeps pen and paper all night. If a thought strikes him, he jots it down. "Here," pointing to some elegantly bound books, "is his history in the German language, and here are some very fine engravings—hundreds of them."

"Tell me," said I, "something about Bancroft's habits." "Mr. Bancroft," replied the German, "goes to bed very early, unless he is out at some entertainment. He is generally asleep before ten o'clock. He wakes very early, and works often before daylight. You see the two candles on his night-table. He commences work at five o'clock and keeps at until breakfast-time, at half-past eight, when he dresses and comes down stairs and has breakfast. Breakfast with him is a very light meal consisting of some fruit, a cup of chocolate, an egg, and a roll. He eats nothing more until dinner, when he takes a good meal. He does not think a man can do good brain-work on a full stomach. After breakfast he goes again to work, and continues at it until between one and two, when he receives his visitors. After half-past four he goes out to ride, and comes back about seven. At this hour he has dinner, after which he either chats, reads, or goes out for the evening."

Gossiping in this way we went over the whole of Bancroft's house. At

every step the valet had something to say for his master, whom he admires so greatly, and whom he told me he had served now these past ten years. Mr. Bancroft has a beautiful home. The house is a three-story brick-on H Street, near that of the millionaire Corcoran, and across the street from General Beale's. It is within a stone's-throw of the White House, the Arlington, and the Treasury, and is at the foot of fashionable Washington to-day. A wide hall divides the house, and on each side of this are reception-rooms and parlors, and at the left end is the dinning-room. The parlors are full of curious mementos from the different parts of Europe. There is a magnificent portrait of Kaiser Wilhelm, given to the historian by the German Emperor as a mark of esteem and affection. There below it is a present from Napoleon III., and beside this a little curiosity which has the inscription, "Given by Bismarck as a mark of friendship;" and so it is throughout the several rooms. Another curiosity is Mrs. Bancroft's needle-work and embroidery. The old lady—she is nearly the same age as her husband, I understand—has a great talent for this art, and specimens of her handiwork are found in every room. There is a set of chairs cushioned entirely with her embroidery. A beautiful piano-cover shows the evidences of her skill and embroidered table-covers, screens and tides add beauty to rooms already artistically furnished. One particular feature about this house of Bancroft's is its comfortable, home-like look. It seems as though it was made to be lived in and enjoyed. The elegant pictures on the walls, the plate-glass mirrors

here and there, do not give to it the cold and stately look you get from a visit to the house of many a shoddy millionaire. Here everything seems for use, and the little home-touches about everything throw a warmth about the whole.

Bancroft's history has been the work of his life-time, and he told me to-day he was well satisfied with the last edition, just published. He said, "I want my history to be correct in

every statement and in every particular, and I am working to that end." He has been working indeed a long time upon it, more by far than the average man's life. Fifty-eight years ago he began it, when he was twenty-five years old, and had been eight years out of college. He has been working at it steadily ever since, and it is now practically completed.—*Washington Correspondent of the Cleveland Leader.*

SCIENCE NOTES.

By Alumni Editor.

AMBITION AND JEALOUSY not unfrequently hinder the advance of science. One specialist proposes this theory, another that, and instead of searching for the truth, each searches for proof of his theory, upon the establishment of which his reputation in part depends. For instance: Sir William Logan and Prof. Hall declared certain limestones in south-eastern New York to be destitute of fossils. When Prof. Dwight, of Vassar, had prepared a paper to be read at Montreal last year, showing by his extensive observations that these limestones were very rich in fossils, he found it necessary to approach Prof. Hall beforehand through a common friend, in order to prevent a serious altercation. Even then, there was an effort to prevent the reading of the important paper.

THE CROWS are among the most intelligent of our birds. Edgar A. Poe's talking raven, which answered all the poet's questions so promptly

and aptly, belongs to the same family. Indeed the common crow is no mean talker when he has a fair chance to learn. His habit of feeding with a sentinel to keep watch is another indication of his intelligence. He belongs to the order of Perchers, and these birds have no "scientific right" to use their feet for any other purpose than perching. But he shows his sense again by daring, when occasion requires, to do what he has no scientific right to do. If a morsel is too heavy for his bill, but too precious to be left behind, he grasps it tightly with his claws, and flies away with it. To be sure, this behavior is exceptional, but it shows reason enough for adaptation to unusual circumstances.

OYSTER CULTURE.—Few animals enjoy so wide a reputation as the oyster, and his steady growth in popular favor is such as ought to satisfy the most ambitious member of the family. There seems now, however, to be no

danger that his popularity will exterminate him. It was announced last month that Mr. J. A. Ryder had succeeded in rearing the American oyster from the egg. His experiments were made in natural enclosures, and were so conducted as to preclude any doubt that the spat obtained was derived from any source except the spawn artificially fertilized and put into the enclosure. This success removes the greatest obstacle to the cultivation of the oyster.

GOVERNMENT PUBLICATIONS.—The London *Saturday Review* speaks of a recent Government publication as "one of those magnificent works in which the Government press at Washington has no rival in the world." That is high praise well deserved. The same authority continues: "Produced by men whose whole lives and energies are devoted to their professional duties—men of science, employed by the Federal Government in that capacity, and encouraged to pursue their investigations at the national expense, with exclusive regard to the thoroughness and completeness of their work—monographs of this sort are elaborated with an utter indifference not merely to labor, but to cost, which is rarely possible to the most fortunate devotees of science or the wealthiest of scientific societies. They are executed with a skill and care beyond all praise, in a style worthy of their intrinsic merits, without regard to their pecuniary value, or even to the amount of public interest they are likely to excite. Thus, volumes dealing with a single district from the stand-point of a single science often contain the results of long years of patient and elaborate

study; and nothing that can elucidate the text—maps, plates, panoramas, sketches, elaborately got up, admirably printed, and exquisitely colored—is grudged either by the authors or their employers." We may mention as worthy of special note among the recent issues of the Government, the great work, *Synopsis of the Fishes of North America*, by D. S. Jordan and C. H. Gilbert. So far as we know, it is the only analytical treatise on that subject in the language. By means of it any member of the finny tribe may be identified, from the lowly Lancelet to the Black Bass.

TAME BUTTERFLIES.—A sculptor made a child holding out her hand for butterflies to perch on, a part of a certain monument. Mr. Tennyson criticised that as improbable. The following beautiful bit is found in the October *Century*, coming from a gentleman in London: "One summer I watched the larvae of the swallow-tailed butterfly through their different stages, and reserved two crysalides to develop into the perfect insect. In due time one of these fairy-like creatures came out. I placed it in a small Indian cage made of fine threads of bamboo. A carpet of soft moss and a vase of flowers in the centre made a pleasant home for my tiny 'Psyche.' She was so tame that it became my habit, one or twice a day, to take her on my finger; and while I walked in the garden she would take short flights hither and thither, but was always content to mount upon my hand again. She would come on my finger of her own accord, and, if the day was bright, would remain there as long as I had the patience to carry her, with her wings outspread, bask-

ing in the sunbeams, which appeared to convey exquisite delight to the delicate little creature. I never touched her beautiful wings. She never fluttered or showed any wish to escape, but lived three weeks of tranquil life in her tiny home; and then having, as I suppose, reached the limit of butterfly existence, she quietly ceased to live."

MOUNTAINS AND CONSUMPTIVES.—In a recent issue of *Science* Mr. Frank D. Y. Carpenter explodes some of the "recommendations" of Minnesota as a home for consumptives, such as pure, rarified, and dry atmosphere, claimed for that State by some of its enthusiastic citizens. In the course of his remarks he says: "Whether appreciated or not, it is certain that the air of the uplands is less substantial food for the lungs than that of the low countries; and it is the density of the atmosphere, and not the reverse, which is to the advantage of Minnesota as a home for the consumptive. There are many people who advise this unfortunate to seek out some elevated region in which to live, but there are very few who can give any reason for this counsel. A learned doctor tells us in one of the late magazines, that the harmful substance known as carbonic-acid gas is more abundant near the level of the sea. Certainly; since there is more air to the cubic measure at a low elevation, there is naturally more carbonic acid, which exists in the atmosphere, whether high or low, in a certain percentage of the whole; but there is at the same time more of the saving grace of oxygen, which the invalid is after. It is true that carbonic acid has a way of accumulating

in low and unventilated recesses; but there are cellars, crevices, and deep and narrow valleys in the highlands as well as on the lower levels. As well recommend thin soup to the hungry man as to advise the sick man, whose one lung must do the duty of two, to breathe thin air."

THE ENGLISH SKYLARK IN AMERICA.—Two years ago eighty-four English skylarks were imported and loosed in Bergen county, New Jersey. This was in the spring, and it was ascertained afterwards that about fifty of them paired and remained not far from where they first beat the free air of America with their wings. The lark is not a migratory bird, and it was feared that our northern winters would prove too severe for them, but during the next summer they were heard in Bergen and Passaic counties. This, the third summer of their liberty, shows yet stronger proofs of their naturalization and ability to breed here. They have been heard in more places. The New York *Sun* says that "one thing said to be much in favor of the increase of the lark in this country is its hardiness. It can endure cold and heat. It takes a long range of distribution, from the south of Europe as far north as Norway and Lapland, and American ornithologists lay claim to it as an American bird, from its being occasionally found in Greenland and in the Bermudas. Vigilance, it is thought, may be required to protect them from enemies, and to discover what are their worst enemies. From the fact that skylarks increase most rapidly in highly cultivated grounds, it is inferred that man is not his worst enemy, although large

numbers are destroyed by man. As it sleeps and nests on the earth, it is thought probable that its worst enemies are small animals, such as minks, weasels, and skunks.”—*Sci. American.*

EPHEMERA, OR DAY-FLIES.—These insects belong to the family which is scientifically called *Ephemeridæ*. They are called day-flies on account of their short life, a single day sometimes witnessing their entrance into a perfect state of development and their death. They pass about two years in their larval and pupal state. These insects are interesting and remarkable for a stage of development which is very uncommon. When they forsake the water where their larval and pupal state is passed they creep out of the pupa case, and after resting for a short period—from one to twenty hours—begin a tremulous motion of their wings. Then they fly to the trunk of a tree or to the stem of some water plant, and cast off a thin membranous skin which has enveloped the body and wings; and fly quickly away before the eyes of the observer, leaving this skin resting upon the stem, looking at first like a dead insect. After

this operation the wings are much brighter. The state between leaving the water and casting off the skin is called “pseudimago.” These day-flies were known to the ancients. Aristotle says “that about the time of the summer equinox he observed on the shore of one of the rivers which empties into the Bosphorus, little sacs, from which insects would creep out and fly about until evening, then grow weary and die at the setting of the sun. They were called on this account day-flies.” On a quiet May or June evening these insects may be seen flying about, sometimes in great numbers, their gauze-like wings irradiated by the rays of the setting sun. They fly without any visible motion of their wings, and seem to drink in joy and pleasure in the few hours which lie between their appearance and disappearance, their life and death. They measure from 17 to 19 millimeters (about $\frac{2}{3}$ to $\frac{4}{5}$ of an inch,) without the tail filaments, which in the female are of the same length of the body, but in the male double the length.—*Brehm's Animal Life.*

IN AND ABOUT THE COLLEGE.

—LOOK out for the dude.

—RATHER warm for October 1st.

—TRADE with those who advertise in THE STUDENT.

—SOME of our students who are not energetic enough to take part in games of foot-ball and base-ball, find amusement in croquet.

—THE intelligence of the dogs of South Carolina must be above par, judging by the following story which is told by a student from that state. A dog seeing customers at the market paying for beef with “green-backs,” went off and returned with a mouthful of leaves, expecting to receive a nice beefsteak in exchange.

—A NEW student being asked if he had ever spoken before a crowd, replied, "O yes, I have *undressed* the public several times."

—THE first Senior-speaking of the class of '84 comes off Friday, the 27th inst., at 7 p. m. The public are invited to be present.

—WE notice that several of the students are very graceful bicyclists. Some of them should practise and enter the bicycle race at the Fair.

—"To ride or not to ride." That's the question. Whether 'tis better to do your work fairly and squarely or to "pony" a little, and have an easier time, and—fail on examination. Ah! There's the rub.

—THE action taken by the Faculty at the beginning of the session, proves that they are determined that that disgraceful custom, the hazing of new students, practised at so many institutions, shall not be permitted at this college.

—THE advertising department of THE STUDENT has been enlarged considerably, but the usual amount of reading matter will be given. Among the new advertisements may be noted that of Mr. C. H. Lewellen, Merchant Tailor, Durham, N. C.

—EVERY Senior is requested not to mention anything concerning Franklin and the discovery of electricity in his next speech. One of our Professors says that he does not remember a Senior-speaking for twenty years back that some Senior has not alluded to Franklin and his discovery. Won't some Senior take as his subject Baron Napier and his system of logarithms?

—PROF. W. B. ROYALL attended the Sandy Creek Association during the first week in October.

—THE editors of THE STUDENT tender thanks to Dr. Blacknall, the affable and polite proprietor of the Yarboro House, for courtesies shown them when in Raleigh. We have found it a good place.

—SOME of the new students seem to be more familiar with the Professors than the Seniors are. One of them approached a Professor a few days ago and in a very condescending tone said, "Come, let's take a walk."

—THE foot-ball club has been reorganized and a new ball purchased. They practise twice a week. While some of the men are rather light, they are athletic, and we predict for them fine success on the field. Another team should be organized, so that more interest will be taken in the game.

—ON the 28th ult. the Senior Class met and organized. The following officers were elected: President, W. B. Pope, Lumberton, N. C.; Vice-President, W. S. Royall, Charleston, S. C.; Secretary, C. L. Smith, Durham, N. C.; Cor. Secretary, J. C. C. Dunford, Parnassus, S. C.; Treasurer, D. M. Austin, Polkton, N. C. Mr. Austin was also elected Class Orator, to fill the vacancy caused by the absence of Mr. Broughton. The class numbers fifteen. By a recent ruling of the Faculty not more than twelve nor less than eight (when there are more than that number) are allowed to speak at Senior-speakings, so eight were selected to speak next Senior-speaking.

—LOUIS H. HAYWOOD, a native of this State, has won quite a reputation North as a comedian. He will be in Raleigh during the State Fair and will play at Metropolitan Hall. We learn that he is well supported. We hope our people will show their appreciation for State talent and give Mr. Haywood a crowded house each evening.

—QUITE a number of students went to Raleigh and Henderson to see Sells' Circus. They say they had a fine time, but when they are summoned before the Royal(l) personages of the Faculty, and the Marshal(l) takes them in charge and passes them through the Mill(s), they will feel so small that they will need a Taylor to take up a seam in their trousers. They will then acknowledge the Sells and themselves as completely sold.

—WE have several students here from Bingham School, Mebaneville; Davis High School, Horner's School, Henderson; Horner's School, Oxford, and Citadel Academy, Charleston, S.C. A stranger seeing them in their uniforms would suppose there is a military department at this college. We also have students from the University of N. C., Yadkin College, King's Mountain High School, Moravian Falls Academy, and other prominent schools in this and other states.

—THE following problem has been agitating the minds of a large number of students: "If a squirrel is on one side of a tree and a man is on the opposite side on the ground who wishes to get in position to shoot him, but the squirrel moves in such a manner that their relative positions are not changed, would the man ever go

around the squirrel?" A Prep. who wished to get the correct answer consulted a Professor, and was told that he had better secure a squirrel and try the experiment.

—WE are pleased to see so many of the students manifesting interest in reading periodical literature. A large number visit the Reading-room regularly, and the newspapers and magazines are well conned. The importance of a thorough acquaintance with the current news cannot be over-estimated, and it is to be hoped that all the students will avail themselves of the privileges of the Reading-room.

—IT is a matter of gratification to the students, and should be to the parents of students, to hear that there is some prospect of a gymnasium at the College. At least, the Faculty have appointed a committee to report upon the use of the old chapel for this purpose. The students are anxious for it to be fitted up very soon and in as good style as practicable. Then, boys, you can cut your antics and "didoes" to your hearts' content.

—THE most "in-and-about-the-college" thing—that which has the power of moving boys "in and about" college more energetically than anything else we know of—is our venerable and faithful college bell, on which we are sorry to say, evolution with all its boasted power, has had no effect whatever. The same dull and monotonous tones that ten years ago waked the sleepy student from his pleasant slumbers, now peals its harsh notes to grate upon the more sensitive ear of the more "evolntion" student. Evolntion must be a change effected by external

force; if so, we hope that some force external to our time-honored "caller" will evolve it into something more becoming our Institution, or *devolve* it from its lofty position.

—A NEW student on hearing the bell ringing for the meeting of the Theological Society, asked for what the bell was ringing, and being told, he snatched up his duster, a Bible, a lesson quarterly and an umbrella, and started. On the way he met a Professor, and asked him if he was not going too. The Professor told him no, and that he couldn't go either, as none but young ministers could attend. The young man remarked, as he hurried on, that he guessed he would go, for the catalogue said that it was to be hoped that all would take an active part in all religious exercises.

—THE vicinity around Wake Forest is not without its places of interest. Rock Spring, a pleasant retreat for the sentimental, is only a short distance from the College. Here clear, cold water is constantly bubbling up in a rock basin, shaded by the overhanging branches of majestic trees. It is a very romantic spot, and is often visited by lovers. It is said that here several "Annie Lauries" have given their promise true. Balance Rock is often visited by admirers of Nature's curiosities. This rock is balanced on another rock, and though tremendous, it could

at one time be moved by a child. But the prettiest place of all is Wolf's Den. Here rocks weighing tons stand at the entrance of gloomy caverns, from which flows a beautiful brook, and as it dashes over rocks and through fissures, you imagine as you listen to it that you hear the faint echoes of distant music. The beautiful ferns and flowers, together with huge rocks and large trees, unite in forming a picturesque scene.

—A NOTE in *The University* (N. C.) *Monthly* is misleading. It is quoted from THE STUDENT that Mr. A. J. Garriss, of this College, received the appointment to West Point from the First District, and it is added by way of correction that a student of Chapel Hill, a member of the preparatory class, received the appointment. It is said with an air of discredit to Wake Forest, "Rumor says Mr. Garriss had attained to the dignity of Senior at Wake Forest." The facts are these: In the first place, Mr. Garriss had with him here the President's appointment to the position, and showed the papers to several of his friends. In the second place, he was not a member of the Senior class, nor of the Junior. In the third place, the Chapel Hill student went to West Point by the favor of the Congressman, failed on his examination there, and had to return.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

—'57. Rev. A. F. Purefoy has been in New Haven for several months perfecting arrangements for the manufacture and sale of his patent spring-bed, which is considered by large manufac-

turers the best on the market. He preaches often, beside being otherwise actively engaged in religious meetings in the city.

—'70. Mr. S. W. Brewer, formerly of Raleigh, is now a citizen of Wake Forest, and is engaged in the grocery business in company with Mr. W. C. Powell, who was also for several years a student of our College.

—'74. Rev. A. C. Dixon, of Baltimore, was one of the speakers at the meeting of the Baptist Social Union in New York city.

—'78. Rev. W. T. Jordan, the pastor of the church at Lumberton, was compelled on account of ill health to seek restoration in the mountains, hoping to resume his work after a rest of several months. In that he has been disappointed, and his church has extended his time, and now his name appears as corresponding editor of *The Biblical Recorder*. This work was undertaken at the "earnest solicitation" of the managers of the paper, and at the advice of his physician. We join with many friends in wishing for his speedy recovery.

—'78. Mr. N. D. Johnson has charge of the Academy at Fair Bluff. He is assisted by Miss Chambliss, at one time of Raleigh.

—'78. Rev. Rufus Ford is now pastor of two churches in Marlboro Co., S. C., to each of which he preaches every Sabbath. He is a fine preacher and is liked by every one.

—'79. Mr. W. J. Wingate has given up the school at Pantego, and is now merchandising in Wake Forest.

—'80. H. Montague, Esq., of Wadesboro, is in the village recruiting from a slight illness.

—'81. Rev. W. T. Jones is boarding here and preaches in the vicinity.

—'81. Rev. Ed. M. Poteat, who has returned to the Seminary at Louisville for his third year, spent the vacation mostly in Yanceyville, preaching there and at other points in Caswell and Person counties. He writes that there are nine North Carolinians at the Seminary.

—'82. Mr. E. E. Hilliard is still the proprietor of *The Scotland Neck Commonwealth*, though he has ceased to be editor. He devotes his whole time to the Vinehill Academy, which began its present session with about 70 students.

OUR RALEIGH ADVERTISERS.

—At J. W. Denmark & Co.'s will always be found everything usually kept in a first-class Book Store.

—Berwanger Bros., Clothiers and Tailors, are prepared to supply the most fastidious with the latest styles, and good fits are guaranteed.

—Pescud, Lee & Co., Druggists, keep a large stock of Cigars, Fancy Goods, Perfumeries, Hair Oil, Combs, Brushes, &c. Those needing anything in their line will do well to give them a call.

—Edwards, Broughton & Co. are prepared to do all kinds of printing and binding at moderate rates.

—The Yarboro is one of the best hotels in this State, and travellers will always receive good attention when stopping with Dr. Blacknall.

—H. F. Maneely, successor to Mr. Alderman, has one of the best Photographic Galleries in Raleigh. He is prepared to do all work in his line in first class style, and satisfaction is guaranteed.

—J. M. Rosenbaum recognizes the merit of THE STUDENT as an advertising medium, and our readers will find in this issue an advertisement calling attention to his elegant line of Clothing.

—Fred. A. Watson wishes to call the attention of the students to the fact that he keeps the largest and best selected stock of picture frames, moulding, &c., that can be found in North Carolina.

—D. S. Waitt asks that the public will examine his large and fashionable stock of Clothing when visiting Raleigh.

—J. W. Watson has fitted up his new Gallery, and is prepared for Photography in all its branches. His reputation is a sufficient guarantee that all his work will be first-class.

—H. Mahler, the Jeweller, has a beautiful stock of Watches, Rings, &c. He is prepared to make Society Badges and Medals at short notice.

—L. Rosenthal & Co., ask the students to call and examine their magnificent stock of Clothing when they visit the city.

—Teachers, students, and all others in need of books and stationery, will always find a large and complete stock at A. Williams & Co.'s Book Store.

—R. B. Andrews & Co., are making an attractive display of nobby diagonal suits. Their stock of Clothing and Gents' Furnishing Goods is large, complete and well selected.

—J. P. Gulley carries a full line of Dry Goods, Clothing, &c. We found his store crowded but he found time to renew his advertisement and say a pleasant word for THE STUDENT.

THE

WAKE FOREST STUDENTS

AS WELL AS ALL OTHER

First-Class, Moral Young Gentlemen,

STOP AT THE

Yarborough House

When they Visit Raleigh.

FRED. A. WATSON,

No. 112 Fayetteville Street, Raleigh, N. C.,

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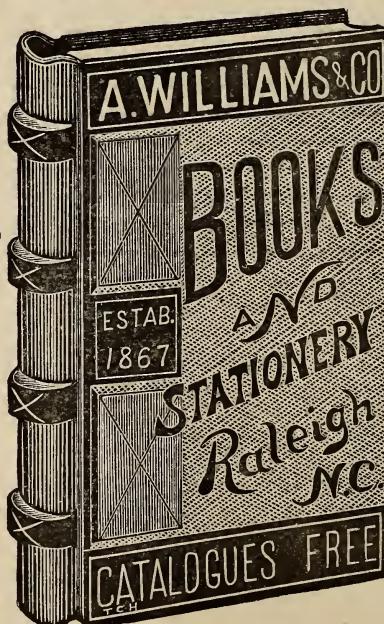
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THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

NOVEMBER, 1883.

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THE GREAT SOUTHERN EXPOSITION.

FORMER EXPOSITIONS.

The first great International Exhibition was that of London in 1851. It was projected by Prince Albert; and Justin McCarthy, in his History of Our Own Times, gives a touching account of the delight of Queen Victoria at the auspicious opening and splendid success of the enterprise. The next was that of Dublin in 1853; then followed in succession the one in New York in 1853, in Paris in 1855, Florence in 1861, London's second Exposition in 1862, in Paris again in 1867, and that of Vienna in 1873. The greatest of all was that of Philadelphia in 1876. The largest attendance of any one day of the Paris Exposition of 1867 was 173,923. The largest attendance of the Philadelphia Exposition was 251,332 visitors, nearly ten millions of persons having visited it during the six months it was open. The Atlanta Exposition, which was a signal success, was held in 1881. The last development of this grand idea is *The Southern Exposition of Louisville*.

THE BUILDING.

This is located in the southern part of the city, and is constructed of wood and glass; it is painted, inside and out, is light and attractive, and is two stories high. It covers 13 acres of ground, and is 900 feet long and 600 feet wide. Its area is greater than that of any of the world's great expositions, save the two held in Paris and the Centennial of Philadelphia. There are four courts in the building, handsomely sodded, with a fountain in each, and rich water plants placed all around the fountains. Directly south is the Experimental Farm, on which are growing five varieties of cotton, flax, hemp, corn of several kinds, sorghum, sojo bean, castor-oil plant, several varieties of millet, etc., etc. North of the building is Central Park, owned by Mr. B. DuPont, the President of the Exposition Company, containing 27 acres. This park is a most beautiful annex to the Exposition, for in it are the Art Gallery, the grand stand for out-door music, with the Electric Rail-

road. It contains 120 varieties of trees, many of them magnificent oak, poplar, beech, and elm of native growth, with shrubs and flowers, and fountains playing, thus affording a cool and refreshing retreat to the many visitors. It is, indeed, one of the most delightful features of the Exposition. On the west side of the building is a large annex, exclusively appropriated to the display of vehicles of all kinds, among which I noticed a venerable family carriage, presented to Henry Clay by the citizens of Newark, N. J., in 1833.

THE EXHIBITS CLASSIFIED.

There are five departments. I. Natural Products—mineral, vegetable, animal. II. Machinery. III. Manufactures. IV. Transportation—animal power, wind power, steam, electricity. V. Music, Literature, Art, etc., etc. Nearly one-half of the space is occupied by agricultural implements, and Senator Bunn, of Georgia, said to the writer that it was the finest display in this line of machinery ever seen in the world. I was struck with the marked improvement made in this direction even since the Centennial. Two of the largest plow factories in the world are here in Louisville, and in the exhibit of one, that of Avery & Son, I noticed a full-sized plow, the stock of which was pure ebony; another by its side was beautifully inlaid with different colored wood, and cost \$135. Louisville, next to Philadelphia, is the largest manufacturer of furniture in the United States, and one firm here has a chamber set valued at \$3,000. It was this set that graced the room occupied by President Arthur when he came to open the Exposition. A lady friend from North Carolina re-

marked while looking at it, "I would not like to die on that bed." I observe a new feature in advertising at this Exposition—there are two tea and two coffee depots, where everybody is supplied with a cup of each *free*. Levering & Bro., the great coffee merchants of Baltimore, and Baptists by the way, distribute from 60 to 100 gallons of coffee every day gratuitously, and say that it pays them handsomely. There are thousands of novel and interesting things to be seen, but my space will not allow me to descend to particulars, and I will proceed to the

STATE DISPLAYS.

Alas! North Carolina has no exhibit here. A Mr. Davis, from Union county, has a cotton cleaner; a few specimens of iron ore, sent by Col. J. M. Heck, and some bright tobacco by the Cooper Bros., of Henderson, are to be seen in the Kentucky exhibit, and that is all there is in this great *Southern* Exposition to tell the visitor that there is such a State in the Union as North Carolina.

I do not complain because the State appropriated \$10,000 towards the exhibition of her productions at the Boston Exposition; on the contrary, I rejoice to know that her display there, of men and women, as well as other natural products, was of transcendent merit, and has challenged the admiration of all the North; but I do confess to some feeling of humiliation that nothing was done to reflect honor upon my native State at this the grandest of all American Exhibitions, save that of the Centennial.

As Louisville is the largest leaf tobacco market in the world, there is, of course, a fine showing of this article.

Kentucky also makes excellent exhibits of wood, coal, iron, clay, and various cereals, but strange as it may seem, she is surpassed by Tennessee, Alabama, and Arkansas. Tennessee shows 200 pieces of polished marble, many of them of most beautiful varieties, and thirty specimens of granite, with many kinds of iron ore, coal, zinc, copper, silver, and gold. She has also many kinds of grasses, fruits, etc., and stalks of corn nineteen and a half feet high. Alabama has 132 kinds of wood, 103 different grasses, 42 kinds of grapes, and 27 of apples; while Florida furnishes one of the most varied and interesting exhibits of the whole Exposition. The beasts, birds, fishes, and reptiles of the State are shown, among others a number of live alligators, with oranges, bananas, lemons, limes, pine apples, plantains, etc., growing in rich luxuriance; also many native trees, shrubs, flowers, etc.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT DISPLAY.

To me the most wonderful thing about the whole Exposition is the use of electricity as an illuminator and motive power. Col. William Preston Hix, an old friend of mine from South Carolina, but now a resident of New York, represents the Edison Electric Light Company, and from him I learn the following facts:

The plant (machinery, etc., necessary to produce the result) used here cost \$100,000. It is the largest plant ever used, requiring 600 horse-power, and contains fourteen machines. Forty miles of copper wire, weighing 40,000 pounds, are used. Nearly five thousand lamps (or lights) are used, each sixteen candle-power. The Art Gal-

lery, 2,000 feet from the machines, is also lighted with 400 lamps. The capacity of the plant is 6,000 lights. It was put in the building and completed in three weeks. In the evening the display is truly magnificent. It is the largest plant and largest display ever attempted, no building of this size having been lighted in this way. The advantages of the Edison system are the even distribution of light, its great beauty, its economy, and perfect safety from fire. It generates no heat, nor does it absorb any of the oxygen of the air. Were the building lighted by gas, the consumption of oxygen would probably equal the amount that a crowd of 75,000 people would use up. The plant used here is large enough to light a town of 20,000 people.

The Edison Company are now running about 77,000 lamps in this country and Europe. The United States and Thomson and Jenney Electric Light Companies are also in operation in connection with the Exposition. The United States makes a brilliant display, and the Jenney arc-light is used for the courts and parks, the company furnishing seventy-five arc-lights of 2,000 candle-power each.

The incandescent Edison electric light is beautifully soft, and more uniform than gas, or candle, or lamp, and will soon be a great favorite in all towns of any size, especially for lighting churches. Five of the leading printing establishments of New York now use it, and pronounce it far superior to any other light, and cheaper.

Another remarkable application of this mysterious agent is seen in the Electric Railway, running three-quarters of a mile around the park. The

following extract will show the principle on which this new motor acts:

"The electricity which propels the locomotive is generated in the central station, and fed to the tracks by wires. As the tracks are conductors, the electricity runs over their entire length. It is taken up by the wheels and conveyed from them by metal brushes on to the conductors leading to the driver's house, and from there led again by conductors to other brushes connecting with the armature of the dynamo-electro motor in the forward part of the locomotive. Reversing the direction of the current flowing through the revolving armature will cause it to revolve in the opposite direction. Thus forward and backward motion are produced."

I am not sure that your readers will understand the process here explained, or for that matter, that I altogether comprehend it myself; nevertheless it is the best account I have seen of the principle on which this genuine railroad runs. By the way, electricity has been applied as a propelling power in ordnance, and is said to drive a cannon ball with far more force than powder, and it is highly probable that within the next quarter of a century it will be found to have adaptations by which it will supersede many other agencies now in use.

THE MUSIC.

The music is another marked feature of the Exposition. For fifty days we had two daily concerts, one at 3:30, the other at 7:30 p. m., by the Band of the 7th Regiment, New York; and I must say that I never enjoyed music so thoroughly in my life. Gilmore's celebrated band, also from New York,

are now here, and have given four concerts. I have not yet heard it, but the city papers say it is even superior to the other, which is high praise indeed. Both bands contain about 40 members, and combine a great variety of instruments; Gilmore's has seven reed instruments, the effect more nearly resembling the music made by stringed instruments. The first band had a cornet soloist by the name of Liberati, an Italian of great merit, whose appearance always aroused much enthusiasm. There is a large Boston organ in the main building, on which eminent musicians perform every afternoon.

THE ART GALLERY.

The thing, however, of greatest merit about the whole Exposition is the superb collection of paintings, statuary, and other works of art, the very finest, competent judges say, which has ever been collected in the United States. The aim of the Art Committee was to secure from the most prominent public and private galleries in the country a collection of the best modern works of art attainable—such a collection as would give the people of the South an opportunity to see under one roof specimens of the best work of the most distinguished artists of the time. The value of such a collection, even for a hundred days, even from an educational standpoint, cannot be overestimated. There may be studied the best methods of all the various schools, both foreign and American. The Art Gallery has three wings, hung with pictures, of which there are about 400. The Rotunda contains the celebrated Gobelin tapestries, representing scenes in the life of

Alexander the Great. These four tapestries, belonging to General Phil. Sheridan, were made at Brussels over two hundred years ago, and are valued at thousands of dollars. There are also in the Rotunda statuary, vases, arms and armor, china, and bric-a-brac, with many treasures presented to Gen. Grant in his voyage round the world. The study of these paintings has been a source of new and peculiar pleasure to me, and I must confess that it was somewhat of a surprise to find that I was capable of so much enjoyment from works of art.

OTHER ATTRACTIONS.

Occasionally, in connection with the band, a trained chorus of 500 voices render inspiring music, while on Tuesday nights there are immense displays of cut flowers wrought into all kinds of beautiful and fantastic figures. Thursday nights are distinguished by most varied and brilliant fireworks, some single exhibitions of which cost \$400. About the last of August there was, perhaps, the finest fruit display ever made in this country, if not in the world. This display represented the whole country, from Maine to California, and from the Lakes to the Gulf. Just think of it—there were 11,000 plates arranged on tables 3,000 feet long and 4 feet wide, and \$2,500 were distributed in premiums.

COST OF THE EXPOSITION.

When the idea was first projected \$300,000 was the estimate made to accomplish it. In less than two weeks \$243,000 were subscribed in the city of Louisville, and the other \$56,000, I

think, were realized afterwards. The Louisville & Nashville Railroad gave \$25,000; the Galt House, our largest hotel, \$5,000, and our people generally responded to the enterprise with a liberality which merited the distinguished success already achieved.

The music is to cost \$35,000; one of the four electric light companies is paid \$25,000, and the contents of the Art Gallery are insured for over \$800,000. George I. Seeney, of New York, has 32 paintings here, which he insured himself at \$100,000.

Half of the hundred days for which it is to run have passed, and the general opinion of the success attained, I think, is fairly represented by the following extract from a recent issue of the *Philadelphia Press*:

"The great business interests of the North must not be forgetful that there is now in progress at Louisville the largest and most varied Exposition that has ever been given to the country, with the exception of the Centennial. While it is called the Southern Exposition, it is in every sense a national affair, as is evident by the participation of very many of our leading industries and enterprises. * * * The Louisville Exhibition has achieved a memorable success, not only for enterprise, but in bringing more closely together the business interests of the two sections."

The stockholders may not get all their money back, but it will prove the best paying investment that the business men of Louisville have ever made.

T. H. PRITCHARD.

Louisville, Ky., Sept. 25th, 1883.

THE RELIGIOUS ELEMENT IN EDUCATION.

The education of the poor, at the public expense, is an idea of great importance. Knowledge is as essential to the development of the mind as air is for the development of the body; therefore the one ought to be as free as the other. Examined in the light of moral obligation, it would seem that no one could reasonably question that it is a duty to furnish the indigent not only with such food as may be necessary for the maintenance of life, but also with such mental aliment as may be requisite to qualify them to live respectably and usefully in the world. The great problem before the public mind at this time is, not whether schools supported by taxation shall be placed within the reach of every family, but *what are the proper subjects to be taught in these schools.* The languages and the mathematical and the physical sciences, it is agreed, may, without impropriety, be taught in all the schools. Thus far no difficulty presents itself. *It is the religious element of education which causes so much embarrassment, and threatens to overthrow our entire system of public instruction.* We have no national establishment of religion, religious equality is constitutionally provided for, the rivalry of Christian sects is eager, and they are all extremely jealous of legal enactments which might favor one more than another. Nothing that is sectarian can be taught without giving offence to some of the tax-payers.

And yet it is clear that the religious element must not be banished from public education. *Every system of*

education which does not embrace religious education overlooks a most important element of our nature, and must, therefore, be radically defective. Mark that it is not the *moral* element in education which embarrasses the public school system. The propriety, and even the necessity, of the co-education of the moral and intellectual faculties has rarely been called in question. It is very generally admitted, even by those avowedly hostile to all religious faiths and creeds, that the inculcation of moral principles is indispensable in any system of instruction; and that to develop the intellectual to the neglect of the moral nature, would be to produce distortion and deformity. Few have been bold enough to affirm that intellectual culture carries with it moral culture, and that where the former is adequately provided for, the latter follows as a necessary consequence. Such a hypothesis is too visionary ever to have met with any favor. It contradicts all experience and observation. All know that a high degree of intellectual culture is compatible with a low degree of moral culture, and *vice versa.* While, therefore, the cultivation of the intellect is of the utmost importance because it qualifies us to apprehend and appreciate truth, yet *it should never be forgotten that a merely intellectual education of the child can never produce a perfect manhood.* Intellectual attainments are indeed a power, but whether this power will be wielded for good or evil to mankind will depend on the moral character of the possessor.

It will be conceded by religious sects, therefore, and even by infidels, that the system of public education must provide instruction in the fundamental principles of morality. To omit this would be suicidal. The question, therefore, which divides the people, is not whether public education ought or ought not to embrace moral education. This is a point about which all Christians and infidels agree. It is the *religious* element, as distinguished from the *moral*, that furnishes the bone of contention, and which threatens the dissolution of the entire system of public schools. Nor is it rational to attempt to obviate the difficulty, as some have proposed, by excluding religious education altogether from the system. No observing man can fail to discover that religious affections constitute an essential element of humanity. Mental science and Christianity alike teach that those principles of action which respect the Supreme Being are in themselves of the highest importance, affording the most beneficial regulation of all the inferior principles of our nature, and refining and exalting the character in proportion to their influence over it. Religious education is as really a part of human education as that which is purely intellectual or purely moral. The greatest danger to be apprehended in devising educational systems is, that the moral and intellectual faculties shall receive due attention, while the religious element is lost sight of. Intellectual education tends to eradicate superstition from the mind, and unless true religion be implanted in its stead, *the last state is worse than the first*. The horrors of the Revolution in the days of infidel

France, surpassed in atrocity anything recorded in the annals of paganism.

The great defect in our public schools, it is to be feared, consists in their inattention to religious culture. From some of them all religious training has been excluded, and even the reading of the Bible has been forbidden. The most important element of our nature, the religious element, is entirely ignored, and of course the education given is in the highest degree unsymmetrical. It would seem scarcely necessary to affirm that such a system is irrational and monstrous. The highest type of man is not to be expected to result from such a one-sided development. Learning and piety are in reality twin sisters, and it is unnatural to alienate and antagonize them. Without religion, learning is the centrifugal without the centripetal force. Reason and revelation speak the same language. "Education needs Christianity to control and regulate the immense power which it wields. Schools of all grades, whether public or private, need the chastening influences of religion. Any scheme of education without religion is a cheat and an imposture."

Says a distinguished American statesman, "Morality denies her parentage when she denies her need of religious culture. The being and attributes of God, the immortality of the soul, the individual responsibility to Heaven for every thought, word, and deed—these are revealed in the Gospel, and are the foundation of all genuine morality. Morality is only an emanation of the Christian religion. Benevolence to man, without responsibility to God, is a delusion. Religion is the only solid

basis of morals, and moral instruction not resting on this basis is a building founded on sand. There can be no greater heresy than that there can be a faithful performance of all the duties of this life without any reference to the life to come; and that system of mental culture which develops the intellect, without imbuing the heart with religious principles, neither blesses man nor honors God."

Religion is the bond of society, and early attention to religious education is imperative on all who assume the responsibility of the training of the young. And it is to be remembered that religious education does not consist simply in the impartation of religious instruction, but in the cultivation of religious principles. A man cannot be said to have religious principles merely because he believes in the existence and attributes of God. He may possess much religious knowledge without its influencing his heart and life. Such a man cannot, with propriety, be called a religious man, nor be said to have religious principles. Whatever those opinions and feelings are which govern the conduct, those are our principles. Many imagine that they are giving religious principles to their pupils, when, in fact, they are only giving them religious truths. It is only when religious truths have engendered religious affections, and these affections have acquired the control of the life, that genuine religious principles have been implanted.

Religious principles, like the principles of morality, require cultivation. It is preposterous to suppose that religious principles will spring up in the heart and come to a healthy maturity without

culture. It is the duty, therefore, of all concerned in the business of education, to take as much pains to lead the minds of the young to right views of religious duty, as to create habits and affections favorable to the proper performance of the duties of life. It is not religious creeds that must be taught, but a religious education imparted. Christian principles should be instilled into the mind and blended with intellectual culture. Experience has shown that, while a moderate degree of religious knowledge may be acquired in a comparatively short period, yet it is only by long and faithful cultivation of religious principles that they acquire dominion over the heart and life.

Moral and religious training should be commenced at an early period, when the sensibilities are tender, so that deep and permanent impressions can be made. When this work has been long neglected, no exertion can entirely correct the evil that has been wrought. The conscience has lost some of its impressibility, and the religious affections are so enfeebled that they cannot exert their proper influence over the life. They are not habitually actuating motives. They cannot be called religious principles. The cultivation of religious principles is a work of time. Says Dr. Priestley, "If we wish that religious principles should ever be firmly lodged in the mind, they must be implanted in early life." Such religious principles comprehend our entire dispositions and habits, and pervade our entire being, controlling our affections, regulating our lives, and bringing the whole man into harmony with himself and conformity with the will of his Creator.

The mission of the Church is, as far as possible, to bring all men under the power of the Gospel, to imbue the popular mind with religious principles, and to mould the character of the young in conformity with the sacred Word, and thus prepare them for the two worlds which lie before them. It should permeate with its sanctifying power all departments of society, and civil government and popular education should feel its salutary influence. In countries where there is an established religion and a clergy appointed and maintained by public authority, the Church may not be so imperatively called upon to exert themselves in sanctifying secular learning; but here, where nothing is done by government in aid of religion, there is need of great activity and zeal among Christian churches, who have received the precious legacy of the Gospel, to see that the sacred truths shall be disseminated, and that the schools in which so many of the young are trained, shall be brought under its chastening and hallowing influences. They should allow no differences of opinion in their religious creeds to neutralize their efforts in behalf of a pure Christianity. They ought to insist on the Bible as a textbook in all the schools, and that its great truths affecting man's chief good here and his destiny hereafter, shall be deeply impressed on the minds of all the youth of this land. While the several denominations of Christians differ in minor points of faith and practice, all agree in the great fundamental doctrines of the Christian religion, and all recognize the fact that it is the greatest boon ever conferred on fallen

man, furnishing, in fact, the only antidote to his apostasy.

The being of God, the atonement of Christ, man's accountability for his actions, rewards and punishments in a future state, life and immortality brought to light,—these great truths furnish sufficient ground for all professing Christians to stand upon, and become co-laborers in bringing every tongue and kindred and people into the pure light of the Gospel dispensation. This work is infinitely too high and holy to be balked by sectarian bigotry. It is the manifest duty of all Christian denominations to elevate themselves above partisan feelings, and to stand shoulder to shoulder in the great work of instilling Christian principles into the minds of the young. Heaven forbid that such a work should be arrested or impeded by the bigotry and intolerance of those who ought to be brethren and co-heirs of the same heritage! Let the spirit of fanaticism be forever banished from this holy ground, and let the everlasting Gospel have free access to the minds and hearts of all, and fulfil its mission of "peace on earth and good will to men." To recapitulate what has been said: It has been maintained,

1. That the public schools are of the highest importance in the promotion of good order and of national prosperity;

2. That on account of the rivalry of Christian sects, and the desire to teach nothing offensive to any of them, there is danger of paying too little attention to the religious element of education, or of ignoring it altogether in the public schools;

3. That the religious element in human nature cannot be disregarded, in any system of education, without destroying symmetry of development, and without producing disastrous results;

4. That the principles of the Christian religion should be brought to bear upon the young in our public schools,

while the mind is developing and the character is forming; and,

5. That it is the imperative duty of all Christian churches, as the representatives of this religion, to lay aside all sectarianism, and co-operate heartily in infusing into popular education the spirit of vital Christianity.

W. G. S.

THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

It is not the purpose of this sketch to enter into the minute details of the interesting character under consideration. Her biographers have done that. Suffice it to say that she was born in the year 1410 in Domremy, a village on the borders of Lorraine. Her character is unique. True, instances can be given of female warriors, but none like Joan of Arc. Deborah led the Israelites to victory, but she had not the obstacles to contend with nor the difficulties to surmount that our heroine overcame. Of humble parentage, she received no educational training, except what fell from her mother's lips around the family fireside as she discoursed to her about God. In the quiet, modest, unobtrusive girl before us you would hardly look for one who was to ride at the head of victorious armies and save her country from the hands of the oppressor. In times of such superstition it could not be expected that she should escape. Still it must be admitted that she evinced marked piety and purity of character. This fact calls for our unqualified admiration. To see one so simple-hearted and true amid the general depravity

and the abandonment of almost every virtue, almost establishes her claim to a divinely appointed mission. And whether she conversed with angels or saw mysterious visions, this much is certain, that she displayed far more foresight and judgment as to the signs of the times than did her calumniators. They said she had a devil. And even her own family did their best to dissuade her from her silly and hazardous attempt. Her task seemed a hopeless one. What could she—a mere child—accomplish? She was without sympathizers at first. But she could find comfort in her visions. She believed that she was right, and cared not for the result. She felt and heard the call of her God and her country, and her noble spirit dared not disobey. Yes, she would leave the comforts of home, with the scenes of her childish sport, and go to war, horrid, cruel war. What a lesson of patriotism! We love to sound the praises of the patriots of Revolutionary glory, but was their patriotism comparable to that of the Maid of Orleans?

Through intermarriage the French kingdom had passed into the hands of

the English. And now a foreign ruler was about to be installed. Would the liberty-loving French permit it? The rightful heir to the throne, Charles VII., was living. They resolved to try to prevent it. They met the foe, but all in vain. Time after time they were repulsed, and certain defeat stared them in the face. The English were everywhere victorious. Was not this enough to arouse any man in the nation? Filled with selfish and ambitious designs, the half-hearted adherents of the King were wrapt in lethargy. But it touched the heart of a woman. If the men would not drive back the enemy, she would. So taking leave of Domremy she presented herself to the Dauphin, as Charles was called, and offered him her services. And he, after long consultation with the wiseacres of that age, and with many misgivings as to the propriety of such a course, at last descended to accept her assistance. Everything that glistens is not gold. And there is a great deal of pure coin that has not the polish which some counterfeits have. So was it in this case. She did not have the learning of the professors of the University of Paris; and yet she did more for her country than all of them together. She had great faith in her God and burning patriotism. She has made forevermore sacred the name of patriot. Brave-hearted men, as they march forth to defend their country, can gather inspiration when they see the halo of glory that encircles the name of this heroic maiden. Who could be a traitor now? And yet, shame though it be, we have Benedict Arnolds in our history. In our memorable struggle for inde-

pendence Tories were scattered all over the land. But were any of them women? I know not. One of the principle things that made success possible was the faithfulness and constancy of the women. And while the names of our Revolutionary heroes are inscribed high upon the scroll of fame, side by side should be written the hallowed names of those patriotic women who defended with unflinching courage and devotion the firesides of the brave. But never has such a stinging rebuke been given to the traitor as was given by this daring girl.

When the news came that the English were upon them and were already besieging Orleans, she could wait no longer. The fire that had been smouldering was fanned into a flame. The siege at Orleans must be raised, and Charles must be solemnly crowned at Rheims. With this high purpose deeply grounded in her very nature she swept everything before her. And while the adherents of the King were cavilling and disputing with one another as to what was best to be done under the circumstances, she gathered around her a band of faithful followers, regardless of the pleadings of her friends and the imprecations of her enemies, and made the venture. Never was such a spectacle seen before. Rough, rude, uncouth men, who cared for nothing but plunder and the gratification of their appetites, were calmed by her presence as were the winds and the waves by that Voice that holds the elements in check. What an example of the power of woman over man! Men, who were riotous and disorderly when controlled by their own kind, under her gentle influence be-

came perfectly docile and tractable. It is one of woman's missions to civilize brutal men. What a grand work, and what a wide field lies before her! But, you say, Joan of Arc is a poor illustration of woman's soothing influence, because her life was so different from what is allotted to the sphere of the softer sex. Yet you must remember that those who followed her leadership never lost their respect for her as a woman. They would have died for her. And when her opinions conflicted with those of the King's council, they invariably did her bidding. They felt that she was superior to them. They even reverenced her. It is no wonder then that victory perched on her banner. Her standard, which she carried in her own hand, meant destruction to the English. If no one in all the nation had the patriotism to lead their arms to victory, they could imbibe enough from her to follow. She imparted such an inspiration to her soldiers that with an irresistible impulse they rushed upon the foe, leaving death and ruin in their wake. The time seemed short. Delay would permit the English to place the diadem upon the head of Henry, and then all would be lost. She would never rest until the Dauphin was sovereign of France. So, on she went, never wavering or doubting as to the result, till, having raised the siege of Orleans—from which circumstance she was called the Maid of Orleans—her heart's desire was realized by seeing the crown placed upon the head of her nation's choice. And though the tears streamed down her cheeks as she remembered the trying ordeal through which she had just passed, she was happy.

She must have possessed indomitable courage, else her spirit would have been crushed ere this; and certainly she could never have endured the still greater trials in store for her. Thus far she had been urged on by the ardent desire to see Charles King of France. That longing was now realized. Her wish now was to return to the quietness and repose for her troubled spirit which were to be found in her humble retreat in Domremy. But it was not to be. Had she known of the anguish and pain which she was to suffer, doubtless her pure spirit would have been anxious to fly away from scenes of such turmoil and confusion, and be at rest with those ministering angels which were so often a solace and consolation to her. But she did not chafe when taken prisoner by the English and confined in the dark and dreary dungeon. Resignation to her fate took possession of her. Though put to the severest test by those fiends in human form who pretended to be the defenders of the faith, the champions of religion pure and undefiled, the advocates of chivalry, she was unfaltering and unmoved. She would not renounce her belief in the rightfulness of her mission and the work that she had done. Goaded beyond endurance by her calmness and steady refusal to say anything to commit herself, her vile persecutors resorted to every expedient to extort from her suitable replies to their base questions. Foiled in their attempt to prove her a witch, they, after long and intricate investigations, condemned her for inculcating doctrines hostile to the Romish Church.

Did ever a woman meet such a fate?

Even the heartless rabble that gathered around the stake to mock at her misfortune, could not refrain from shedding tears as all that was mortal of the Maid of Orleans passed away with the dying embers. Her fate calls for and obtains the pity and the compassion which every true heart is ready to give. Still her life was not in vain. Without her France might have been forever tributary to the power of England. So inert and inactive were the masses at that time under the feudal system that, when once the yoke had been firmly fastened upon them, they would doubtless have allowed it to remain, preferring meekly to bear the burden than to make the effort to shake it off. But while we are compelled by all that is dear to the human heart to admire her course, who would have it repeated? May such a reproach never be cast upon the honor, fortitude, and chivalry of man again. May woman never be subjected to so much suffering because of the cowardice of man.

Notwithstanding her firm adherence to the cause of the King, he seemed to be very ungrateful. Having obtained his throne by the genius and the exertions of the young maiden, he allowed her to languish in the chains of her enemies. While he was reaping the fruits of her toil, she was paying the penalty of leading a noble life. "One man soweth, and another reapeth." Thus has it been through all time. But while the ungrateful Charles was negligent of his benefactor, posterity will not suffer her memory to die, but the recollection of her heroic

deeds will ever be an incentive to the oppressed. All lovers of liberty will keep fresh and green that name which can never be forgotten. Her character will always stand a living monument, crying out against the unfaithfulness of friends and against the cruelty and the remorselessness of enemies.

And a stigma has been placed upon her captors that time can never erase. True, years afterwards some ecclesiastics, whose consciences were not entirely free from guilt in the matter, did meet in solemn conclave and annul the act by which she was condemned, thus exculpating her, but not themselves, from the imputation of guilt. A poor consolation, to be sure, was this, after they had wreaked their relentless vengeance upon their helpless victim. And yet it sets her right before the world. A feeble witness to the world that she was innocent. Perhaps it should be said to the credit of posterity that statues have been erected to perpetuate her memory in the hearts of the people. Her name will always be a protest against usurpation and tyranny, a consolation to those to whom friends have been false, an appeal to all that is noble and true in the breast of man, an encouragement to women in times of peace as well as in those of war. Upon the statues above alluded to is inscribed the following, fitly and touchingly expressing the esteem with which she was afterwards regarded,—

"The maiden's sword protects the royal crown,
Beneath her sacred care, the lilies safely bloom."

A. T. R.

A TRIP TO ELYSIUM.

I once did know a lady sweet,
Her face 'twas fair to see ;
I loved her, too, with all my heart,
And thought that she loved me.

The only time I ever met her—
How well I do remember!—
'Twas in the dark and bitter days
That shake us in December.

I, with a trusty friend of mine,
To a country ball had gone,
Where dancing was the programme,
Quite till the early dawn.

The ladies all to me were strange,
Not one I'd seen before ;
But ah ! how sweet the angels looked,
As I stood and scanned them o'er.

Amid the throng of beauteous ones,
Who mingled in the dance,
One far surpassed the others all—
I saw it at a glance.

She was so tall and graceful,
Her eyes so clear and blue ;
Her voice so sweet and musical,
It thrilled me through and through.

When I beheld her lovely charms,
In sweetest manners shown,
I swore by Venus, Mars, and Jove,
To win her for mine own.

I sought an introduction next,
To the object of my love,
And soon was on the heights of bliss,
Akin to joys above.

I led her from the crowded hall,
To a place away from view,
And there upon a bench we sat—
Just room enough for two.

We talked on general topics first—
I wished to learn her mind ;
But soon to downright courting
I vow I felt inclined.

But a work of such importance
I could not well begin,
Although I knew (I know it yet)
That courting is no sin.

At last my courage all I pressed
To help in urgent need,
And called upon my lucky stars
My worthy work to speed.

Her hand I dared not take in mine,
Ah ! 'twas the sweetest bliss ;
I told her how I loved her,
And stole a melting kiss.

Poets may join their magic powers,
Of others' joys to pen,
But none was ever happier
Than I was happy then.

She uttered not a single word ;
To me it mattered naught,
Since I had one to fondly love—
A boon I long had sought.

But ah ! 'twas but a blissful dream,
With waking full of pain,
A soaring through the balmy air,
With hurling down again.

I could not bear such deep suspense ;
I further hope must seek ;
So, gathering all my words and wits,
I thus to her did speak :

Oh ! hear me, darling ! hear me now,
The idol of my heart,
Oh ! smile just once my life to cheer,
And bid me not depart.

Oh! hear me! once again, I pray!
My precious, sinless one,
Oh! heed my suit and be my wife,
Or I'm a wretch undone.

Just then an awkward, ugly wretch—
May curses on him rest!—
Approached us through an open door,
And thus my love addressed :

“ Susan Maria, you cruel wench,
The baby's restless grown ;
I thought I'd taught you sense enough,
Not to leave that child alone.”

My darling left without a word,
Her husband's wish to heed,
And left me standing like a fool,
In luckless plight indeed.

And now I swear by all the stars
That beautify the sky,
There was never a man in all the world,
So unfortunate as I.

And once again I make a vow,
Oh ! witness, earth and sea,
I'll never court a girl again,
Until I know she's free.

C. B. J.

NIGHT AND ITS INFLUENCE.

It is interesting to watch the approach of night. How slowly and unperceived does it steal upon us. First it settles in the valleys; then enshrouds the mountain's top; and then darkens the sky so that the little gold-tipped, twinkling ornaments of heaven shine with resplendent glory in the great contrast between their brightness and the night's darkness. How all the earth seems to slumber when night brings her dark veil and gently spreads it over nature. The trees seem to wear an appearance of drowsiness; and the breezes sigh sadly because of the solemn stillness! The voices of the birds have all hushed, except those of the whippoorwill, the owl, and the night-hawk, which blend together and form a funeral-like chant, suitable only for midnight spirits to sing over a dead world. Only in the solitude and silence of the dreary midnight hour, when death-like stillness and darkness reign in the boundless halls of nature, can we feel those stirring emotions that melancholy night awakens in our superstitious minds.

It seems somewhat strange that the darkness of night should affect us so greatly; but if we notice the resemblance of night to death, we shall understand why. Day represents life. Night equally well illustrates death; for as the darkness of night followeth each day, however bright, so does the complete darkness of death follow each life, however glorious. Night is also associated with so many things extremely repulsive to man. At night

miasma rises from the swamps, and poisons the air. Then the bat comes forth from some damp crevice of a rock, and flaps his leathern wings with exultant joy. The toad, the snake, and the snail infest the earth, and all things cold and clammy move and work. The murderer and the robber execute their foul designs; and the hyena claws up the earth in search of dead men's bones. These horrid associations are enough to make men fearful of the darkness.

Although our vision becomes useless in darkness, yet the acuteness of our hearing is redoubled, and we easily take in the slightest sounds. The poet says:

“Dark night from the eye its function takes,
The ear more quick of apprehension makes;
Wherever it doth impair the seeing sense,
It pays the hearing double recompense.”

Hence at night we hear things we cannot see, and objects that are visible are so dimly seen that we can recognize nothing familiar in their form. In the stillness of night we can even hear our own hearts beat, and we are made sad when we think, as Longfellow, that they, “like muffled drums, are beating funeral marches to the grave.” Also during dark nights ghosts are supposed to roam over desolate spots, and lurk about grave-yards and deserted old houses. They are not visible to the natural eye, but one can feel the effects of their presence. Chilly sensations, produced by coming in contact with these cold spirits, just from the clods, make the frame trem-

ble and the heart flutter. When I have to pass a grave-yard or some haunted spot at night, the presence of these invisible creatures always inspires me with an unusual ambition to *push forward* and *persevere* until I reach some more pleasant habitation. On and on the timid youth will fly, when restless spirits round about him go. They teach his young limbs and heart a quicker action. Regardless of the rock or root or snag that lies prepared to war against his toes, with speed he dashes past the ill-famed spot, where ghosts are said to stay. With hair on end and wild visions in his brain, he strains limb and nerve to be with some companion, or in some more favored spot, where light doth drive away the darkness and all the monsters that doth dwell therein.

These ghosts are said to be divided into tribes, and during still nights each is confined to its own boundaries. They glory in the approach of night, but very reluctantly, as day breaks, do they return to the mouldering skeletons from which they came. When the wind blows very hard they are allowed to mount on the currents of the air and ride them. Tremendous numbers often sweep through the air on these currents, and moan and howl and whine louder and louder as their speed increases. When the night is stormy and cloudy they seat themselves on the edges of the darkest storm clouds, and rejoice in the tempest and mingle their voices with its roar. These are only the incredible beliefs of some superstitious people, yet they illustrate the effects of night upon the imagination. Under its melancholy influence I myself have been persuaded

to believe in the existence of such horrors. When I have sat in my room alone at night, and heard the doleful howling of the wind, I could not help imagining it the voices of numerous ghosts. When I heard it whistling through my key-hole, it sounded to me like the whining of some crazy spirit. While I have listened to the sweet vibrations of the *Æolian harp* I have been compelled to think that it was tickled by the fingers of some musical soul. When departed shades seemed to flit around my room, and the "lobal-lobal" knocks on my roof, and the yellow "parshie patch" growleth under my floor, my reason gives way to the most foolish superstitions imaginable.

Familiar sounds that would never move you in the light frighten you in the darkness; and scenes that would seem ludicrous and foolish when plainly visible, make one's blood run cold when almost hidden by the darkness. The tick of a clock, the dripping of water in a tin gutter, the rattling of a loose window, a groan or whine, all sound doleful when heard in the stillness of a dark night. Dreary and lonesome is the dark night.

Now I pass to the beautiful night. The moonlight night. Then the queen of night comes forth, dressed in her brightest royal garment, and shows her entire self to the admiring world; and all nature looks magnificently grand clothed in her soft light. The reflection of her rays on the dew-drops makes the oak appear lighted up with many little tapers brightly flickering. Under the inspiration of her light the poet writes his sweetest verse, and at the same time some poor unappreciative cur makes a fool of

himself by barking at the innocent moon. There are thousands of little fairies which are said to revel during moonlight nights, and dance to the music of the tree-frog, the cricket, and the katy-did. It is said of them :

" That fairies sing and fairies play
 From ten o'clock till break of day.
 In the tree tops, on the flowers,
 While minutes lengthen into hours,
 Fairies in the moon-shine dance,
 But fly away at day's advance."

On a small island near Africa there is a bird resembling the ostrich in size and body, but which is black, and has a head and neck similar to a crane's. They are called sirens. It is said that they gather on the shore in groups, and sing so sweetly that travellers and crew passing by in ships, when they catch the sound of their music, are held spellbound and unable to move till their singing ceases. The sirens sing only on moonlight nights, and charm not only people, but even the animals of the island. A great musician, having heard them sing, remembered a part of their song, and has written it in notes, and named it the Siren Waltz. It is a very popular piece among the violinists of to-day. When it was first played in the ballroom of one of our fashionable cities, its beauty had such an influence over those who heard it that old men, who had not been known to walk for years without a stick, forgot their stiffness, and

glided as gracefully around the room as any young man of eighteen. A preacher, who had visited the ballroom simply to witness the depravity and wickedness of dancing, came rushing out from the dark corner of the room, and utterly destroyed the effects of his last sermon on dancing. I truly believe these sirens must borrow inspiration from the moonlight, when they compose so sweet music.

There is something else which should be confined exclusively to the moonlight night. I mean courting. The moonshine will compel even the most hard-hearted to love. Little Cupid dances around the campus rustic, where a couple are sitting, enjoying the moon's light. He gently lifts the arm of the college boy and places it around the waist of the bright-eyed beauty by his side, and at the same time whispers something in her ear that persuades her to allow it to remain ; and her lovely eyes, looking up to his, gather sweetness from the moonbeams, and glitter with a fascination that envelops his whole soul. Lips speak love, and kiss to make it emphatic. Heart beats to heart, and the soul dwells in bliss when courting in the moonlight.

There's freshness in the morning, boys, there's brightness in a noon ;
 But the prettiest nights to us, boys, are the moonlight nights of June.

J. F. S.

EDITORIAL.

EDUCATION.

We had the pleasure of conversing with the Congressman from this district, Gen. W. R. Cox, on this subject not long since, and he gave us his views on liberal education and how it should be attained. He thinks each state should have a free-school system, but is opposed to a national system under the control of the general government. He thinks it right that Congress should aid the states by appropriating the proceeds of the public lands to this object, and apportioning it to them on the basis of illiteracy. If the government should assume control of the public schools, much evil might result. It is very probable that Northern teachers would obtain the paying positions, Northern text-books would be used, Northern ideas instilled, and the chivalric spirit which is characteristic of the South broken down. North Carolina needs a system that will prepare her young men for those duties which this progressive age imposes. Increase the salaries of teachers in our public schools—let it be an inducement for men of talent to devote their lives to the cause of education. When the State has important and lucrative positions to bestow, she should give them to her own sons, and not to those of other states. The salaries now paid in our public schools are so small that competent teachers cannot be secured. When the State wants a geologist or chemist she sends to New York or Massachusetts for him. Is this the

way to encourage education when she offers no inducements for her sons to prepare for these positions? It is thought the next Congress will consider the question of education and make some provision to aid the states. It has been suggested that all net incomes above \$1,000 be taxed five per cent. for this purpose. This tax would come from those who have been enriched by the labor of the poor, and it is just that they should bear the burden of educating their children. North Carolina is able to educate her children without this aid, but surely if she receive it, the standard of our public schools will be raised.

Our colleges should have a higher standard. They should have no preparatory departments, but our public schools should do the necessary preparatory work. Not only should our preparatory schools give free tuition, but our colleges should be sufficiently endowed to allow free tuition to be given to all worthy persons who desire it. The young men of this day need an education that will prepare them for the duties of life. The great objection to collegiate education has been that it does not do this. Nearly all colleges devote three years to the study of Greek and Latin, while only one year is devoted to the study of Natural History, Modern Languages, and Political Economy. Well may the wisdom of this arrangement be questioned. The Classics should not be neglected, but the Sciences *must* not be over-

looked. If one is compelled to neglect either, which should it be? The Classics develop the mental faculties, so do scientific studies. The Classics do not aid one in practical life, Science does. The Classics are soon forgotten, scientific studies are not. Why then should three years be devoted to the study of Greek, and only one to Natural History? Will not our colleges rearrange their curricula, and give a liberal share of both without neglecting either? When one remains at college four or five years he wants a diploma; so he is compelled to take a prescribed course, sometimes neglecting those studies that would be most advantageous. This is an argument for elective courses. If one wishes to prepare for a literary life or for teaching, let him spend most of his time in studying the Classics, but if he wishes to prepare for an active, business life, give him a course in which more attention is given to *practical* studies, and let it be a course that ranks in honor with the other. Why is it colleges do not turn out Edisons? The reason is very clear when we remember that they do not encourage students to pursue a scientific course, but reward those who pursue a literary course by giving them the class honors. Let us hope that the progressive spirit which is seen everywhere else will soon enter our colleges and begin a reform which is so much needed.

S.

NEGRO EDUCATION.

The question of negro education in the South is one to which statesmen can very profitably devote some time and consideration, one on which the

philanthropist can spend his thousands, yes, millions, before this race of people will attain to the intellectual height which their position in our country demands. As to the first, it is a lamentable fact that our statesmen have given, and are giving, little time to the careful consideration of a subject so deeply affecting the interests of the Southern people, for they are those whom it most nearly concerns; they seemed disposed to let it work out its own destiny. When we come to the second, the matter of large donations for the erection and maintenance of negro schools and colleges in the South, it is a debatable question, whether too much of that has not been done already, for the negro's own advancement. For this obvious reason, every school of any note for the education of this people has been created just in that way, while they as a race, or as individuals, have done nothing, and apparently are not inclined to do anything in the future for their own education. They are resting supinely in the background, allowing the white man to work out for them their salvation, or destruction, taking no part in the work and very little concern in its issues.

Now that the negro ought to be educated, must be educated, or literally become a nonentity as a factor in American government, is readily admitted by all; that he is doing nothing to elevate himself is equally as plain. Nor is it because he is incapable or unable, for he has ample opportunities for building schools and raising himself, if he would only exert his powers and make use of these means and circumstances. But instead of expending his money judi-

ciously in this direction, he squanders it in the gratification of his passions and pampering his highly wrought emotional nature. Still there is a perpetual wail going round about the "poor, illiterate negro," claiming, almost demanding, appropriations by Congress for his education. Nearly twenty years have passed since the negro obtained his freedom, during which time his labor has been in demand at the highest prices, he has been under the guidance of the white man, has paid no taxes, or almost none, has had his children taught at the expense of the white tax-payer, and to-day he preserves as stolid an indifference as if he were the veriest slave. He fulfils to the letter the Bible injunction, take no thought for the morrow. Has he made progress intellectually or morally since his liberation? This question has been answered both in the affirmative and negative by writers who have had opportunities to observe, and when men of extensive observation differ, we may be sure that the point in question is not decidedly in favor of either side. Taking the present situation of affairs as they are, and eliminating the advantages which the white man has provided, we may safely and justly conclude that his advancement is very little, if any.

Now, as to the elevation or decline of his morals, the divines of his own race, as well as statistics, inform us that his moral progress is nowhere visible; he has built churches to the amount of three million dollars since the war, and yet his morals are as low and corrupt as they were in his bondage. Why has he not progressed? why does he build

churches and pay preachers, and can not provide school-houses and hire teachers? Dr. Miller has to say in this connection: "I repeat the question, why has not the negro provided educational facilities for himself? Other people have created such facilities for themselves under infinitely less propitious circumstances than those which surround the negro of the South. In 1607 a band of refugees landed on the James. Before them an unbroken wilderness. They had no houses, no churches, no cleared fields, no schools, no friends to draw upon in time of need; yet they subdued the forests, built churches, founded schools and colleges, and gave to the world the grandest men that ever adorned the race. At the great battle of Pultowa Peter the Great captured the entire army of Charles the Twelfth, and banished them to an inhospitable wilderness in Russia. These men, with nothing but a part of their outfit as soldiers, went to their dreary place of exile, and in a few decades they felled the forest, planted, invented implements of husbandry, built schools, and became one of the most thrifty districts in the Russian empire. History furnishes many similar contrasts. Is there no lesson in these contrasts? To my way of looking at this matter, there is a lesson taught by these contrasts, a lesson broad, deep, and invaluable."

A. M. R.

PHYSICAL TRAINING.

It has been a number of years since Mr. Spencer wrote his little treatise on Education, one of the chapters of which discusses this subject. One of

the propositions on which he bases his argument he states about in these words: In order to be a successful man, one must be a good animal. The proposition requires no demonstration. Since it was written there has been a growing interest in the matter of systematic physical training, and, while the vast majority of teachers neglect it, many of the more important institutions of learning think themselves unprepared for their great work without calisthenics for the girls and the gymnasium for the boys. We are not sure that Mr. Spencer approves of this system of physical training; indeed, we remember that in that work he takes ground against calisthenics as being a poor substitute for what is natural and far better, namely, the game and race with shout and laughter on the play-ground.

To our mind the system as it obtains in some places is not free from objections. To mention one of these was the purpose with which we took up the pen. It is this. All the pupils, nervous and phlegmatic, bilious and "gouty," strong and weak, are turned loose upon the same instruments and exercises, or marched through the same

routine of step and twist and jerk. The same exercise for all kinds of constitution. Why not, then, prescribe tincture of iron for every disease that flesh is heir to? The gymnasium doors are thrown open; it is the hour for general exercise, and it is general to a fault. One "skins the cat," another "chins" the cross-bar, a third performs a remarkable feat which stirs the ambition of all the rest, and these are not satisfied until the wonderful trick is mastered. Every man of them tugs at the apparatus that pleases his fancy, with no reference to the defects in his physical development, or if he has reference to those defects, he is unable to choose the particular exercise suited to meet them. You will see the like of this when the surgeon turns the inmates of the city hospital into the drug store with the cool remark, "Medicine a plenty; pitch in and cure yourselves."

The moral is not far off. If a gymnasium be of any real and permanent advantage, it must have a director whose business is to point out the exercises suited to each physical condition, and see that they are prosecuted with due diligence. W. L. P.

CURRENT TOPICS.

CELEBRATIONS.—It is pleasing to note the growing disposition on the part of our people North and South to erect memorials and hold celebrations to commemorate the great events and patriotic deeds with which the track of our history is strewn. Indeed, they are the promptings of our better nature, and but bespeak those loftier

emotions of the soul which bid us pause in the rush of prosperity, and, looking back over the years, rear "sweet Ebenezers," our just tributes of respect to those loved ones who fought and sacrificed their lives on the altars of their country, and above all, the expression of our gratitude to Him who gave us those patriotic souls. The

people of Raleigh only voiced the sentiment of the State when they so touchingly welcomed the bones of the faithful few who lay on Arlington Heights for twenty years, and consigned them with impressive ceremony to their kindred dust. It is not the stately remains of the proud millionaire, or of the successful politician, but the humble dust of the common private, with the Confederate flag all battered and bloody waving over it, that bows the head and melts the heart of veteran and youth alike. Twenty years of quiet have wiped out nearly all traces of war and bad spirit, and to-day no Mason and Dixon's line divides our interests, but abreast the Northerner and Southerner march under the auspices of white-winged peace. A Northern weekly, speaking of the recent reunion of the first Abolition Society in New York, said: "The people of the Southern States, could they have been present, would have been surprised and delighted by the spirit that marked all the proceedings." There can be no doubt that, when a few more years shall have rolled past, and one by one the veterans of '61 have dropped off and their places are filled from the ranks of the rising generation, civil dissensions between the North and South will exist only in history.

MORMONISM.—The prevalence of this evil is preying upon American society to-day as never before, perhaps, and the press all over the country is aroused, and preparing statesmen to grapple with the question during the coming winter. Mormonism, though limited, as yet, only to a small area of country, seems to be as deep-rooted as

Romanism or Mohammedanism. The Edmunds Law, passed recently, appears to have had the effect of a stimulant rather than an antidote, for the poison of polygamy works more intensely than ever. It is said the Mormon Church has now 127,294 members, and 23,000 families, with 81 missionaries at work all over the world—a work which they prosecute diligently, but silently. One of their missionaries claims that as a result of his work in the States for two months, he has inveigled 75 young women into Mormondom. As soon as converted, they are forwarded to Utah with promises of homes and husbands. Perhaps the characters thus induced by these illusions are such as can well be spared from American society. Be that as it may, they go to swell the ranks of a sect that is a curse and a stain to any civilized country; and if not at once wiped out of existence by the iron hand of Congress, bids fair to swell into such proportions as to give the government as much trouble as ever the Red Man did. We delight in the reflection that this is a land of religious toleration—where all can worship according to the dictates of conscience; but when any sect is formed, whose religion embraces a practice that undermines morality, and poisons society and government at their very source, it must be regarded as a corruption, and its adherents worthy of no better fate than the inhabitants of proud Jericho, the Baal worshippers, met at the hands of Joshua.

THE DIVORCE LAW.—The remarkable elasticity of the divorce law in the different states is becoming an evil which partakes much of the nature of

Mormonism. For the man who puts away his lawful wife on any such plea as decadence of affection, an unfounded jealousy, or any other of a trivial, unmanly nature, and is afterwards united to another woman, is surely, from a moral standpoint, no better than the confessed polygamist. In many respects also it resembles the duel law as it exists in several States. For instance, duellists in South Carolina are accustomed, in order to evade the hand of the law, to cross the boundary line into Georgia and there settle their differences with impunity. On this same plan a New Yorker, not long since, settled his marriage difficulties with like impunity. It seems he succeeded in obtaining a divorce from his wife, but was forbidden by the court to marry another during her lifetime. Not long after this, however, having sought the hand of another woman, he repaired with his intended to New Jersey, where they were united in due form. The pair, after the lapse of several weeks, returned to their

native state, where, under the existing statutes, the union could not be declared invalid. In some states the law is more stringent than in others, perhaps, but means similar to the above are resorted to in nearly all. When the thief or murderer through the inefficiency or laxity of the law can exercise a strong hope of escape from the hand of justice, then it is that larceny, arson, and murder become as familiar as every-day occurrences. But there is a universal law to apprehend the outlaw wherever he may go to evade apprehension. The divorces resulting in the misery and want that invade too many homes, can scarcely be rated less reprehensible than the above mentioned crimes; yet, in their present condition, the laws are by no means efficient to check this growing evil. It appears to us, however, the case may be met by amending the Constitution and investing in Congress the right to make a uniform national divorce law. Such a law may prove the proper and only remedy. W. S. R.

EDUCATIONAL.

—THE University of Athens has 1,400 students, 60 professors, and a library of 150,000 volumes.

—BROWN University has undergone an extended course of improvements this summer, and is now better able to accommodate her numerous applicants.

—THE University of North Carolina has added to its facilities some beautiful physical apparatus, purchased by Prof. Gore in Europe during the summer.

—THE amount expended on her public schools by Ohio yearly is about \$10,000,000.

—THE result of the recent examination of women at Cambridge, England, is very satisfactory; five obtained honors, and two degrees.

—A Philadelphia gentleman has offered \$30,000 toward the erection of a chapel at Dartmouth College, on condition that \$60,000 are obtained by next January, for the erection of a fire-proof library building for the college.

—HARVARD has 185 Freshmen and Yale 170.

—ALL the Virginia colleges show evidences of prosperity and increased patronage.

—NOT a single city in the United States has accommodations for its school population.—*Examiner*.

—THE late Lewis Morgan, in his will, bequeathed \$100,000 to Rochester University, to be used for the education of women.

—THE higher education of women is not overlooked in Manitoba. It is reported that a ladies' college is to be established there.

—MR. JOHN P. HOWARD, of Burlington, has announced his intention of giving a new building for the medical department of the University of Vermont.

—VASSAR College has over 100 new students, a larger number than usual. The Freshman class will be quite large. It has present and prospective members amounting to fifty-four. There are sixty-eight "preparatories." It is almost sure there will be a larger number on the catalogue this year than last. There are now 168 collegiate students, and at present about 300 students in all.

—THE venerable Stephen Alexander, LL. D., Emeritus Professor of Astronomy at Princeton College, died June 26th, after a lingering illness, aged 76 years. He had been connected with the college nearly half a century. He ranked high as an author and a scientist, and for many years had been a member of many foreign and American societies.

—THERE are 7,060 American students in German institutions.

—BOSTON has the best furnished conservatory of music in this country.

—HENRY and Emory opened with one hundred and thirty students, and more are expected.

—IT is said that \$30,000 and one hundred and sixty acres of land have been pledged for the establishment of the Dakota University.

—DARTMOUTH College will soon receive \$10,000 from the estate of the Judge Jason Downer, of Milwaukee, who was a graduate of the college in the class of '38.

—YALE has had a large bequest from the late Henry Forman, of New Haven. The rich in the North are quite apt to donate a part of their fortune to education and benevolent institutions. It is not often the case in the South.

—RANDOLPH-MACON College, at Ashland, Va., has opened with encouraging prospects. The number of students is large, and the attendance of both new and old is very gratifying, being greater than for several years. Great improvements have been made in the buildings and grounds, including six new two-story structures.

—REV. ED. M. POTEAT, who recently paid a visit to Bloomington, Ind., writes that the University, Dr. Moss, president, has 300 students, of whom one-third are ladies. "They like co-education. There are no restrictions whatever upon their daily life. Students intercommune as they choose. Ground will be broken soon for two new fire-proof buildings."

—ASHEBORO Female Seminary opened auspiciously.

—ONLY one of every ten students who enter American colleges graduate.

—THE Charlotte Female College, presided over by Rev. Wm. R. Atkinson, has attained a high standard of excellence, and its situation is second to none in the State for healthfulness.

—JUDSON Female College, Marion, Ala., presided over by Robert Frazer, has an auspicious opening. Twice as many boarders are in attendance this year as last.

—BINGHAM SCHOOL, under the superintendence of Major R. Bingham, is one of the first schools in the South for boys. It has a large and increasing patronage, and deserves the continued support of North Carolinians.

—THE schools in our College are attended as follows: In Mathematics there are one hundred and fifteen, in Latin one hundred and five, in Greek ninety, in Modern Languages forty-six, in Natural Science forty-two, in Moral Philosophy twenty.

—FAYETTEVILLE Graded School has 330 students, with prospects of a larger number. Mr. T. J. Simmons, who graduated here last year, is an assistant. They have a very commodious building for the work.

—THE total school fund of North Carolina last year amounted to \$722,153.07, of which \$509,736.02 were disbursed, leaving \$212,417.05 on hand for the spring schools. One hundred and forty-five thousand white children and eighty-eight thousand colored were reported as attending school last

year. The white school districts extend all over the State, while the negroes are scarcer in the western portion of the State and have fewer districts. In some of the eastern districts they outnumber the white. There are 4,168 white and 2,075 colored districts in the State.

—PROF. GREEN says that the reports of the number of students at Princeton Theological Seminary have been exaggerated. There are about 60 new students, and 140 in all.

—PROF. HUXLEY is an ardent advocate of the substitution of science and the modern languages for the classics; but he sent his own son to one of the universities, and gave him a thorough classical training.

—THE Board of Visitors of the University of Virginia have not yet selected a successor to Dr. Mallet, as Professor of Chemistry. The matter has been postponed until November, and the chair in the meantime has been filled by Prof. Dunnington.

—DR. A. G. HAYGOOD, general agent of the John F. Slater Fund, submitted a report, in which it is shown that more than half of the colored children of the Southern States, who are old enough to attend school, are not enrolled, and that the great majority of colored teachers are ignorant and unskilled. The income of the Fund for the current year is about \$60,000, from which an appropriation of \$20,000 has already been made, and the sum of \$16,250 has been allotted to twelve institutions in seven of the Southern States. All these institutions have undertaken to provide industrial training.

—PROF. HOBGOOD, of Oxford Female Seminary, speaks as follows: "The number of students, both day and boarding, in attendance is 40 per cent. larger than last fall, and it is expected that we shall, during the session, enrol the names of 130. All the teachers, most of whom have been connected with the school for some time, are working enthusiastically. The Professor of Music, with his assistant, Mrs. L. G. Crawford, is giving great satisfaction, and at no other time in my experience has the music school been so prosperous. We are quietly and earnestly trying to do very thorough work in all departments, and are keeping the Seminary abreast of the times." Such reports as the above are very gratifying to the many friends of the Seminary, and speak well for Prof. Hobgood as an educator.

—THE report of Dr Curry, general agent of the Peabody Fund, gives a statement of the condition of educational progress in the states among which the fund is divided. In West Virginia the Legislature made liberal appropriations. The Peabody institutes for white teachers, five in all, were very successful, as also was one for colored teachers, and work in general is progressing favorably. In Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Tennessee, Arkansas, Louisiana, and Texas the Peabody institutes have been well attended, and their influence for good is clearly marked. The following are the amounts distributed in several states in the past year for public schools and colleges, teachers' institutes, Nashville scholarships, etc.: Alabama, \$5,775; Arkan-

sas, \$4,050; Florida, \$2,925; Georgia, \$5,900; Louisiana, \$2,125; Mississippi, \$4,400; North Carolina, \$8,350; South Carolina, \$4,225; Tennessee, \$12,600; Texas, \$13,600; Virginia, \$4,125; West Virginia, \$3,100.

THE NEWBERN GRADED SCHOOL.—We learn from *The Journal* that the Newbern Graded School opened under the most favorable and promising circumstances. They have enrolled about 450 pupils, and promise to reach 556 by the middle of next month, and will probably have 700 during the year. Newbern has extraordinary educational facilities and advantages. The property owned and controlled by the Trustees of the Graded School amounts to \$50,000. They have a good building, beautifully situated, and \$4,000 toward building a new house, which, in connection with the one they have, will give ample room for 800 or 1,000 pupils. Besides this, they have in their superintendent a young man of brilliant intellect and a most excellent teacher, who will not fail in anything he undertakes. Prof. Price Thomas is a man whom our Durham people learned to love and respect for his true merit, and in whose prosperity we have a deep interest. We are glad to learn that he is doing so well. His numerous friends here will always rejoice in his success.—*Durham Recorder*.

A LIBERAL EDUCATION.—Too many of us look upon a liberal education as a mere luxury. We feel that if one can afford it, so well and good. If it is our duty to do anything for our children, it is our duty to educate them. Education will not give them new powers, but it will develop and

make efficient the powers with which they are already endowed. Every mind has not the same capacity; but whatever be its native endowment, be it much or little, education will mature and strengthen it. Education will not do everything for your child, but *it will do something*. It will help in reference to material interests. So many parents think that if their children have the mere elements of an education, that is enough. "My son is going into business, and can't need all that training." Making money is important, but are you going to reduce your child simply to a money-making machine? And would he not succeed even in that line the better for having a good education? He might with such an education choose a better vocation. How often, far on the journey of life, a man wakes up to find that he made a sad mistake right here—that if he had taken time in the beginning, he would have shunned many a ruinous blunder. You say to your boy, who is desperately in love with some bright-eyed girl, "My son, you are too young to decide so important a matter; wait until you know more." And yet you push that same boy into business that fixes his destiny without any just thought or preparation. Do you not see that, more and more, education is becoming one of the great essentials for success in any business? Less and less, uneducated men rise to great success. You owe it to your son in the material aspects of the case to give him the best education possible.

Education brings to one more elevated and refined enjoyments. How much more an educated mind gets out of the scenes of nature! Instead of

being dependent on mere sensuous earthly enjoyments, we are lifted to lofty and blessed contemplations by all that is within and around us. No matter how much you may accumulate for your children, if you leave them without this, you have failed to do for them the best thing.

If you are responsible to God to make the best of yourself for Him, are you not under obligations to give your children the best opportunities for making the best of themselves for God? Do this not only for what education will do for them, but for what it will help them to do for the world. Think what an educated man is worth to any community. Think how the disturbing elements in trades would be lessened, if in these trades were a larger number of educated minds.

You are ambitious for the elevation of your family, and rightly so. You want your family to have a creditable record, with ever-increasing influence. It is worth something for a youth to be able to look back to a noble ancestry, and to feel that his family are accomplishing something in the world. Then, educate! educate!

If it is worth while to be a Christian, it is worth while to be a useful Christian. How many a Christian man's influence amounts to but little because he knows so little. A good man's power to do good is increased by every addition to his stock of knowledge. See what a power an educated Christian wields in his church and community.—*Va. Educational Journal.*

OBJECT OF EDUCATION.—The true education is to unfold and direct aright our whole nature. Its office is to call forth power of every kind—

power of thought, affection, will, and outward action; power to adopt good ends firmly, and to pursue them efficiently; power to govern ourselves, and to influence others; power to gain and to spread happiness. Reading is but an instrument; education is to teach its best use. The intellect was created not to receive passively a few words, dates, facts, but to be active for the acquisition of truth. Accordingly, education should labor to inspire a profound love of truth, and to teach the processes of investigation.—*Channing.*

THE OUTCOME OF THE NEW EDUCATION.—It only remains to briefly indicate the lines of advance on which this special movement is making its way to a more complete revelation of the New Education. The New Education, as illustrated by Col. Parker and all similar representatives, is not merely or chiefly a new trick in teaching anything. It is,

First: A revival of faith in human nature itself, as that nature reveals itself in childhood. Instead of imposing a theory on the child to mould and fashion him into a given shape, on the one hand, or concentrating all his powers on the work of making himself a practical success in life, on the other, it proposes to develop the child into the most complete manhood or womanhood possible for his order of ability and natural endowment. It believes in child-nature, and studies it with the hope of finding out the beautiful, divine ways by which the child shall become the woman or man. And it believes that the child, thus trained for character and such ability as belongs to it, will in the end be a far

more valuable member of society than if moulded into the imitation of any other man, or fashioned to a machine for any special work.

Second: It insists on skilled supervision and instruction, working with all the freedom possible in this task of development; free to adopt, to change, to revise methods of instruction with growing experience, and bound by no vows of obedience to any philosophy which does not keep open doors and windows for new revelations out of the wonderland of childhood.

Third: It holds that the thing taught is of less importance than the spirit and the method in which everything is taught; the object being not to cram the mind with knowledge, but to implant the love of truth, and to train the faculties to find it by vital contact with nature, humanity, literature, and life.

Fourth: In character-training, the New Education accepts, without question, the Christian method of love, in the noblest Christian meaning of that mighty word. It believes labor can be raised above drudgery into a region of joy and hope, and does not despair at once of obtaining accurate knowledge and dutiful conduct, and making the life of a child joyous and beautiful, with the beauty of courage, faith, and boundless hope, and trust in God.

Of course, a group of children, thus trained will be declared a failure by the machine-teacher because they cannot "pass examination" in the regulation graded school. But the New Education is working for the examination of life that comes further on, and is anxious chiefly to meet the providential test which determines the

quality of the woman or man and the fitness for genuine work. The majority of philosophers and experts in pedagogy will predict Bedlam as the outcome of this sort of school-keeping; forgetting that there may be more things even in the soul of a little child "than are dreamed of in their philosophy." *The practical point in the New Education, and in all such teaching*

as that of Col. Parker, is to bring it in range of the average possibilities of the American graded school. Our schools will not be helped by destroying what has been gained, but rather by the gradual infusion of the broader spirit, the more natural methods and the better aims of the New Education.—REV. A. D. MAYO, in *N. E. Journal of Education.*

LITERARY GOSSIP.

—*The Examiner* says Dr. Burt G. Wilder's *Health Notes for Students*, a pamphlet published recently by the Messrs. Putnam, ought to be in the hands of every student. Its hints are invaluable, and its price, 20 cents, is a mere trifle.

—*The Hymns of Luther*, edited by Leonard W. Bacon, will be published at an early day by the Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons. The original text, with the music composed for it, will be given.

—A CORRESPONDENT of *The Continent* says that Hawthorne, Whittier, and Bryant are practically unknown in Germany, and that the American authors most read there are Cooper, Longfellow, Irving, Mrs. Stowe, Eggleston, Poe, Mark Twain, and Bret Harte.

—ACCORDING to the last instructions of the historian Green, the *Conquest of England* has been under a complete course of revision by his able wife. This history of England seems to be winning popularity in America every day.

—A PERFECT flood of catalogues with their cheap book rates is upon us. It is astonishing at what reduced rates one can procure the best standard works.

—IN pursuance of the example set by the postal department in reducing the price of stamps, the majority of the New York newspapers have been cut down to one cent per copy. Let all proprietors of dailies note this fact.

—WE often hear it said this is an age of business. This is true to a great extent; but it is evident that there is by no means an abatement of new books. Literature is also flourishing more than ever before.

—*The Story Teller*, a new weekly magazine, edited by Wm. Swinton, the great American journalist and historian, seems to be a new feature in the circle of literature. No doubt it has been started to meet the growing taste for fiction which seems to be developing in the rising generation. This magazine, it is said, is to contain only choice, instructive stories for the

young; and it is to be hoped will take the place of much of the trashy fiction poured out weekly.

—No. 95 of the "Standard Library," published by Funk & Wagnalls, N. Y., contains *Historical and Other Sketches*, by James Anthony Froude. The selections are edited and prefaced by President David G. Wheeler, of Alleghany College, who pronounces Mr. Froude to be "among the best masters, living or dead, of the art of writing the English language." The selections are partly literary, partly historical, but all in the best manner of the author, and the issue is one of the most attractive of the series.

—THE following is a little reminiscence of Turgeneff, the Russian novelist, published in a recent number of *Harper's Weekly*: "The philosopher, Mr. Lewes, the husband of George Eliot, always displayed much interest in my writings, and I had the pleasure of spending several evenings in his company and that of his gifted wife. On one occasion he took me aside and asked me confidentially which of his wife's works I regarded as the greatest. '*The Mill on the Floss*,' I replied, unhesitatingly. 'I am greatly disappointed to hear you say that,' he exclaimed; "I had hoped you would say *Daniel Deronda*.' 'That I could not conscientiously do,' was my reply; 'for I confess I like it least of any. It is a work of great ability; but it is not the kind which appeals to me. After *The Mill on the Floss*, my choice would be *Adam Bede* or *Silas Marner*.'

—WE would call the attention of our readers to the following bit of advice given by an eminent man to his

son; and at the same time we would beg leave to echo the sentiment therein contained: "My son, I have heretofore presented you with a copy of the Holy Bible. If you study only one book, let that be the book, as the truths it contains 'are able to make you wise unto salvation.' I herewith present you with a copy of the recent edition of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary. If you study only two books, let this be the other, as it is not only a dictionary unsurpassed in the spelling, pronunciation, and definition of words, but is also an encyclopedia of information in its Vocabularies of persons and places noted in Fiction, Scripture, Greek, Latin, and Geographical Names, Biographical Dictionary, Quotations, Pictorial Illustrations, etc., making it a book to which you will have occasion frequently to refer during life." —President Marion Female College.

—WE have heard much lately of Mr. Theophilus H. Hill's new volume, *Passion Flower and Other Poems*. Mr. Hill is a native of Raleigh. It will be gratifying to all North Carolinians to see this young poet winning his way to wide recognition. And it gives us pleasure to find the following from so able and impartial a pen as that of the Rev. Dr. Edwards, of Virginia: *Passion Flower and Other Poems*, by Theophilus H. Hill, is the title of a little book that has recently fallen under my eye. The mechanical execution was a matter of agreeable surprise, as it was from Raleigh, N. C., and published by P. W. Wiley. I had not dreamed that such a piece of workmanship could be executed in the Old

North State. Paper, binding, and letter-press are all in the highest style of the art of book-making. But a fine exterior, in these days of varnish and veneering, is no guarantee in themselves of a corresponding elegance and finish of work within. A serpent or a toad may nestle in an exquisitely tinted porcelain vase. In the instance before us the contents of the dainty little volume are every way worthy of the external investiture. The jewels are deserving of the casket in which they are encased. The book consists of forty-three short poems, every one of which has its scintillations of poetic genius, and its sparks of Promethean fire. Of course they are unequal in point of excellence, a thing to be expected, but no one is without sufficient merit to redeem it from adverse criticism. If I were writing a critical review of the book, I could easily furnish illustrations of all that I have intimated; but the beauties and excellences of the volume, as a whole, so far outweigh the occasional points in which it falls below the standard of the highest poetic excellence as, indeed, to transform the little defects, if such they may be called, into features of positive beauty. The book is deserving of a rapid sale. Such a writer as Mr. Hill needs encouragement. His pen should not be idle. The stimulus of reward for his literary labors should be applied. If the book were from a Boston press, it would be heralded to the ends of the earth. The book forms a valuable and permanent contribution to the standard poetic literature of the Southern States; and it is full time that Southern talent should be encouraged, and that authors such as

Mr. Hill should receive that countenance and compensation which he so richly merits in that line of literature, in which he displays such marked and decided talent. The limits of a newspaper notice do not permit me to say all that I feel moved to say in commendation and illustration of the rare little volume that has elicited this passing paragraph in my letter. I have read it with far more than ordinary interest. Get the book, and begin to read, and my word for it, you will not stop till you reach the last double stanza that closes the volume."

—*The Medical Language of St. Luke*, by the Rev. William K. Hobart, LL. D., has just been issued by the Dublin University Press. It is well known that the author of "The Acts" was a physician as well as writer. It may be of interest to many of our readers to give the following extract from *The Continent*: "Along this line the author has pushed a most patient and scholarly train of investigation of ancient Greek medical technical phrases, which are shown to pervade the writings of St. Luke. This medical bias in the Evangelist's diction is especially manifest in the accounts of the miracles of healing and allusions to the sick; but it is found in the general narrative, outside of medical subjects. For example, in the account of the healing of the demoniac child, St. Matthew gives as the words of the child's father, 'Lord have mercy on my son.' St. Mark writes: 'Master, I have brought unto thee my son.' St. Luke writes: 'Master, I beseech thee, look upon my son,' thus using a medical word meaning 'to look into a sick person's state and condition.' So also

in the synoptic accounts of the same miracle, the command of our Lord concerning the child, 'Bring him unto me,' Luke betrays the medical bias. While Matthew and Mark use an ordinary word for *bring*, Luke employs a word which was used of bringing patients to a physician. Again, when Luke speaks of the Roman Captain Claudius Lysias (Acts xxiii: 33) delivering an epistle or message to the Procurator at Cæsarea, he uses the medical term applied to the distribution of nourishment throughout the body, or blood throughout the veins. These and like examples, which are very numerous, are fortified by copious reference to the extant medical writings of ancient times, as the works of Hippocrates, Aretaeus, Galen, and Dioscorides. It is surprising to find, by the way, how much of a 'medical lingo' these most venerable fathers of physic did have; although their star pales before the sesquipedalian vocabulary of their professional successors of our day! The book is extremely interesting to clergymen and physicians, but we give fair warning that no one who is not well versed in the Adamsian fetich recently made notorious at Harvard need invest in the work."

—FOR the benefit of the lovers of cheap standard books we take the liberty of printing the following remarks and list from John B. Alden, the popular New York publisher: "*Battle of the Books.*"—The "Literary Revolution" which caused such a sensation a few years ago, and which was supposed to have been thoroughly overthrown and done for, seems to be "ablaze"

again, more fierce and flourishing than ever. Its "100-page catalogue, free," and "books sent to any one to be paid for after receipt and examination, evidence of good faith being given," are now being given in thousands of papers, and it opens one's eyes to see the books offered—this time thoroughly beautiful typography and the best of paper, presswork, and binding, instead of small type and cheap work, as formerly. And one must acknowledge that they are indeed "the lowest prices ever known." Take a few samples, the books being always unabridged, and in large type: Tennyson's *Enoch Arden*, 2 cents; the *Cotter's Saturday Night*, 2 cents; *Cæsar's Commentaries*, *Cicero's Orations*, and numerous other "Ancient Classics for English Readers," reduced from \$1 to as low as 15 cents each; Bacon's *Essays*, 15 cents to 40 cents; Dore's famous *Bible Gallery*, \$2; Irving's *Sketch Book*, 25 cents to 60 cents; Irving's *Works*, in six large and most beautiful volumes, \$4; *Ancient Egypt under the Pharoahs*, reduced from \$15 to \$1.25; Scott's *Waverley Novels*, reduced from \$30 to \$7.50; George Eliot's *Works*, reduced from \$12 to \$3.75. And a whole host of the great poets of the world, ranging from 40 and 50 cents upwards; also plenty of other books equally interesting and astonishing to the old-time buyers. The books are sold only to buyers direct, and not through booksellers. Those who would be inclined to believe such claims fabulous, are confronted with the "privilege of examination before payment," and the witness of one's own neighbors on every

hand who have already received their books. It is certainly worth a postal card to get the "catalogue free." For that, address Jno. B. Alden, Publisher, 18 Vesey St., New York.

—“CHOICE LITERATURE.”—The October number of this fine eclectic magazine contains in its 80 large double-column pages the following brilliant and instructive array of articles: “James Ferguson, the Astronomer,” from *Blackwood’s Magazine*; “The Four Chief Apostles,” by F. Godet; “M. Faye on the Shape of Comets,” by E. S. Dixon. “Women and Representative Government,” by Millicent Garrett Fawcett; “Ralph Waldo Emerson: An Ethical Study,”

by Henry Norman; “The ‘Why’ and the ‘How’ of Land Nationalization,” by Alfred R. Wallace; “Some Harmless Beasts,” by Phil. Robinson; “The French Newspaper Press,” *Cornhill Magazine*; “In the Heart of the Vosges,” *Macmillan’s Magazine*; “The Emperor Julian’s View of Christianity,” by Alice Gardner; “On a Neglected Book,” *Macmillan’s Magazine*; “Papua, The Dark Island,” *Chambers’ Journal*; “Hibernation,” by Rev. J. G. Wood, M. A.; “Mr. Lowell on Mr. Fielding,” *The London Daily News*. Price only \$1 a year, or 10 cents for a specimen copy. John B. Alden, Publisher, 18 Vesey St., New York.

SCIENCE NOTES.

By Alumni Editor.

THE MITCHELL SOCIETY.—We are pleased to record the formation of a scientific society in North Carolina,—we had hoped to be able to say, a North Carolina scientific society. It seems a little foreign to the scientific spirit that membership should be restricted to the professors and alumni of the University. Those who are engaged in any of the departments of science, however, are invited to become corresponding members. The society will publish a journal and hold monthly meetings at the University. More than a hundred names have already been enrolled.

THE LEAD PENCIL used to be, but is not now. Some fifty years ago a piece of lead was cut from a bar or sheet, and used for marking. The pen-

cil of to-day, however, is not a *lead* pencil; it is so called because the graphite of the Cumberland mines, Eng., from which it was first made, was for a long time thought to be lead. Graphite, or plumbago, is one of the forms of carbon, and, though it is still sometimes spoken of as carbonate of iron, the iron in it must be deemed an accidental impurity, for in very pure specimens hardly a trace of it can be found. This useful mineral is found in the greatest purity in the Borrowdale mine, Eng., but it also occurs very pure in extensive deposits in Ticonderoga, N. Y., Stourbridge, Mass., and in Canada. The pencil is made in the following way: The original graphite is ground and mixed with a fine quality of clay in differing proportions, accord-

ing to the degree of hardness desired in the pencil. The thorough mixture is squeezed through dies to form and size it, is then dried and incased in wood.

A RAILROAD IN PALESTINE.—The right to lay it has already been secured from the Sultan, and nearly all of its route has been determined. It is to run from Acre to Damascus, a distance of 130 miles. It will skirt the base of Carmel, cross the plain of Esdraelon, pass within twelve miles of Nazareth, and cross the Jordan not far below the Sea of Tiberias. The bridge by which it will cross the Jordan will be near neighbor to a Roman bridge, which is intact and still used,—a most suggestive fact. Its course will lie along the eastern shore of Tiberias, whence it will rise to the table-lands and make straight for the "Pearl of the East." Most of the lands along its route are said to be owned by private persons, and to be in a good state of cultivation. The company who have in charge the "Hamidie" railroad propose to put steam-tugs on the Sea of Tiberias. Steam-tugs on Galilee! The prospect seems to be that this semi-barbarous country will be reclaimed and again play its part in the history of the world.

HOW THE CATERPILLAR SPINS SILK.

—Let us take one of the large green caterpillars, so many of which are found crawling about in the fall. Give him a dose of chloroform to make his death speedy. With a pair of fine scissors cut open the back from one end to the other, being careful not to cut any of the internal parts. Lay open these parts under water, and after the large masses of white substance

next the skin have been removed, you see on each side a long bag of varnish or gelatinous matter, so folded that in a caterpillar two inches in length each of these bags is about eight inches long. Notice that the bags are free at the posterior end. If a dissecting microscope be at hand, they may be seen to converge at the mouth, becoming much smaller. Just back of the chin they seem to flow into a common channel, and issue thence through very delicate tubes at two fine points on the outside. These points are really tubes, but are so fine that they cannot be seen with the naked eye. Out of them the varnish pours in a tiny continuous stream, and, being viscid when it first issues, it adheres wherever it touches. The caterpillar moves his head from one point to another, sticking the little stream here and there, and so spins the cocoon around him. We can now understand how each strand of silk as it is wound from the cocoon is double. This spinning machine of most ancient pattern becomes, when seen under the microscope, hardly less beautiful than interesting.

ALASKA MUMMIES.—Four Alaska mummies were brought down from Alaska by the schooner Kodiak, on her last trip. Three go to Berlin and one to the Smithsonian Institution. The bodies are wonderfully preserved, even the skins in which they are wrapped being intact. The mummies were secured by A. Jacobson, who has been over two years in the country collecting for the Royal Museum of Berlin. He is of the opinion that the mummies are at least 200 years old, all evidence obtainable pointing to that fact. The Esquimaux formerly pre-

served the bodies of their dead shamans, or medicine men, and those of their chiefs and their wives and their children, in this manner. After death the viscera were removed from the interior of the body through the pelvis, and the limbs being pressed close to body, the legs well up under the chin, were dried and encased in skins, and then placed in some cave or rock shelter which was free from water or moisture. Here they remained for hundreds of years, and were reverenced by the living. To them were offered part of the results of their fishing and hunting excursions, if they were successful, for they judged success to be due to the spirits of those whose bodies were preserved. In the case of one that has been opened, the skin appears to remain intact, and the limbs are movable.—*San Francisco Bulletin.*

THE SAND-FLEA.—Another name for this insect is chique or chigre. It is a member of the same order of insects as the house-fly, and is to be distinguished from the red mite, or red bug as it is more generally called, to which the name chigre is sometimes applied. This latter is more nearly related to the spiders than to the true insects, and though exceedingly annoying, cannot be compared with the real chigre of the West Indies and South America. The sand-flea is very small, and is unable to hop like its cousin, which is a most fortunate failing, for otherwise the whole of tropical America would become uninhabitable. It crawls about in the sand in the interior, and during the dry season is very abundant. One who not only observed its habits, but suffered grievously by it, thus describes it: “The

hind body of the female, just before she deposits her eggs, swells to an enormous size for the animal (we saw their bodies as large as a pea), and from it the head, neck, and feet seem to stick out as if protruded from a bag. The female almost imperceptibly, certainly without causing any noticeable sensation, works herself into the skin between the toe-nails and the flesh, as well as into the hands. By and by this produces a little itching, which we supposed at first to have been caused by a mosquito bite. If this happens to a person well acquainted with the insect and the country of which it is a native, it is sufficient to attract his attention to it, and he will at once have it extracted with a fine needle, which operation is performed by skilful negro women; but if he is unacquainted, and this operation be neglected, the hind body of the insect penetrates deeper and deeper into the flesh, and produces an excavation in it so deep that the abdomen, which resembles a bag, is entirely concealed, and only the small head is visible. When this bag, which contains an enormous number of eggs, attains the size of a large pea it bursts, and the almost invisibly small maggots creep out and scatter all over the neighboring parts, burrowing into the flesh, and everywhere forming new bags and excavations, by means of which not only painful itching sores, but even malignant ulcers are generated.” Inasmuch as the negroes nearly all go barefoot, they suffer grievously from this plague, notwithstanding the precaution of searching their hands and feet every day. They are sometimes made lame for life, and even lose their limbs

by amputation. The writer above quoted tells of a foolish monk, who, on leaving San Domingo, took with him a live colony of these insects in his foot in order that he might present them in good condition for examination to the Academy of Sciences in Paris. He reached Paris with one foot less and no sand-fleas.

CHOLERA INVESTIGATION.—M. Pasteur obtained in the summer a grant of fifty thousand francs from the French Chambers to send a scientific commission to Egypt for the purpose of investigating whether the cholera be not due to the development of a microscopic animal in the human body, and the following are the reasons, as stated by himself, which induced him to recommend the Board of Health to send out the commission: "I urged the sending out of this mission on account of the great progress that science has made since the last cholera epidemic respecting transmissible diseases. Every one of those diseases that have been the subject of a thorough investigation has led biologists to the conclusion that they were caused by the development, in the body of man or the animals, of a microscopic animal, causing therein disturbances frequently fatal. All the symptoms of the disease, all the causes of death, are directly under the influence of the physiological properties of the microbes. What is needed at present to meet the requirements of science, is to ascertain the primary cause of the scourge. Now, the present state of

our knowledge indicates that we should direct all our attention to the possible existence in the blood, or in such and such an organ, of an infinitessimally small being whose nature and properties would in all likelihood account for all the peculiarities of cholera, both as regards its morbid symptoms and the mode of its propagation. The existence of that microbe once ascertained, would speedily settle the question as to the measures to be taken to check the spread of the disease, and might possibly suggest new therapeutic means to cure it." The commission consists of four young doctors and biologists—Drs. Roux, Thuillier, Straus, and Nocard. M. Pasteur gave them very elaborate instructions, by scrupulous attendance to which he hopes the great danger they would otherwise incur will be reduced to almost nothing. Every article of apparel and food is to be exposed to a heat of 150 degrees C., and the water drunk and used for the toilet is to be exposed to the same degree of heat and afterwards cooled. To read these minute and numerous precautions, one would think that after the dear doctors had observed them all they would have little time left to hunt for microbes, and be so thoroughly cooked that the last germ of inclination would be dead. We shall await with interest the results of this investigation. The practical success which has in late years attended the labors of this eminent scientist justifies the great confidence the French government has in him.

IN AND ABOUT THE COLLEGE.

—ONE of our students is a married man, and has his family with him on the Hill.

—MRS. CRUDUP, formerly of Franklin county, is now a resident of the Hill. She occupies Mrs. Wingate's house.

—THE Wake Forest Baptist Church, in conference session, October 21st, adopted *The Baptist Hymnal* for use in public worship.

—PASTOR Vann is in comfortable quarters, occupying Mr. M. Purefoy's house below the store. His kinsman, Mr. Savage, of the graduating class, rooms with him.

—A presbytery appointed by the church here examined, on the evening of the 24th ult., Messrs. J. B. Harrell and W. S. Splawn with a view to their ordination to the ministry. Dr. Royall conducted the examination, and we hear it was not a mere form.

—MESSRS. Powell & Brewer, during the first two weeks after they began to buy cotton here, bought about 765 bales, or one-sixth of the amount bought in Raleigh during the same period. We were surprised and pleased; the Raleigh men were not pleased. Of course, trade in all the stores was quickened by this large business.

—OUR village continues to improve. The frame of a new store is up opposite the foundry. We learn it is for Mr. Ned Allen, formerly of Forestville. The town authorities have put the streets in good condition for winter. There are few villages in the State that surpass Wake Forest.

—THE general opinion, Senior-speaking was a success.

—MR. E. E. HILLIARD, '82, visited us last month.

—WE regret that our esteemed citizen, Major W. W. Dickson, is still confined to his room.

—A LARGE number of students attended the State Fair, Thursday, October 18th, being given as a holiday for it.

—PROF. ROYALL attended the Cape Fear Association, which convened at Mt. Zion Church, in Columbus county, last month.

—THE Young Men's Prayer-Meeting should be attended by every student. It meets every Monday evening at 6:30 p. m., and continues one hour.

—WE acknowledge the receipt of a complimentary ticket to the fifth annual fair of the North Carolina Industrial Association, November 12th to 17th.

—WE have understood that the Raleigh & Gaston R. R. will build a passenger depot here. It is much needed, and we have been looking every week to see it rise.

—THE Soph. class has organized and elected the following officers for the session : President, O. F. Thompson, Shelby; Vice President, C. E. Brewer, Wake Forest; Secretary, C. H. Beckham, Raleigh; Cor. Sec., J. D. Boushall, Camden county; Treasurer, W. T. Grimes, Hamilton. They will wear class caps to distinguish them from the other classes.

—THE latest on our dude: His landlady remarked to him that he had lost his appetite, and he began looking under the table to see if he could find it.

—SEVERAL of the students will attend the Baptist State Convention, which convenes at Edenton on the 14th inst. THE STUDENT will be represented, and we hope all of our friends who attend will subscribe.

—AT the last report from Professor Taylor's work on the endowment, he was within about eight thousand of the one hundred thousand dollars. He spent the first week of November in New York and Boston.

—THE Junior class has elected the following officers for the session: President, Frank Dixon, Shelby; Vice President, A. T. Robertson, Statesville; Secretary, E. H. McCullers, Clayton; Treasurer, H. B. Conrad, Lewisburg. They will wear a class hat.

—THE Fresh. class has organized and elected the following officers: President, W. P. Stradley, Oxford; Vice President, J. O. Alderman, Clinton; Secretary, J. Stewart, Mocksville; Cor. Sec., T. E. Cheek, Durham; Treasurer, R. L. Denmark, Goldsboro. They will wear a class hat.

—THE Missionary Society, an outgrowth of the Sunday School, is doing good work. It is composed of earnest workers. Nearly all of the students have given their names to the children and young ladies who are the "Leaders." Who can refuse them? Mr. Marshall is President.

—“THE more I see of the other colleges, the more I am convinced that Wake Forest is one of the best and

most *solid* in the country. There is very little display, but when it comes down to true scholarship and effectual training, she is not often surpassed.” So writes Mr. H. B. Folk from New Orleans to a friend among the students.

—STUDENTS, remember that it is your duty to trade with those who advertise in THE STUDENT. We endeavor to make every department interesting, and our readers will find something in the advertising columns that will interest them.

—WE are told that the Yates Theological Society is doing good work. It is officered by the following gentlemen; President, P. S. C. Davis; Vice President, W. B. Morton; Secretary, E. F. Tatum. At a recent meeting Rev. R. T. Vann was elected an honorary member.

—We are glad to state that diphtheria seems to have left us. It was fatal in two cases—the little daughter of Mr. Gattis, and the little daughter of Mr. W. C. Brewer, the latter considered by many the prettiest and brightest child of her age in the village. There is no case of it here now. It did not invade the College.

—A PERIPATETIC commercial tourist was canvassing the village not long since, selling a soap, which he advertised as a panacea for all "*soars* and other ills which afflict humanity." It is said that one of our Professors who takes great interest in the Senior class furnished them with a supply for Senior-speaking. If the young men used the soap, we do not think those who heard them will believe that the remedy took effect.

—A match game of foot-ball was played on the 5th ult. between the regular College team and a scrub club. The College team had no difficulty in winning the game, since the other side lacked organization. There will be another team organized soon, and then the boys may expect a lively time.

—THERE are fifty new students here, and they are about equally divided between the Phi. and Eu. Societies. Prof. Royall tells us that he expects quite a number will enter at the beginning of the Spring term. New students will always receive a hearty welcome at Wake Forest College, and they may rest assured that no hazing will be allowed.

—OUR large microscope has added new interest to the study of Natural History. The class is now studying Zoology. Prof. Poteat makes the recitations so interesting that the class is sorry when the hour is over. They have the necessary materials at hand to dissect, and by the aid of the microscope the minutest organs can be examined.

—WE now have a clock in the chapel, and two of the fairest young ladies on the Hill are entitled to all the credit of placing it there. One Saturday morning they constituted themselves a committee to raise the necessary funds, and before night they had secured the money, purchased a handsome clock, and placed it in the chapel. The Sunday School voted them thanks for the acceptable gift.

—THE Phi. Senior Editor returns thanks to Mr. J. Y. MacRae, one of the marshals, for a complimentary ticket to the "Marshal's Ball," Friday eve-

ning, the 19th ult. He had the pleasure of attending, and enjoyed it much. The dancing was graceful, the costumes beautiful, and the music excellent. The editors of THE STUDENT are indebted to Mr. MacRae for other courtesies extended to them while in Raleigh.

—SOME of the intermediate mathematics class complained to their Professor a few days ago that the senior class left their work on the black-board for them to rub off, and requested that he put a stop to it. The Professor called the attention of the senior class to this request, but did not make any definite request for them to stop. Next day a member of the senior class drew the picture of a mule, with his hind feet in the air and caudal appendage extended, and wrote under it: "The Intermediate kicks up." The Professor noticed the caricature after the class had taken their seats, and remarked that the class would be dismissed after the board was cleaned. The artist went to the board and rubbed out what we think was his master-piece. The Professor said, in his inimitable style: "Mr. ——, I am glad you acknowledge the mule. When I saw so many of you playing foot-ball yesterday, I thought some of you were developing mulish proclivities, and when I heard some of you braying like one, I was almost convinced; but now that I see you developing your genius in drawing mules, all doubt has vanished, and I can say with certainty that some one is *mule struck*." The class joined in a hearty laugh at the expense of the senior, and went out and gave three cheers for the mule.

OUR NEW PASTOR.—The students are quite enthusiastic over the sermons of Rev. R. T. Vann, our new pastor. This is no more than we expected. Few men hear him who are sparing in their praise. Mr. Vann is thirty-one years old, a native of Hertford county, N. C. He was prepared for college at Buckhorn Academy, in said county. As a school boy he exhibited the same winning disposition, lovely character, and logical, analytical mind that characterized the college student and young minister. He graduated at this institution in the class of '73. As a college student he led his class both in the recitation room and in his Society, as well as in the esteem and affections of his fellow-students. After completing the course here with the highest honors, he spent two years at the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, being unable to complete the full course on account of the condition of his health. On leaving the Seminary he reorganized the church at Scotland Neck, and preached at that place for three years. He did a great work for the Lord in that section of the country. Since leaving that place he has filled with great success the pastorate of the churches at Enfield, Halifax, Weldon, and Murfreesboro. While pastor of the latter church he was also a professor in the Chowan Baptist Female Institute. He resigned his position at Murfreesboro to accept a call to the pastorate of the church at this place. He arrived on the 12th of October, and preached his first sermon for us on the Sunday following, which pleased all who heard it.

SENIOR-SPEAKING.—It will be seen by the following programme that the

Senior class numbers fifteen, and that seven of them presented theses instead of speaking:

Orations: 1. Uses and Abuses of the Imagination, J. C. C. Dunford, Marlboro county, S. C. 2. Daniel Defoe, W. W. Kitchen, Scotland Neck, N.C. 3. What Lies Beyond, W. S. Splawn, Polk county, N. C. 4. Thoughts on Spurgeon, W. S. Royall, Mt. Pleasant, S. C. 5. The Senior, W. B. Morton, Anson county, N. C. 6. Washington and the American Revolution, W. E. Wooten, Lenoir county, N. C. 7. Boys, W. B. Pope, Lumberton, N. C. 8. Southern Pride, I. G. Riddick, Wake Forest, N. C.

Theses: Our Indebtedness to the Past, D. M. Austin, Polkton, N. C.; Force of Habit, H. A. Chappell, Forestville, N. C.; Modern Society, R. S. Green, Davie county, N. C.; Mohammedanism, W. H. S. Kornegay, Duplin county, N. C.; The South Fallen and Risen, A. M. Readfern, Chesterfield county, S. C.; The African Race, W. V. Savage, Murfreesboro, N. C.; Social Evolution, C. L. Smith, Durham, N. C.

We are obliged to Mr. Dixon for the subjoined report:

DEBUT OF THE SENIOR CLASS OF '84.

At the ringing of the College bell the audience assembled in the chapel, on the evening of October 26th, to witness the first appearance of the class before the public. The class was introduced by Dr. William Royall, in the absence of the chairman of the Faculty.

The first speaker was Mr. J. C. C. Dunford. His subject was, "Uses and Abuses of the Imagination." Mr. Dunford represented the imagination

as the most powerful faculty in the human mind, and showed its influence upon the other faculties. It lends, he says, inspiration to the orator and poet, conceptions to the sculptor, and fashions the ideal of the novelist; it brightens the future for the young, and aids the astronomer in his celestial flights. He claims that it throws a charm around vice, and makes the low and base appear pure and good; that the imagination, through fictitious writings, has an influence in the formation of national character.

This speech was entertaining but flighty, and a vivid *imagination* was manifest in its composition; thus in two ways, in theory and practice, did the speaker show the power of the imagination.

The second speaker was Mr. W. W. Kitchin. He gave us the life and character of Daniel DeFoe, representing him as a politician, statesman, and man of letters. His genius, he said, was versatile; and, as a writer, he was classed among the first. His writings (that is, the most of them) referred to the needs of his nation, and in these he was always the advocate of right and reason. In the field of fiction he was represented as a champion, his *Robinson Crusoe* alone entitling him to a permanent position among the literati of the world. Mr. Kitchin's speech was interesting and instructive, but entered rather too much into minute details.

Next, Mr. W. S. Splawn presented some thoughts on "What Lies Beyond." He pictured the aspirations and dreams of youth, especially the young man's desire to know what lies beyond when contemplating that step

which most youths contemplate from childhood to the time of its happy consummation, namely, getting married. Mr. Splawn's description of a young man in this condition was vivid, and could only have been given by one who knew whereof he spake. He also represented truth as the incentive to deep research, citing the case of Socrates as an example. Mr. Splawn's speech, though not profoundly thoughtful, and though it contained too many references to Roman characters, was well written; his manner was easy and graceful.

Mr. W. S. Royall next addressed the audience, having as his subject, "Thoughts on Spurgeon." He claimed that Luther by mere accident stumbled upon good fortune, and is considered a reformer, while Spurgeon, with the world for his audience, is a man of grander intellect. The power of Spurgeon's oratory consists not in the studied splendor of Webster or Pitt, but in a subtle, mysterious something which cannot be defined. The composition of Mr. Royall's speech was fine, but the effect was injured by foot-prints being left on that same sand of time which so many feet have pressed.

Mr. W. B. Morton amused the audience by his remarks on "The Senior." He describes the high regard which he, as a Prep., had for the Seniors, and his admiration of their genius and originality, but now he claims that there is no such thing as originality. He rejoices in the fact that the present Senior class, unlike that of '83, do not require *beavers* to distinguish them; that genius will be honored whether crowned by a beaver or not. A part of Mr. Morton's speech was evidently in-

fluenced by that inimitable production of Dr. Bagby, Rubenstein's Music. Mr. Morton seemed to pave the way for this by his statement that there was no such thing as originality.

The sixth speaker was Mr. W. E. Wooten, his subject, "Washington and the American Revolution." Mr. Wooten claimed that in war those actuated by any other principle than love for liberty must fail, and in proof of this he adduced Hannibal and Napoleon as examples. He asserted that Washington towers high above Cæsar, Napoleon, and any other men who have ever lived! Mr. Wooten's speech, while it dwelt too much on facts with which we all are sufficiently familiar, was earnest, well expressed, and indicative of his high appreciation of the patriotism and heroism of those old days.

Mr. W. B. Pope delighted the audience by the interesting features which he presented of "The Boy." The hard lot of boys excited his deepest sympathy. He says that the institution of boys has an ancient origin, for boys have been known to exist almost from the beginning. The little

boy, he says, is generally found where he is not wanted, and whenever needed he is never to be found; he is an eternal source of annoyance to his grown sisters, and is tolerated only as an immoral necessity. Although Mr. Pope's speech was not of a metaphysical nature, and although the thought would have been expressed more appropriately in language less pompous, yet it was lively and good.

The next and last speaker was Mr. I. G. Riddick, who handled his subject, "Southern Pride," well. He says that the inordinate pride of the Southern people is the result of their early training, having been brought up in the belief that our land is the sunniest on the globe, that our statesmen are the greatest living, and that the Southern people are born "rulers of men." Mr. Riddick thinks that this view is erroneous, and can only injure the South. His arguments were good, and so was his delivery.

After the speaking was over the audience was invited to repair to the Literary Halls, where, it is to be hoped, all had a delightful time.

FRANK DIXON.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

—'57. Capt. H. D. Fowler, who recently made a visit to his old home and to Wake Forest, went to Arkansas after his graduation and engaged in teaching. At the breaking out of the war he returned to North Carolina and enlisted in Company I of the 1st North Carolina Regiment. He took command of the company in 1862. At the close of the war he went back to Arkansas and taught again, but fail-

ing health soon forced him to a more active occupation. He chose farming, soon married, and in 1870 went to Los Angeles county, California, where he now resides, being engaged principally in raising semi-tropical fruits. He seemed to enjoy his visit to the College, and was pleased with its marked improvement since he was here last, thirteen years ago.

—'77. Rev. J. R. Jones has resigned the pastorate of the churches at Morganton and Hickory.

—'77. We are glad to see that Rev. C. W. Scarborough is making a fine impression in the east. He made a number of speeches at the late meeting of the West Chowan Association, and the people seem to be congratulating themselves that they have him in their Female Institute at Murfreesboro.

—'79. Mr. R. P. Johnson is associated with Rev. O. T. Edwards in the Mt. Vernon Academy, Chatham county. But for a casual remark by a correspondent of a paper about the excellent wives of these gentlemen we would not now know that Mr. Johnson was a married man. Why did he keep so good a thing so close?

—'82. Mr. W. J. Ferrell has a flourishing school at the Morris Academy, near Wilton, in Granville county.

—'82. Mr. T. B. Wilder is reading law with C. M. Cook, Esq., in Louisburg.

—'83. Mr. H. B. Folk has the second position in a school of eight teachers and 275 pupils, in New Orleans, a position for which applications had been made by Harvard, Yale, Dartmouth, Bowdoin, and Princeton men. That is a marked compliment to Mr. Folk and to Wake Forest. He remembers the College with peculiar affection, and says he could write now a better valedictory than he did at Commencement. He did not stand the entrance examination to the Junior class in Harvard, as was announced. His present purpose is to enter the Senior class there next fall, and so get his diploma in one year. He has a high appreciation of the training he received here, as may be seen from a quotation printed elsewhere from a private letter.

—Those of the Alumni who are at the Seminary in Louisville recently showed their interest in their Alma Mater by sending a joint contribution to Professor Taylor for the endowment.

AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

WE shall try to deal fairly with our Exchanges. Criticisms will be favorable when there is merit, unfavorable when there is not.

—We notice first one of our oldest and most valued visitors, *The Illustrated World*, published at Philadelphia. The illustrations are fine and the literary articles choice. The editorials deal with the practical questions of the day. It is one of the best literary and art journals published in the United States.

—*The College Journal*, New York, is filled with matter that is only interesting to a student of the college at which it is published. The last number did not contain a single literary article.

—The October number of *The St. Mary's Sentinel*, Ky., is better than usual. It contains an interesting article on "The State as Supreme Educator," and a biographical sketch of "Nathaniel Hawthorne." It would be improved, if more space were devoted to literary articles.

—*The Vanderbilt Observer*, as usual, is filled with choice matter.

—*The Theilensian*, a new recruit in the ranks of college journalism, has been received, and we willingly place it on our exchange list.

—*The Alamo and San Jacinto Monthly* comes to us from the "Lone Star" State. It is well got up and reflects credit on the editors.

—*The Trinity Magazine* contains a fine article on "The Mediterranean Sea," by Hon. R. P. Dick. *The Magazine* is an honor to Trinity College.

—*The Sunbeam*, emanating from Ontario Ladies' College, has again found its way into our sanctum. It is well edited, and the young ladies deserve much credit.

—*The University Monthly*, N. C., is well edited and ranks high as a college magazine. The September number contains an interesting article on "England's Middle Class."

—Among all our college exchanges we doubt if we could find many equal to *The Delaware College Review*. The articles are short and pointed, and one does not tire in reading them.

—*The Adelphian* bears on its cover the motto, "Vita sine literis mors est." We are pleased with the motto, but on turning from cover to contents, find that they are only equal to those of the average college periodical.

—Union University should be proud of her magazine, *The Concordiensis*. It is ably edited. We notice a prize oration by Franklin W. McClellan, entitled "The South Which Lost," which is almost verbatim the same as

the oration delivered by George W. Johnson at Yale, entitled "The Lost Cause," and published in the April, '82, number of *The Yale Literary Magazine*. This is the boldest plagiarism that has come to our notice in some time.

—*The Hamilton College Monthly*, published by the young ladies of Hamilton Female College, is an honor to the editors and a credit to the college. We hope that it will visit us regularly.

—*The Educational Journal*, of Virginia, should be taken by every teacher. The articles are excellent and instructive. The September number is good. "Teachers' Reading," by Mary A. West, gives some valuable advice which should be heeded. "Some Metrical and Grammatical Peculiarities of Pope," by N. B. Webster, is very interesting.

—We have received the October number of *Electra*, a belles-lettres monthly published at Louisville, Ky. It contains sixty-four pages of choice matter, embracing poetry, fiction, history, biography, and accounts of travels in foreign lands. The number under consideration contains a beautiful poem, entitled "Omar Pasha and the Two Arab Girls;" an interesting sketch of the funeral of the great Grecian statesman, "Alexander Coumoundouros;" an account of "A Grecian Musical Festival," which occurred twenty-one hundred and ninety-two years ago; and some entertaining stories. It is published at the low price of two dollars per annum. It purchased *At Home and Abroad*, and takes its place, being a much better magazine.

—The *Suffolk Casket* next claims our attention. The *Casket* is small, but contains some very pretty jewels.

—The *William Jewell Student* is one of our best college exchanges. The contributions are interesting and the editorials well written.

—We gladly acknowledge the reception of *The Fayetteville Observer, State Chronicle, Raleigh Christian Advocate, Gold Leaf, Durham Recorder, Durham Plant*, and other excellent exchanges, which we would be glad to notice at length, if space permitted.

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SOUTHERN PRIDE.

From the heading of this article readers doubtless expect this to be another attempt to eulogize the South; but I will state in the beginning that nothing is further from my purpose; for it is my opinion that we southern people make much too high an estimate of the South, southern deeds, and southern men. But I cannot much blame our people for this, when I consider that from the time the young Southerner is old enough to wear breeches, he is trained up to believe that of all the lands under the sun Dixie is the sunniest; of all the soils, her's is the richest; that her corn, rye, apples, and grapes, make respectively the best whiskey, brandy, and wine; that her mines of gold, silver, copper, and coal are the richest that were ever hidden from the sight of avaricious man; and only a little labor and capital is needed to make Dixie the richest, loveliest, and most powerful country on the globe. And, too, he has painted to him in such glowing terms the deeds of his ancestors, that

he arranges them, and, beginning at Washington, marches them through his brain, each one bearing a banner, on which are written mottoes of this character: "Southern intellect must prevail;" "We are born rulers of men;" "Dixie is running Uncle Sam." The young Reb., carried away with the picture he has drawn, grabs up his wool hat (already gone to seed), and goes out to begin his glorious career of ruling men by inflicting a sound flogging on every little darkey on the lot. Now, since all the above mentioned absurdities are instilled through our tow-covered skulls from earliest babyhood, it is not at all surprising that we have so inordinate love for everything southern; and 'tis natural for us to magnify southern deeds, at the same time minifying everything not southern. It is not my purpose to mar one page of southern history; I do not wish to remove one stone from the colossal pile of glory which the South has been building through a hundred years, cemented as it is

with sweat and blood; nor do I intend to disparage our resources, soil, climate, beauties of our scenery, or the intelligence of our people. Rather do I wish, by fair comparisons, to show that the South is not so far ahead of all countries as her sons think.

I know Dixie yields abundant and sure harvests to the industrious husbandman, but you can find other lands upon which God has bestowed his good gifts with an equally lavish hand. The vine-clad hills of Italy and the fertile groves of southern France are regions which rival Dixie in every respect. There the sun shines just as brightly on landscapes equally variegated and beautiful; there the moon turns just as many lakes into pools of liquid silver. And for whiskey, wine, lager, and sour-kraut, I am sure France and Germany beat even western North Carolina. Almost every newspaper of to-day has a long piece, setting forth the extent and beauties of the mineral show the South had at the Boston Exposition; yet it seems to me that every observing person must see that the South, compared with other countries, is poor in minerals. The vast coal-fields of Pennsylvania and Illinois would appear the eighth wonder of the world to one who had only seen southern coal beds. And there are as many acres in the far West that yield an inexhaustible supply of gold and silver, as there are in the South that yield cotton and tobacco; still we are disposed to place the South ahead of the world as a mining country. In the matter of education the South is behind the civilized world. There are more men south of Mason and Dixon's line unable to read the votes they are so

proud to cast, than in any other region of the same size in the civilized world; consequently there are more men in that space, than any other, who spend their time loafing around cross-road stores, drinking mean whiskey, racing the lives out of their horses, talking about coon-dogs and the coming election; bragging on Bob Lee and Stonewall Jackson; and more than all, bragging on the part they or some of their relatives took in the war of the rebellion. As I am expressing my honest opinion, I am compelled to say there is one respect in which the South does surpass the world, and of this even Southern men cannot be too proud. I refer to the southern women. Before they became the wives and daughters of rebels, they were the lights that guided southern men to a higher, nobler life. During the late war, that time that tried *men's* souls, and found many wanting, southern womanhood shone with a brilliancy, grace, and sweetness that called forth the love and admiration of their enemies. And though they were everything that is embodied in the term "true woman," before the war and during the war, yet her victories have increased an hundred fold in the peace which has subjected her to still greater trials. The sudden descent from a life of ease and luxury to one of poverty and suffering, the unfamiliar broomstick, and the unwieldy oven and spider, have all combined to bring to light her purity, loveliness, and usefulness. Who ever saw any character more admirable, either in history or romance, than the brave, blithe, sympathizing woman of the South after the war? She boldly encounters the

realities of poverty, and sings sweet lullabies to her orphan children with lips still quivering with grief at the remembrance of the loved ones who perished on the battle-field. Thus by her willingness to work, and by her cheerfulness, she caused southern men to rise from the lethargy of despair and rebuild their shattered fortunes. Who can avoid being proud of them! who can fail to love them! Accursed be the man who can become so low as to betray or insult a Southern woman.

Southern generalship, statesmanship, and patriotism, of which we are so inordinately proud, are not one whit superior to those of other portions of the world, and especially of our own nation. We become intoxicated with delight when we think of our ancestors' exploits in the Revolutionary struggle. We are confident there has never lived such a patriot as Washington, and that no other men would have endured toil and privation as did the bands of Marion and Sumter in the swamps of the Carolinas, entirely forgetting that New England's sons were the first to pour out their blood for America's freedom; and that southern men only augmented the stream, begun by northern patriots, that swept away the British yoke. To one who has read carefully the history of our country from its foundation, it is very plain that every intellectual giant from the South has had his equal from the North; Jefferson had an Adams; Calhoun, a Webster; Clay, a Hamilton, and so on through the whole list.

The culminating point of southern pride is the part the South played in the late war. All politicians, all

school children, and every old soldier, rear and rant in their efforts to prove that southern men were brave; that southern generals were great, and that the South never would have been conquered if she had only had plenty of men and money. Now it seems to me that it is nothing but fair that we should look at the other side of the question, and if we consider fairly, I believe we will conclude that southern deeds are only the deeds of men. We must remember that after exhibiting such bravery, after such unparalleled generalship, we were conquered; that every time our army made an attack a Yankee was there to meet them; that if there was a Lee, a Jackson, and a Stuart, there was also a Grant, a McClellan, and a Sheridan. Every Southerner is proud when he calls to mind Pickett's charge at Gettysburg; how "they stepped like bridegrooms" to a marriage feast up the stony ridges of Round Top Hill in the face of a deadly shower of leaden hail, and then died, fighting for the cause they thought just. And, too, let us remember, that they found the hill bristling with bayonets in the hands of men equally brave and determined to conquer in a cause they thought just.

It seems to me, if you will consider carefully the facts I have presented, and give due weight to the comparisons I have made, you will conclude that, though the South is entitled to some praise, yet by indulgence in inordinate pride we do it grave injustice. I don't propose to offer remedies or advice, I shall leave that for older heads. Young ladies and gentlemen, the future of the South is in your hands. It is yours. You can

do with it what you will; you can make her great—so great that other people will be as proud of Dixie as you yourselves have been; or, you can wrap yourselves up in a foolish pride, and let other nations pass you in the

race to greatness. Will you do this? Young men of the South, do your part. I know that southern girls, as they always have done, will do theirs, and do it well.

I. G. R.

THE LENS AND ITS USES.

The power of the lens in magnifying objects in an enlarged degree was not accurately ascertained until the thirteenth century; though it had been in use for several years previous to that time. What a wonder that the ancient Greeks or Romans, who for centuries excelled in learning and the fine arts, had never discovered its wonderful magnifying powers? But it seems that those mighty discoveries and wonderful inventions were destined to ornament and brighten the pages of modern history. By combinations and arrangements of concave and convex lenses, objects are brought near, thrown to a distance, or enlarged; so at least, they are made to appear to the beholder; they are also made to appear brighter or dimmer, so that the different shades and colors may be readily observed. When made into certain kinds of instruments, lenses have the power of changing the aspect of an object, and of throwing light upon the hidden mysteries of nature; of solving questions which scientists could never have solved without the aid of these wonderful products of man's genius.

The lens has been used in making instruments which, though rude at

first, have played a large part in acquiring knowledge and advancing education throughout all the civilized portions of the globe. Of the instruments in which the lens is used, the eye-glass, the telescope, and the microscope are the most important; and I will attempt to give, in order, a brief sketch of its uses and importance.

The lens was first used in making eye-glasses, such as spectacles, spy-glasses, and opera glasses, which have contributed much to the comfort of that part of humanity afflicted with weak eyes or near-sightedness. No doubt the ancients thought that as they grew old they had to give up the pleasure of viewing nature in her resplendent verdure, and of perusing volumes made sacred to their memories by long association. True, such was the case in their day, and is the case now to some extent; but remedies in part have been found for these difficulties. Spectacles enable those whose eyes are growing dim on account of old age and from long continued straining, to see almost as well as they did when in the bloom of youth.

The near-sighted man, putting on spectacles for the first time, is astounded; he stands and gazes around

with amazement and admiration. We naturally ask, what causes this astonishment and admiration? We, who have had good eyes all our lives, can see nothing to arouse such feelings, and to call forth such outbursts of joy and gladness. But the spectacles reveal to him the beauties of nature, open a new world to his vision, and present everything in an aspect that he had never dreamed of before. Everything that once seemed to him rugged and unsightly now looms up before his admiring gaze with splendor and beauty; the little flower, which was once unnoticed, now attracts his admiring attention. He then feels like falling upon his knees and pouring out his soul to God in praise and thanksgiving for placing him here surrounded with so many beautiful things to enhance the pleasure of life.

The next of the eye-glasses is the spy-glass, which has proved of great value for many purposes. This instrument is used by pilots for the purpose of descrying in the dim distance approaching objects. Every vessel has its pilot, who is stationed upon some elevated spot, whence, with his spy-glass in hand, he can look over the surging billows and discover approaching vessels or danger ahead. The general carries a good spy-glass, with which he examines the strength of the opposing force and its movements, and he is thus enabled to prepare himself accordingly.

The opera-glass is used to enable people to see in theatres. It is a well known fact that in large halls, such as are used for theatrical purposes, those who sit in the rear of the hall are unable to see what is done in the front

unless they have an opera-glass. On such occasions, much depends upon the actions and gestures of the actors; and those who are unable to see these lose all interest.

There is a limit beyond which neither the spectacles nor the spy-glasses can go, and where other and more powerful inventions have to be resorted to in order to explore hidden mysteries; and here the telescope is called in to show its wonderful power. By the aid of the telescope the moon, which was once thought to be only a small planet to give light by night, has been found to have high mountains and dark, gloomy valleys. The heavens have been found to be full of bright shining planets larger than the earth, and all of them revolving in fixed paths, in fixed times, and according to fixed laws. But there are many questions which are asked concerning these heavenly bodies and which have not been answered, but every year new information is gained, some new planet is brought to light, and will continue to be brought to light until the telescope becomes perfect.

The microscope is used in solving the mysteries of the past, which lie buried beneath the soil, and in displaying to view the structure of animals, reptiles, fishes, and insects, and their manner of living. By the aid of the microscope we have discovered that many so-called plants are living animals, possessing the power of locomotion and of propagating their kind; and that the water and air are full of microscopic animals. By it physiologists have been enabled to ascertain the structure of man and beast, the difference in their

blood, the manner of its circulation and of its formation. Botanists have been enabled to discover the manner of germination of plants, and their growth, and their structure; they have been enabled to ascertain the manner of growth of the seeds of the various kinds of flowers and plants, and their mode of fertilizing one another. The

microscope has added a great charm and interest to the study of Natural History; and has already been of untold advantage by the discovery that certain terrible diseases are produced by living organisms, whose habits have been so thoroughly learned that the spread of these diseases is checked and human suffering alleviated. W. E. W.

EDUCATED FARMERS.

When we consider our true condition and the relations we sustain to other nations, we cannot but realize that the farmer should be better educated. We ought to find a great number of farmers in the legislative halls enacting laws for the common good, inasmuch as a large proportion of the voters are agriculturists. There are too many lawyers, in proportion to the farmers, doing this important work. Must the blame rest upon the lawyer for thus filling the exalted positions in the affairs of the government, positions which the farmer might hold if only he had the needed preparation? Of course not. The lawyer has been willing to sacrifice many hours of pleasure for those of toil and hardship in order that he might prepare himself for an active and manly life; while the farmer, forgetting that his country's prosperity depends to a very great degree upon his exertions, has been careless and indolent, having the false idea that an "old-field school" is good enough for him and for his children. When more educated farmers shall be sent to the legislature, the State will make more rapid strides in wealth, and

the people will become more enlightened and progressive. England witnessed her best days when Parliament was filled mostly with agriculturists. Think not that the farmer's vocation is a degrading one; rather is it one of the most honorable. Men who have received the highest honors that talent and tact can command have been sons of farmers. Our best statesmen were farmers. Washington, Webster, Clay, and others who upheld their country's cause in storm as well as in calm, were farmers—educated farmers.

As men of genius, talent, and intellectual force are demanded for all positions of trust and honor, farmers must of course be trained and educated in order that they may perform their part with greater honor to themselves and to their country. Not only do they form an important link in the chain of government, but they have a great control over the education of the people, and they are so situated that they have the power of exerting a powerful influence upon the minds of men. They stand in the same relation to the people by whom they are surrounded, as the hub of the

wheel does to the parts which encircle it. The wood must first be of material that will not crumble by the jolting of a heavy load; then it must be turned by a skilful hand; and the mortises must be chiselled with very great accuracy, in order that the spokes may fit tightly and the rim may be properly adjusted. Whenever the wood of the hub begins to decay and gives room for the spokes to move from their places, everything gives way very soon, and the wheel is worthless. Just so in regard to farmers. They must be men of stability, possessing a gentle disposition, a mild temper, yet firm in action, decided in purpose, and be in possession of the benefits which a liberal education is able to bestow. Let this education be given them, and they will be more competent and better qualified for determining upon the best plan for the education of their children, that they may know what is their duty to themselves, to their fellowmen, and also to

their God. Upon them depends the prosperity of the neighborhood and the welfare of the nation. Much depends upon their actions, and it is of no little importance that they should know how to judge and when to act.

As the farmers increase or diminish in wealth, so the other people grow in riches, or are oppressed by poverty. Whenever there comes a year of productiveness, and the land yields her fruit in abundance, when large fields of ripening grain are to be seen in almost every part of the country, and the farmer returns to his place of abode with a heart full of gratitude and thankfulness to his Creator, then all departments of industry thrive. When the farmers fail in their crops, and have hardly enough to sustain them throughout the year, then there is a decline in every business. The mechanic's life is made harder, as well as many others, because of the non-success of the farmers.

J. W. W.

VOLCANOES AND EARTHQUAKES.

Ancient mythology attributed volcanic eruptions immediately to supernatural agencies. We are told that when the giants were engaged in battle with the gods, Minerva plucked up Mount *Ætna* and hurled it upon Enceladus and buried him beneath the enormous pile, and that as often as the entombed giant struggles beneath his mighty load, the earth quakes and the mountain sends forth fire and smoke.

One of the earliest descriptions of a volcanic eruption is given by Virgil

in the third book of his *Æneid* as follows: "Our harbor is simple and undisturbed by winds, but near it *Ætna* thunders with horrible rains. Sometimes it sends forth to the skies glowing embers and a black cloud of smoke ascending in a pitchy whirlwind. Sometimes it throws up balls of flame which kiss the stars. Then again the molten rocks boil up from the lowest depths, and the mountain pours forth from its ignited mouth streams of liquid fire, that run in blazing torrents

down its sloping sides. Now flames spout forth from their burst furnaces. All Sicily trembles, and the heavens are draped with smoke." The description here given of an eruption of Mount *Ætna* is impressive and picturesque, but not exaggerated. No pen can adequately portray such sublime phenomena.

The situation of *Ætna* in the centre of civilization has caused its history to be better known, and its eruptions to be more faithfully and graphically recorded than those of other volcanoes. It is not, however, by any means the most remarkable one with which we are acquainted. There are in all about three hundred volcanoes, some of which are constantly active, while others are intermittent; and it is the business of the scientific geologist to give a rational explanation of their cause.

Some very absurd hypotheses have been framed in order to account for volcanic eruptions; and it was not until the discovery of central heat that science was able to surmount many very formidable difficulties with which the subject had been environed. The existence of central heat may be clearly proved. In descending into the earth it is found that the heat everywhere regularly and rapidly increases. The depth of the Dolcoath mine in England is fourteen hundred and forty feet, and during the descent the thermometer rises thirty-two degrees—or one degree for every forty-five feet. The depth of the Guanaxuato mine in Mexico is seventeen hundred feet, and during the descent the visitor observes that the thermometer rises thirty-seven degrees—

or one degree for every forty-six feet. The depth of the coal-pit of Ravine, in France, is five hundred and ninety-seven feet, and the colliers have noticed that while descending the shaft the thermometer rises eleven degrees—or about one degree for every fifty-four feet. There is a coal mine in East Virginia which has a depth of seven hundred and eighty feet, and during the descent the thermometer is observed to rise thirteen degrees—one degree for every sixty feet. There is in Paris an Artesian well whose depth is eighteen hundred feet. The temperature of the water is thirty-six degrees above the mean annual temperature of Paris. This indicates an increase of one degree for every fifty feet of descent. The Artesian well of Berlin has a depth of six hundred and seventy-five feet. The temperature of the water issuing from this well is nineteen degrees above the average temperature of the Prussian capital. In this case the temperature increases about one degree for every thirty-six feet of descent. In Charleston, S. C., there is an Artesian well whose depth is nine hundred and ten feet, and the temperature of the water is fourteen degrees above the mean annual temperature of Charleston. This indicates an increase of one degree for every sixty-five feet.

It is to be observed, moreover, that while deep excavations and Artesian borings have been made in every quarter of the globe, not a single exception has been found in which the temperature does not regularly and rapidly increase as we descend beneath the surface of our planet. The rate of increase does not ap-

pear to be the same in all countries. The average of all the observations made in Great Britain gives for the British Islands one degree for every forty-four feet. In Mexico the mean is one degree for every forty-six feet. In the United States it is one degree for every fifty-seven feet. The British Association has adopted as the average result of all the observations that have ever been made, one degree for every forty-five feet.

Assuming the mean temperature of the earth's surface to be fifty degrees, and applying the rule of the British Association that the temperature rises at the rate of one degree for every forty-five feet, we should find boiling water at the depth of seven thousand two hundred and ninety feet—somewhat more than a mile, and at the depth of sixty miles the heat would be seven thousand degrees—a temperature quite sufficient to melt all known rocks.

We conclude, therefore, that the whole earth, except a crust fifty or sixty miles thick, consists of rocks in a state of fusion. And as the diameter of the earth is nearly eight thousand miles, the crust is considerably less than one-hundredth of the diameter. To compare great things with small, the thickness of the shell of a hen-egg is much more than one-hundredth of its diameter. The egg might accordingly be taken to represent the earth in miniature, the shell representing the crust, and its contents the melted rocks within the crust. The analogy fails in this, that the shell of the egg is too thick.

The whole earth was originally in a state of intense fusion, and the crust

has been subsequently formed by gradual refrigeration. The universal fluidity of our planet at some remote period may be clearly proved. The form of the earth is an ellipsoid, whose minor and major axes have the ratio of two hundred and ninety-nine to three hundred; and careful mathematical investigations have shown that this ellipsoid has precisely the form which a globe would have assumed, if it were in a fluid state and made to rotate on an axis in a period of twenty-four hours. It may be observed also that many of the rocks, such as the granites and limestones, possess a highly crystalline structure, and, therefore, must have been produced from melted rocks. Moreover, perfect crystals of quartz, selenite, and other rocks are found in countless numbers in every accessible part of the globe. These perfect crystals are never formed except from materials passing from the liquid to the solid condition.

Having shown that the earth consists of an internal melted nucleus enclosed in a solid shell, it is possible to explain the phenomena of earthquakes and volcanoes:

It is obvious that any mode of subjecting the nucleus to powerful pressure must result either in a volcanic eruption, which relieves the pressure by discharging a portion of the nucleus, or in an earthquake, which breaks the enveloping shell. If an egg be rapidly heated, it is well known that the fluid portion expands and fractures the shell. Had the shell been first broken, the pressure caused by expansion would have been relieved by the escape of a portion of the liquid. Earth-

quakes generally precede volcanic eruptions, and diminish in violence as soon as the lava begins to flow fully from the crater. Volcanoes may be regarded as safety-valves through which the pent-up forces often make their escape. The pressure upon the nucleus is doubtless caused by the expansive force of steam. Of the three hundred volcanoes with which we are acquainted, not less than two hundred are situated on islands of the sea, and the greater part of the remainder are near the sea coast. This fact would seem to indicate that water performs an important part in volcanic phenomena. Enormous volumes of steam are generated by the contact of water with molten rocks in the interior of the earth, and this steam often makes its escape with the lava.

The phenomena of warm, hot, and boiling springs must convince us that the waters issuing from such natural fountains have in their course reached the neighborhood of the subjacent hot rocks. Humboldt informs us that great numbers of fishes are sometimes ejected from volcanic craters, whose height is fifteen thousand feet or more above the level of the sea. These fishes live in subterranean lakes whose barriers are melted down, or broken away during violent eruptions; and the waters, with the indwelling fishes, are in this way discharged into the volcano, and subsequently ejected from the crater. Pliny relates that during an eruption of Vulcano many dead fishes were thrown out of the crater, and fatally poisoned those who ate them.

There are unquestionable facts which establish the truth that volcanic power

is deep-seated. The lava is ejected not *from* the volcano, but *through* it. If the action were superficial, the lava would be exhausted by repeated eruptions. Sometimes the quantity of matter ejected at a single eruption is more than the whole mountain, if it were melted down, could supply. Vesuvius, at a single eruption, has been known to eject twenty-two millions of cubic yards of lava. But this enormous volume is small compared with what Ætna has sometimes disgorged.

That volcanic action is deep-seated is rendered evident also by the fact that volcanoes extending over many thousand square miles, often have a subterranean inter-communication. In 1783, when a submarine volcano off the coast of Iceland ceased to eject matter, another immediately broke out two hundred miles distant, in the interior of the island. Similar facts have shown that Stromboli and Vulcano have an internal connection with Vesuvius and Ætna.

Most volcanoes are intermittent. There are a few, however, which are constantly active, and always contain lava in a state of ebullition. Stromboli has been observed for more than two thousand years, and its action during this period has never intermitted. In Lake Nicaraugua is a volcano which is ever burning; and Popocatapetl, in Mexico, whose summit is eighteen thousand feet above the level of the sea, has never ceased to pour forth smoke since the conquest of the country by the Spaniards.

On the other hand, in the island of Ischia, near Naples, there is a volcano which had an interval of seventeen hundred years between two consecu-

tive eruptions. Chimborazo has not, since the discovery of the new world, given any volcanic indications, but it possesses a crater, and currents of solidified lava radiate from it, and it is not impossible that it may hereafter send forth fire and smoke, and prove to be a volcano. Indeed there are many mountains on both continents to whose craters streams of lava are distinctly traceable; and yet they have not been active during the historic period. Some of these are doubtless extinct volcanoes, but others, after slumbering for many thousand years, will break forth with redoubled fury from their long repose.

The precursors of an approaching eruption are volcanic smoke rising to a vast height, red colored flames, tremendous explosions, resembling the firing of artillery, vivid flashes of lightning, caused by the highly electrical condition of the atmosphere, and tremors of the earth, followed by the discharge of lava. As soon as the lava begins to flow freely these tremors cease.

We may form some estimate of the immense power exerted by volcanic agency from the effects which it sometimes produces. The *American Journal of Science* states that during the eruption of Cosiguina, on the coast of the Pacific, in 1835, volcanic ashes fell upon the island of Jamaica, eight hundred miles eastward, and at the same time upon the deck of a vessel twelve hundred miles westward. A very remarkable eruption occurred in one of the Molucca islands in 1815. It lasted about ninety days, and the explosions were heard in Sumatra—a distance of nine hundred and seventy

miles from the volcanic focus. Even at the distance of forty miles the fall of ashes was so heavy that houses were crushed and destroyed beneath them. At the distance of one hundred miles the showers of ashes occasioned a darkness equal to that of midnight. For many leagues around the ocean was covered with floating cinders two feet thick, and ships made their way through them with much difficulty. Large tracts of country were covered with lava, and of twelve thousand inhabitants, only twenty-six survived.

The power of volcanoes is exhibited in the vast height to which they often project solid rocks. Vesuvius, three thousand feet high, has not unfrequently launched scoriae and fragments of rock to the height of four thousand feet above its summit. Cotopaxi rises to the height of eighteen thousand feet, and sometimes projects matter six thousand feet above its summit, and on one occasion it hurled a stone whose volume was one hundred and nine cubic yards to the distance of nine miles.

Perhaps we obtain the best conception of the real power of volcanic agency by considering the quantity of lava which is sometimes discharged. In 1669 the lava ejected by Ætna at a single eruption covered eighty-four square miles. In 1783, Scaptajokul, in Iceland, disgorged lava which flowed off in two opposite streams—the one being fifty miles long and twelve broad, and the other forty miles long and seven broad. Each of these streams had an average depth of one hundred feet. The larger of them contained sufficient matter to cover the whole county of Wake to the depth of

one hundred feet. The largest of the renowned pyramids of Egypt covers twelve acres and has a height of four hundred and fifty feet. It has been conjectured that one hundred thousand men must have been employed for twenty years in erecting these monuments to human folly; and yet ten thousand such pyramids would not equal a single stream of lava discharged by Skaptajokul at one eruption.

The eruption of Vesuvius in the year seventy-nine was remarkable on account of destroying two populous cities, Herculaneum and Pompeii. Recent investigations have shown that these cities were not overwhelmed with lava currents, but were buried beneath stones, pumice, and sand. Herculaneum lies buried at the depth of one hundred feet, and was accidentally discovered in 1713 by the sinking of a well. This well went down upon a theatre in which the statues of Cleopatra and Hercules were soon found. In both these cities temples have been discovered with inscriptions commemorating the rebuilding of the edifices after they had been thrown down by an earthquake. This earthquake occurred during the reign of Nero, sixteen years before the cities were entombed. Both public and private edifices bear ample testimony to the ravages of this earthquake—the walls being rent and the fissures still open. Columns are seen lying on the ground only half hewn from the rocks, and the temples for which they were designed are still to be seen only half repaired. The streets are paved with blocks of lava, into which ruts have been cut one and a half inches deep by the carriage wheels. It is impossible not to look

with some interest upon these ruts worn by chariot-wheels eighteen centuries ago. Very few skeletons have been found in these fossil cities, and it is evident that most of the inhabitants found time to escape, and to carry with them their most valuable effects. In the barracks at Pompeii were found the skeletons of two soldiers chained to the stocks. In a house in the suburbs there was found a woman with an infant in her arms, a chain of gold was suspended from her neck, and rings set with jewels encircled her fingers. The signs over the doors are still legible, and the paintings which decorate the temples and palaces are almost as vivid as if they were just finished. A fruit-shop contained vessels filled with almonds, chestnuts, and walnuts, all distinctly recognizable from their shape. A baker's shop contained a loaf of bread with his name stamped upon it. On the counter of an apothecary was found a box of pills, and by the side of it a small cylindrical roll, evidently prepared to be cut into pills. Many of these curiosities are preserved, hermetically sealed, in the Neapolitan Museum. About four hundred volumes have been found and read, and so numerous are the obliterations and corrections that many of them must be original manuscripts. They are written in Greek and Latin. It is believed that not one hundredth part of these cities has been explored, and it is not improbable that the zeal of the antiquary may yet snatch from oblivion some of the writings of eminent Greek historians and philosophers, or some of the lost works of the Augustan age,—works of more intense interest

to the student than all that was ever written in hieroglyphics.

The destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah is doubtless to be attributed to volcanic agency. The valley of the Jordan, including the Dead Sea, abounds in volcanic rocks, and is occasionally convulsed by earthquakes. The ancient cities of Sodom and Gomorrah occupied what is now the southern part of the Dead Sea, and were destroyed by a volcanic eruption, and were afterwards sunk by an earthquake. That these doomed cities were, like Herculaneum and Pompeii, overwhelmed with volcanic fires, accords well with the language of the sacred writer: "The Lord rained upon Sodom and Gomorrah brimstone and fire out of heaven, and he overthrew those cities and all the plain, and all the inhabitants of the cities, and that which grew upon the ground."

It has been already stated that earthquakes usually precede volcanic eruptions, and cease when the expansive efforts of the volcanic matter are relieved by the discharge of lava. During the paroxysms of an earthquake animals show great alarm; something like sea-sickness is often experienced; heavy subterranean noises are heard, sometimes resembling the rumbling of carriages, at other times more like the discharge of artillery; the ground trembles and rocks; fissures open on the surface and again close, swallowing up whatever may have fallen into them; fountains are dried up; rivers are turned out of their channels; portions of the earth's surface are elevated and other portions are depressed; and the sea is unnatur-

ally agitated and thrown into vast billows.

Many cases might be mentioned in which towns and cities during earthquakes have been partially or wholly submerged by the ocean. In 1692 a part of Port Royall, in the West Indies, was sunk, in 1755 a part of Lisbon, and in 1812 a part of Caraccas. Indeed no less than three-fourths of Port Royall went down during this earthquake, and but few houses were left standing upon the island. After the subsidence, the tops of the chimneys could be seen protruding through the water. A frigate engaged in repairing a wharf was driven over the tops of several buildings. The ground was traversed by numerous fissures, two or three hundred of which might be seen at a time, opening and then closing rapidly. Many of the inhabitants were swallowed up in these fissures. Some were caught by the middle and squeezed to death, while others, after being engulfed, were violently thrown out with great volumes of water. One of the streets was permanently widened to double its original breadth.

It is impossible for those who have never experienced the shocks of a violent earthquake to form an adequate conception of the titanic power which they display. During the earthquake which visited Peru in 1746, two hundred shocks occurred in twenty-four hours. Of twenty-three vessels in the harbor of Callao, nineteen were sunk, and of four thousand inhabitants, thirty-eight hundred perished. The earthquake which convulsed all Sicily in 1693 levelled fifty cities to the

ground, and destroyed one hundred thousand human beings, or more than three times as many as perished on the bloody field of Marengo. In 1755 the city of Lisbon was demolished by one shock, and in about six minutes sixty thousand lost their lives, and some of the largest mountains in Portugal were impetuously shaken from their very foundations, and were from summit to base rent asunder. A vast concourse of people collected on the quay in order that they might be beyond the reach of falling ruins, but suddenly the quay went down, with all the people on it, to an unfathomable depth.

No pen can portray the sufferings which are sometimes produced by earthquakes in cities and populous districts. During the earthquake in Calabria in 1783, Sir William Hamilton estimates that forty thousand persons were buried beneath the ruins of their own houses. Many were burned to death by the conflagrations which so generally follow the shocks. Many more were engulfed in deep fissures, and their skeletons now lie buried in the earth at the depth of several hundred feet. Dolomieu, who visited Calabria a few days after the earthquake, asserts that the impression made upon him almost deprived him of his faculties. Nothing had escaped; not a single house or wall was left standing. On all sides were heaps of stone so destitute of form that they gave no indications that they had ever been human habitations. Many of the inhabitants were buried alive and might have been rescued, but the survivors were too few to render effectual aid. They could, indeed, hear the

moans of those most dear to them—could recognize their voices—were certain of the exact spot where they lay buried beneath their feet, yet could afford them no succor. The piled mass resisted all their strength and rendered their efforts of no avail. Affecting narratives have been preserved of mothers who for four days heard the fruitless cries of their children, but were unable to disinter them.

The convulsions of earthquakes often extend over wide areas. During the earthquake which destroyed Lisbon in 1755, a portion of the earth four times as great as all Europe was simultaneously shaken. At Algiers the shocks were as violent as in Spain and Portugal. In 1812 several violent shocks of an earthquake were felt in South America, and on the memorable 26th of March the splendid city of Caraccas was in an instant converted into a heap of ruins, under which ten thousand of the inhabitants lay buried. The Andes were for many hundred miles more violently shaken than the plain upon which Caraccas stood. The shock was severely felt in Charleston, South Carolina, and the Valley of the Mississippi was fearfully convulsed. The grave-yard at New Madrid was precipitated into the Mississippi. An experienced engineer of New Orleans happened to be near New Madrid at the time. He asserted that the ground rose up in undulations which advanced like billows of the sea—that as the waves advanced the trees bent down, and the instant afterwards, while recovering their positions, they often met with other trees inclined in a contrary direction, so that their branches became interlocked, and they were

prevented from righting themselves. The transit of the wave through the forest was marked by the crashing noise of countless boughs. There were numerous fissures running from northeast to southwest, and when these closed, jets of water were thrown up to a great height, and then fell in such torrents as to endanger the lives of men and animals. The inhabitants of the convulsed region of the Mississippi concurred in the statement that the ground rose in great waves, and that when these reached a certain height the surface broke and formed large fissures, and that, on the subsidence of the wave, these fissures closed up—forcing out vast volumes of water as high as the tops of the trees. This convulsed region was visited by Sir Charles Lyell in 1846. Many of the fissures still remained open, and all the large trees were leafless and dead. Probably they were killed by the shivering of the earth.

By the agency of earthquakes numerous and important changes have been brought about. Many thousand square miles have been permanently reclaimed from the ocean, while, perhaps, an equal area has been submerged. The coast of Chili has been elevated, while a large portion of the delta of the Indus has been depressed. New islands have risen up in mid-ocean and others have gone down, perhaps to rise no more. In the course of ages

vast continents have been lifted above the waters, and are now the abodes of men, while the beds of the present seas have at periods far anterior to human records constituted fertile plains, and sustained a luxuriant vegetation, and teemed with birds and quadrupeds. The ocean has forsaken its place, the mountains have departed, and the hills have been removed.

In regions frequently visited by violent earthquakes, architecture makes but little progress, and spacious temples and gorgeous palaces are unknown. Men do not construct their dwellings of imperishable rock, because these, instead of affording comfort and protection, might become the instruments of their torture and death.

There is nothing more mysterious in Divine Providence than that by the operation of natural causes cities should be levelled to the ground, harbors destroped, roads rendered impassable, rich plains converted into wastes, and both the population and property of extensive districts almost annihilated in a day. It is needless to say that these frightful catastrophes occur in conformity with the will of the Ruler of the universe. His purposes are always right, but they are far beyond the reach of our philosophy. Nature and Revelation alike teach that His judgments are inscrutable, and His ways past finding out.

W. G. S.

THREE YEARS IN THE WEST.

In the spring of '81 the good people of China Grove, a small village south of Salisbury, were thrown into great

excitement by the sudden appearance there of a large number of ladies and gentlemen. But before we proceed

with our narrative, it is necessary to explain the cause of this unusual assemblage.

For more than a year there had existed what was secretly known as the "Tarheel Emigration Society." This society was composed of all the prominent young men in the neighborhood, the writer being a member. Like the Nihilists of Russia, we met at the hour of midnight, in the most secluded places, to discuss our cause and form our plans. Well we knew that, were our intentions made public, not only would threats and scoldings be heaped upon us, but something a little more severe would be showered upon our backs. Of course, our secret was not kept—alas! they never are when you let a woman know them—and such a commotion has not been witnessed in Rowan, since Stoneman's raid in '65, as was made when our scheme was revealed. Some of the boys got sound floggings, which proved to be an effectual remedy for western fever. Others yielded to the influence of pairs of blue eyes, and vowed to Cupid never to leave the old North State. But I am proud to say there were six Spartan braves whose plans were not to be thwarted.

The 2nd of March found us waiting for the train which was to bear us from our native land. The night had been spent in feasting, frolicking, and, I might add, not a little love-making. The whistle of the train put an end to our happiness—the hour of parting was at hand. On it came, paused for a moment; "All aboard!" from the conductor, and we were off. The boys looked bad enough. As for me, I imagined I felt like Napoleon leaving

for St. Helena, and was forced to give vent to my feelings by exclaiming, "Land of the brave, I salute thee! Farewell, Carolina!! Farewell!!!"

Some of the boys had never been on a train before, and it was not a little amusing to see with what tenacity they clung to their seats. When the train rocked one way, they would lean the other, as if they feared the thing would lose its equilibrium and topple over.

Our first stop was at Greensboro. Having purchased our tickets we sallied forth to see the town. With three dollars in my pocket, a two-and-a-half-cent cigar in my mouth, I felt every inch a man.

The ride from Greensboro to Richmond was monotonous and uninteresting. The country is barren, as one would infer from the appearance of the people along the line. As we neared the city, however, things assumed a better shape, and we began to open our eyes in wonder and admiration. The ride down the James is delightful, as one gets a fine view of the city upon the opposite side. After spending considerable time visiting the various objects of interest in the city, we took the western train for "the land of the setting sun." We now realized the fact that we were leaving home. Not a word was spoken, but, with dim eyes and a heavy heart, each sank into his own reflections. Sleep, which visits us in our saddest as well as our happiest hours, at last came over us; and we were soon in the unexplored regions of that mystic land.

When we awoke on the following morning, our eyes were greeted with a scene grand and beautiful. It had been snowing during the night, and

now when the morning sun arose, and shed his beams upon the snow-covered peaks, they shone like mountains of gold. On and on we sped, now flying across some mighty chasm, now darting through a huge mountain, and again following the course of some river as it rushed madly on to the Ohio. Ever and anon we passed some little village, nestled among the mountains like a picture in a frame. As the sun was sinking beneath the horizon we came in sight of the great Ohio. At Huntington we took the magnificent steamer, Fleetwood, for Cincinnati. Our ride on the boat was anything but pleasant. Not having the necessary change to purchase a berth, we were forced to take deck passage, which is the next thing to purgatory. Poor boys! there we were hundreds of miles from home with scarcely enough money to buy a sandwich; thermometer twenty degrees below zero, and wind blowing almost a hundred miles an hour. We lay there upon goods boxes, molasses barrels, listening to the howling winds and shrieking engines, only to think and dream of the flesh-pots and feather beds of sunny Carolina. At daybreak we beheld the church spires of Cincinnati—the Queen City of the West. Here we saw everything,—the Zoological Gardens, electric lights, suspension bridge, the fat woman, pigtailed Chinamen, the Durham Bull, St. Jacob's Oil, and thousands of other things. The boys enjoyed themselves hugely, but alas for me! I had on a summer hat, which was not very comfortable or becoming in that frigid zone. Nor is it pleasant to be laughed at by 300,000 people; but I held my

peace, knowing they were not aware of who it was they mocked.

That night we left for Illinois. I was not very favorably impressed with the people of Cincinnati. They did not receive us with that courtesy which we bestow upon distinguished Northerners when they come among us. At noon on the following day we were flying over the broad prairies of Illinois. Before night we had arrived at our destination, tired, sleepy, hungry, and home-sick, having been more than a week on the road. After a short consultation, it was thought best that we separate, every man to his own way.

Having invested my remaining fifteen cents in stationery, wherewith to write home, I set out for the country in search of employment. The weather had somewhat moderated, though the rain fell in torrents. I had neither boots nor umbrella, and worse than all, still wore my summer hat. Not being used to such inclement weather, it began to swell and grow upward, and ere long it had attained a considerable height. I soon found employment—such as it was. My employer was kind enough to state that he was not busy, and all I would be required to do was to look after twenty horses, milk twelve cows, and feed about a hundred head of cattle. Now I had never milked a cow in my life, nor did I know which side to begin on; but it didn't take me long to learn after being kicked over a half dozen times. The first morning I was sent to husk corn in a field big as an ordinary farm. It had cleared up during the night. The sun came out warm and bright. I had just begun

to congratulate myself upon the favorable appearance of the weather, when I noticed a little cloud in the west, and in twenty minutes it was snowing and blowing as I never saw it in all my life. One gust of wind—and my straw hat was gone, never to be seen again. When a man's hat blows off in Illinois, he never attempts to pick it up—just waits till another comes along. So changeable was the weather that I was afraid I would share the fate of that poor fellow up in Iowa, who was smitten with sun-stroke one morning, and froze stiff before his friends could get him into the house.

For the first month of my stay in Illinois I lived a secluded life. Though living in the same county with Senator David Davis, the Governor of the state, and other distinguished men, I don't remember having called on them a single time.

My employer was an old-time Republican. I tried to show him his error, but he saw it not. He was a fine scholar, and well read in history, but I based all my arguments upon common-sense.

At the expiration of my first month I determined to visit St. Louis, as I had long desired to see the "Future Great," and to ride upon the bosom of the mighty Mississippi. As a commercial and manufacturing centre, St. Louis will vie with any city in the West. About twenty railroads enter here, and the river is covered with boats as far as the eye can reach. The great wonder of the city is the bridge across the Mississippi, completed several years ago at a cost of \$10,000,000. St. Louis has more beautiful parks and fountains than any city in the

Union, though they are not so large as those of Philadelphia. From its geographical situation and the fertility of the surrounding country, St. Louis, it is thought by some, will some day be the metropolis of America.

I spent my first summer on the farm, where I enjoyed myself very much. Farming in Illinois is nice work, as it carried on in a scientific way. The country is almost perfectly level. The farms are laid off in a hundred and sixty acres each; surrounded by hedge fences, and nearly every foot of ground in cultivation. One rides to plow, sow, and to reap. The farmers raise all kinds of grain, though, of late, much attention is given to stock-raising. The county in which I lived produces more wheat than our entire State. Of course the country has its disadvantages. Severe winters, dry summers, bed-bugs, and cyclones sometimes come with telling effect. The people, as a class, are wealthy and refined. The men are horribly ugly, but perfectly harmless. The women are supremely beautiful, but exceedingly lazy. A western girl can perform on the pianoforte, sing, and recite poetry all day; but when the dishes are to be washed, socks to be darned, and pantaloons to be mended, she invariably has the headache.

Of the six boys, two came back, and four remained in Illinois. Of the four who remained, one is a student at college, two are farmers, and the fourth got married, and is now raising corn, wheat, cattle, and little Yankees.

Should any of my readers contemplate going West, I have but one word of advice to give,—*don't wear your summer hat.*

J. W. L.

FORGOTTEN.

Ah! there she sits; the sad thing seems,
A picture of dire despair;
No ray upon her darkness gleams,
No kindness on her care.

Though all around her, love and peace
In grateful union blend,
No power can give her heart release,
Or aught of solace lend.

Oppressed by want and heavy grief,
She sits in twilight hours;
No one to cheer or bring relief;
No rest for wasting powers.

* * * *

My mental vision quickly flies
From present misery;
And, thronging 'neath bright, sunny skies,
A happy band I see.

'Tis spring, when verdure clothes the vales,
When all is bright and fair;
Whilst ever-moving, gentle gales,
Disturb the fragrant air.

Now Nature's clad in lovely hue,
Her beauties please the eye;
The zephyr's charm, the sunset view,
Bid winter's shadows fly.

Singing birds and blooming flowers
Unite in concord sweet,
To bless the cheerful morning hours,
The party gay to greet.

The church bell rings a merry peal,
The joyous throng appears;
Secure and happy now they feel,—
Away with gloomy fears!

The bridegroom's there—a manly youth,
Beside his blushing bride ;
He looks the embodiment of truth,
In whom she may confide.

Charmingly innocent and fair,
The beauteous bride appears,
Without one thought of future care,
Or bitter, fruitless tears.

In trusting love, with words sincere,
The marriage vows they seal ;
In future, be it sweet, severe,
They're one for woe or weal.

Forth to life with its toils and cares
These happy ones are gone ;
To meet its dangers, woes, and snares,—
Its darkness all unknown.

A while in happiness they live,
No trouble dares annoy ;
Love's sunshine calmest peace can give,
And shed on all its joy.

But oh ! how soon the tempter, yile,
Starts up their lives to blight ;
He comes, the thoughtless to beguile,
And turn fair day to night.

At first the husband drinks to please
His friends so true and kind ;
And then he drinks his pains to ease,
And pleasures rare to find.

At first anon a night he spends,
Till the midnight hours come,
With thoughtless, gay, and wicked friends,
Drinking accursed rum.

At first, when in a surly mood,
He cast an angry look
On her who, for their mutual good,
Her home and friends forsook.

At first, when in a reckless way,
Some notes he did endorse,
The fruits of which in future day
Brought anguish and remorse.

So step by step the tempter's power
Was leading on and on ;
Till, in a fatal, woful hour,
His self-control was gone.

His nights he spends not now at home ;
His wife is lonely now ;
While he with demons loves to roam,
Or falls in drunken row.

His business tact, enlightened, just,
Had swelled his earthly store ;
But now all view him with distrust,—
His prosperous days are o'er.

Sunk in poverty's awful state,
The wretch does lower sink ;
He finds himself, when all too late,
On ruin's fearful brink.

His virtuous friends forsake and flee
From one so very base ;
Whilst other friends as vile as he,
Add much to his disgrace.

His vicious acts more flagrant grew,
His self-respect grew less,
Till many crimes of direful hue,
Involved him in distress.

An awful sight the drunkard stands,
Hope from his breast has fled ;
In prison now he wrings his hands,
And wishes he were dead.

And oh ! what mind can fully know,
The mis'ry in her life,
Or how much hath of grief or woe,
The drunkard's lonely wife.

The marriage vows forgotten are,
The husband's true no more ;
His cruel words her beauty mar,
Their common joys are o'er.

* * * *

But stop--no more we'll shuddering view
A scene so full of gloom ;
'Twas but the drunkard's rightful due,
The poor wife's awful doom.

And oh ! that ladies all would learn,
From this picture sad indeed,
From the tippler in disdain to turn,
Nor his honeyed words e'er heed.

Then much of woe from earth would go,
Now darkening mortal life ;
And few, ah ! very few would know
The grief of a drunkard's wife.

C. B. J.

EDITORIAL.

THE CONVENTION.

On Monday night, the 12th ult., we boarded the 8:30 train en route to Edenton, to attend the Baptist State Convention, which convened at that place the following Wednesday. We went *via* Portsmouth, and arrived at Edenton at 1:30 p. m., Tuesday, and were met at the train by Mr. J. D. Bateman, who very hospitably entertained us during our stay.

The Convention convened Wednesday morning. We were introduced by Rev. R. VanDeventer, the pastor of the Edenton Baptist Church, to the Convention, and welcomed to a seat in that body by the President, Hon. J. C. Scarborough.

It gives us pleasure to state that our Baptist brethren appreciate THE STUDENT as the organ of Wake Forest College; they proved this by giving their aid in extending its circulation. We especially thank Dr. Pritchard for his able and complimentary speech in the Convention in its behalf.

The delegates were enthusiastic concerning the endowment of Wake Forest College. When Prof. Taylor asked for \$3,000 for this object, Dr. Thomas Skinner, of Raleigh, rose and said that he would give \$1,000, and was quickly followed by others who gave \$500, \$100, and \$50, till the amount asked for was secured.

The best talent in the denomination was present, and eloquent sermons were preached by Rev. A. G. McManaway, Drs. Bitting, Burrows, Nun-

nally, Pritchard, Taylor, Hufham, and others. The Convention was largely attended, and everything passed off pleasantly. It was thought the best meeting of that body ever held.

After adjournment on Monday, the 19th ult., the visitors bade farewell to the hospitable town of

EDENTON.

This place is beautifully situated and possesses as much historical interest, if not more, than any other town in North Carolina. It is the county-seat of Chowan. It was settled in 1716, and was then called The Settlement at the mouth of Queen Anne's Creek. At the mouth of this creek are still to be seen the remains of an old fort which was built as a protection against the Indians. The name which it now bears was given in 1720, in honor of Charles Eden, the royal Governor of the Province. The house occupied by Governor Eden, and known as the Mansion, is still standing, and does not appear very ancient, although it was erected in 1758. The court-house was built about the year 1730, and is still in an excellent state of preservation. It is said that the bricks of which it is built were brought from England. We were shown by the affable Register of Deeds, Major T. M. Small, some deeds and other documents of the county dating back to the beginning of the eighteenth century.

The Episcopal church is one of the oldest church edifices in the United States, and was built by taxation soon after the settlement of the colony at

this place. The cemetery belonging to this church contains some very handsome monuments; some of them having been erected before the year 1732.

Probably the most interesting place in the town is the Masonic Hall, on the second story of the court-house. The Lodge is named Unanimity, and was organized November 8, 1775, under charter from the Duke of Beaufort, at that time Master of Masons in England. This ancient Lodge contains many old and valuable relics, the most interesting being the Master's chair, which is one from the full set presented by Lord Baltimore to the Masonic Lodge at Fredericksburg, Va. In 1775 it was sent to Capt. Russell for safe keeping, and he presented it to the members of Unanimity Lodge, and it has not been out of their hall since that time. It was made in Europe of mahogany, and is covered with Masonic emblems engraved on the wood. Gen. Washington once presided over the Lodge, sitting in the chair, and several Historical Societies have endeavored to secure it, but the present owners persistently refuse to part with it. They have a sword, hour-glass, silver candle-sticks, silver Masonic regalia, a Bible printed in 1738, and a prayer-book printed in 1748, which have been in the possession of this Lodge since 1775. We saw some records of the Lodge which dated from its establishment.

They have a china pitcher covered with Masonic emblems, which was presented to the Lodge in 1775, and it is said that it was brought from England to this State by Sir Walter Raleigh. It has printed on one side a Masonic song, which we here publish by request:

" No sect in the world can with Masons compare ;
So ancient, so noble, the badge which they wear,
That all other Orders, however esteemed,
Inferior to Masonry justly are deemed.

CHORUS.

We always are free,
And forever agree,
Supporting each other,
Brother helps brother,
No mortals on earth are so friendly as we.

The greatest of monarchs, the wisest of men,
Free-masonry honored again and again ;
And nobles have quitted all other delights,
With joy to preside o'er our mystical rites.

Though some may pretend we've no secrets to
know ;
Such idle opinions their ignorance show ;
While others, with raptures, cry out, they're re-
vealed,
In Free Masons' bosoms they still lie concealed.
Coxcomical pedants may say what they can,
Abuse us, ill use us, and laugh at our plan ;
We'll temper our mortar, enliven our souls,
And join in a chorus o'er full flowing bowls."

Our thanks are due Mr. W. E. Bond, the Master, and Mr. P. F. White, the Tyler of the Lodge, for the privilege of examining these objects of interest.

The principal streets of this historic town are named King, Queen, Granville, etc., and remind one of the time when North Carolina was subject to Great Britain. The beautiful sheet of water in front of this place preserves the name of Gen. George Monk, Duke of Albemarle, by whose efforts Charles the Second was restored to his crown and kingdom.

Edenton does not live only in the past, for it is a prosperous and growing town to-day. We are told that it is one of the best commercial centres in the eastern portion of our State. The memory of the grand old town of Edenton will long be fresh in the minds of those who had the pleasure

of visiting her during the Convention.

On Monday, the 19th ult., we bade adieu to our Edenton friends, and took passage on the steamer Commerce for Williamston, where we arrived about 11 o'clock that night, and were entertained by that genial gentleman, Capt. Biggs. The next morning we took the train for Tarboro, arriving there about 9 a. m. After staying in this pleasant little city an hour, we left for Rocky Mount. Here we waited two hours, and then boarded the train for Weldon, where we took dinner. We reached Wake Forest College at 6:30 p. m., having spent one of the most enjoyable weeks of our life.

C. L. S.

DR. J. MARION SIMS.

The science of surgery has lost one of its brightest ornaments and greatest benefactors in the death of Dr. Sims. He was born in South Carolina on the 25th of January, 1813. He was graduated from the South Carolina College at the age of seventeen, and three years afterwards received his diploma at the Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia. Immediately afterward he began the practice of medicine, devoting his time to special branches of that science, not to the one, however, in which he gained so universal reputation and reaped so great rewards. Surgery was his forte, and in it he truly made himself great. In 1853 he went to New York City, and there devoted his energies almost exclusively, for a time, to the arduous work of his profession, building up a large and lucrative practice. He was one of the

most remarkable men of our day. With great powers of observation and application, there was combined in him a logical force rarely surpassed, and rarely equalled by any of his contemporaries in his profession. The greater part of his life was spent in the engrossing pursuits of his profession, and the composition of some of the ablest works that have ever illustrated and enlarged the science of medicine. With unparalleled industry and intense concentration of mind, he employed all his powers of inquiry and research in broadening the bounds of the science to which he gave his life, and of which he was so eminent an exponent. In addition to his other works, Dr. Sims succeeded in establishing, after much hard labor and stubborn opposition, a hospital for women in New York City. His praiseworthy efforts in this humane and philanthropic undertaking alone are sufficient to hand down his name to posterity as the especial friend of woman, and one who has done much to ameliorate the condition of suffering humanity.

The eminence to which he attained as a surgeon was not confined to this country alone; but in Europe he was received and honored as a practitioner of great insight and comprehensive knowledge. He had a large practice both in France and the adjoining countries of the continent, and by special invitation operated in the hospitals of Paris, London, Brussels, and Dublin. The extraordinary success with which he met solicited the warmest praise from some of the most eminent men of Europe. He was regarded by many as the greatest surgical discov-

erer and operator of the age. Honors were conferred on him by the French, Spanish, Italian, and Portuguese governments. His services were in constant demand among people of wealth and high social standing, and while chiefly confined to this class, still he found time to do a great deal of gratuitous work among persons in the lower walks of life. And by these alone, if he had left no more durable monument of his greatness, would his memory be kept green and fragrant.

A. M. R.

UTILITY.

To all who feel an interest in the progress of education, it is gratifying to witness the attention which is being paid to education in almost every section of our country and among all classes of society. It is an evidence that the *people* are beginning to appreciate it, and are becoming sensible of its importance. The largely-patronized common-schools and country academies, the village high-schools, the normal schools, and colleges, and state universities, are all unmistakable signs of growing interest on the subject, and point with prophetic certainty to the time when our country, as she is now a model of political and religious freedom, will be a model of intelligence and refinement.

But while it is true that a laudable zeal in behalf of education is everywhere manifest, it is also true that this zeal is in great danger of being misdirected. Indeed, it is even now being grossly misdirected, in what may be appropriately termed the "utility" theory of education. This misappli-

cation of zeal is not to be wondered at; for this is an eminently practical age, and the tendency of education, as of almost everything else, is becoming decidedly utilitarian. The opinion that education should have for its chief object the putting of its possessor on the road to material prosperity is plainly gaining strength. The demand is for a "practical education," by which must be meant an education that will give to him who possesses it most in dollars and cents, or, at least, prepare him especially for making money.

Every art and science must speedily demonstrate its practical advantage, or be cast aside as a useless encumbrance. The more civilizing and refining arts are being condemned, and the ban of "imaginary" is set upon them. We are apt to think because they are not money-making, they are useless—because poetry has not a market price, it is of no worth. Latin does not teach a man how to keep books, Greek does not prepare him for a clerkship, and they are consequently dubbed as "college fetishes," and modern science is vainly trying to drive them from the college curriculum and consign them to a place with the things of the past. The demand for a "practical education" should be responded to, and every educated man should turn from contemplating anything that could not be measured by dollars and cents, if the aim of all governments and life were simply the accumulation of property. Students should enter no field that did not offer ready gains, and the whole land should plunge into the boldest material pursuits.

But there is a nobler aim. It may not bring so much ready money, but will bring something better than this both to the individual and to the land in the end. Liberal education, when rightly used, has a great conservative power; and in addition to the practical advantages it may bestow, there is a maturity, finish, and symmetry given to its possessor, that go far to elevate ideals, and produce a higher regard for noble things. It regulates material and moral forces, and has besides great reserve force, and deserves to be fostered at all times for the well being of our country.

To contend for the so-called “practical education” is as foolish as it would have been, had the first settlers in this country refused to have any schools, because they did not directly aid in procuring support for the young colonies. There is no objection to the idea of utility when not carried to extreme, and when rightly understood; but when it becomes the ruling influence, and over-rides common-sense and sound judgment to the extent of hurling from colleges the classics, it has degenerated into a vice. No; knowledge must be loved for its own sake. The classics must not be cast aside, for the study of them means love for the good, the beautiful, and the true. The languages of Greece and Rome will live, and the thoughts of Homer and Virgil will still sway the world when the petty attempts of modern utilitarians to silence them shall be forgotten.

D.

“THE RECORD.”

The precocious young American seems to be going crazy on the sub-

ject of records. All the healthful outdoor sports are degenerating into contests for the best “record.” It is amazing to what extremes of exertion and endurance men, and sometimes ladies, subject themselves in order to make a better record than somebody else. These persons sometimes inquire of physicians what can or cannot safely be undertaken by them under particular circumstances; sometimes without such consultation, or not heeding the sensible warning, they attempt at all hazard the fearful task about which they have been dreaming.

This mania is unreasonable in the last degree, and two disastrous results must ensue, first to its victims, second, to the sports. It does not require the physician’s knowledge to tell that this extreme competitive strain is most injurious to the physical organism. The human body is indeed a wonderful machine, and its powers are wonderfully elastic. But it was not put up with a view to this excessive labor, which, being unnatural, cannot be imposed upon it without fatal consequences. Its mental and moral effects are none the less to be dreaded. There is a nervous interest in everything that pertains to the particular sport, and by and by “the sport” overshadows all things else, temporal and eternal. And, then, it is bad that so many means of health and innocent entertainment should by this mania be perverted from their legitimate uses, and made the agents in physical and mental wreck. Running, boating, ball, cycling, and even the gymnasium, are thus threatened. We understand that in a famous school in North Carolina prizes are offered for the “best acting” in

the gymnasium, and the public are invited to exhibitions in which the daring feats of the "best actors" are rather shocking to the nerves of ladies not accustomed to the circus. We respectfully submit that these luxuries and blessings deserve to be protected against such perversion.

W. L. P.

IN WINTER-QUARTERS.

Like the bear and the bat, we are now entering upon our period of hibernation. As these animals are in sorry plight when they come out in the spring, so it is with many people,—they may, indeed, come out with more flesh on their bones, but it is with thinner souls and lighter heads. We are not bears and bats, and our being shut in for the winter ought to affect us far differently. It ought for us to be a season not only of rest, but of growth and ingathering.

These long winter nights—what shall we do with them? what will they do for us? Outside the wind moans, the crisp leaves rasp one another and shiver, the rain splashes and the hail clinks on the window-pane. Inside the fire crackles and blazes brightly on the hearth, and the large or the small semi-circle of love locks it in. Two, three, four hours till bed-time. How shall we spend them? Talking about the neighbors? No. That is vulgar gossip, and leads only to leanness. Conundrums? Well, they are very nice now and then; they whet the wits, and set the thinker agoing. But we don't want conundrums every night. They spoil when too often repeated. Games? Yes, what a list of

them we have! how the dear old home has rung with healthful laughter, corroding care pressed through the cracks into the cold outside by the abounding fun and frolic! But sometimes quiet suits the spirits best; and who would consent to frolic all these precious hours away?

There is one thing which combines pleasure and profit as none of those mentioned do. It is no secret, and you have guessed it—reading. But as we want to play only nice games, so we want to read only good books. Thank God for good books! that instruct our ignorance, that kindle imagination, that lead our weaker thought over heights we could never know without them, that strengthen the pillars under character, and lift up our trailing affections to what is pure and beautiful and good. With appreciative and diligent use of these, the longer the winter, the better and happier we shall find ourselves at its close.

Ah! but you say, "We can't get these good books; they cost more money than we can spare." Are you sure? You may buy them at from two to twenty cents a copy.* Of course, there are among these cheap publications many worthless ones, many that are positively pernicious. Don't select all novels; don't read two novels in succession, and altogether eschew any not by the great masters of fiction. Let there be a good seasoning of biography and science. Now form the semi-circle, and bring out the charmer

*Send for catalogue of "The Standard Series," I. K. Funk & Co., N. Y.; "Elziver Library," J. B. Alden, 18 Vesey street, N. Y.; "Franklin Square Library," Harper's, Franklin Square, N. Y.

—the book. Read aloud by turns, and let the talk about the subject be free. So do on most of these delightful nights, and, our word for it, there

will be, when spring comes, a new and brighter light in the eye, and beating in the bosom a larger and warmer heart.

W. L. P.

CURRENT TOPICS.

THE LUTHER MEMORIAL.—Of all the celebrations the world has ever seen, probably that recently held in commemoration of the fourth centenary of Martin Luther's birth was the grandest and most universal. All Germany, it seems, with one accord rose to do homage to the memory of one whom they cannot be too proud to own; and the rest of Europe, with America, gladly demonstrated their appreciation of the life and work of the great Reformer. It will be remembered, however, that in paying so great honor to an individual, we are at the same time testifying our appreciation for and rejoicing in the deliverance of the Word of God. To no other man in the last eighteen centuries has the power been given to move mankind and change the current of human history as Luther did. The splendid results of his life work are not confined to Germany, but are seen to-day extending from ocean to ocean and piercing the walls of Popery, Mohammedanism, and Confucianism. Washington belongs to America, the Prince of Orange to the Netherlands, Napoleon to France, but Martin Luther to the world. Galileo and Newton made important revelations in science; Shakespeare and Milton lifted literature to a higher plane, as did Michael Angelo architecture and sculpture;

Napoleon made vital turns in the destiny of France and other countries of Europe; but towering above the efforts of all these taken together is that work accomplished by "a plain robed monk" of the Middle Ages, who uncovered "the Bible that had for centuries been buried by the weight of ecclesiastical authority and the rubbish of doctrine." As to America's debt to the great Reformer, we can do no better than furnish to our readers the words of the eloquent John Jay, uttered on the occasion of the celebration in New York City: "No country has more reason than this Republic to recall with joy the blessings he assisted to secure for the world in emancipating thought and conscience, and impressing the stamp of Christianity upon modern civilization. Although America had not been discovered by Columbus when Luther was born, Luther's far-reaching influence, which to-day is felt from the Atlantic to the Pacific, helped to people our Northern continent with the colonists who laid the foundation of its future liberties on the truths of the Bible. He recommended the oppressed people of Europe to the teachers of their choice, and, with the Bible in their hand, to follow the star of freedom to lands where religious liberty could find a home. And to these shores they came,

bringing the bravest hearts and the best blood of every nation in Europe—English Puritans, Hollanders, Walloons, Waldenses, Moravian Brothers, Swedes, and Norwegians; the disciples of Luther, Melancthon, and Calvin from Germany; of John Huss from Bohemia, of Ulric Zwinglius from Switzerland, and for long years the Huguenots from France. And all these brought with them the Bible and the great truths maintained in the Reformation, and that devotion to religious liberty, which is the true foundation of political freedom."

OUR FOREIGN VISITORS.—The United States, during the past year, have been visited by several distinguished foreigners, prominent among whom we notice Lord Coleridge, the Chief Justice of England, and Matthew Arnold, the renowned writer and thinker. Their prime motive for coming among us, no doubt, is to study more closely our government, our people, and our institutions. While here, they have freely and frankly given us their impressions on everything belonging to us. And the grace and welcome with which their criticisms have been received by our people testify to a spirit of generosity which we are proud to record. As it is with us individually, so it is as a nation, there is always a tendency that bodes good when we begin learning to see ourselves as others see us. Prosperous and progressive as we are, there are, doubtless, incongruities and evils in our governmental and institutional systems which our astutest statesmen fail to see, or, seeing, are unable to remedy. In such cases the foreigner comes in to help us out.

We notice also the recent advent of Pere Hyacinthe, the celebrated French preacher. It is rare that we get a distinguished Frenchman on this side of the water, they seem to have such a dread of the ocean; so that the famous Hyacinthe has met with a hearty welcome in New York. The bent of his eloquent lectures over here seem to be to elicit American sympathy with France. Indeed, America has ever sympathized with France; and the memory of the noble Lafayette will always awaken in us a new concern for her welfare. We regard her today with the same sentiment as that which was expressed by a French minister, at the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war, in these words: "The ocean which separates us is less profound than the sentiment which unites us." The French Republic as it now stands was modelled and built up after ours. Pere Hyacinthe seems to be an extraordinary Frenchman, combining vast learning with great liberal-mindedness. The absence, in a large measure, of this latter quality in Frenchmen, has been a great drawback to France.

DYNAMITE.—The report of the disastrous explosion which occurred on the under-ground railway of London carried a terrible truth to the hearts of the English people. It told them that the spirit which prompted the Phoenix Park murder was not only still at work, but had reached such an intensity that it could verily be symbolized by the force of the dynamite itself in the act of explosion. The organization that plies this fiendish work has thus far baffled the keenest detectives of England. And an alarm-

ing feature about it is, that it has been proved that some of its members must be men of deep learning and skill in science. It is all, however, laid at the door of the Irish, and will doubtless cause the fetters that now bind ill-starred Ireland to be drawn the tighter.

A glance over the work of dynamite presents some fearful tragedies, one of the first and greatest of which was

the murder of Czar Alexander II., of Russia. For a long time it seemed to be confined to that unhappy country, but we now hear more of it in Great Britain. Alas! it has found America, for only a few weeks ago several cartridges of it were discovered in the effects of two men who took passage from New York to Quebec.

W. S. R.

EDUCATIONAL.

—THE question of physical education is receiving more and more attention, and the inadequacy of our school system in this particular is becoming more and more apparent. At a recent meeting of the American Public Health Association there was an earnest discussion of the question of hygiene in schools and the tendency to overwork the young mind. This is a question which cannot be considered too carefully, and we are glad to note that prominent educators are turning their attention to it.

—THE University of Texas, at Austin, has been completed. It has a state endowment fund of 2,000,000 acres of land valued at from \$2 to \$3 per acre, a permanent fund of \$612,400, and an annual revenue of \$30,000. What a work it ought to do in that great empire!

—THE State University of Alabama is so crowded that the president, Hon. B. B. Lewis, had to telegraph the newspapers that no more students could be received at present.

—THE amount of illiteracy in this country at the present time, notwithstanding our much vaunted progress, may be seen from the statement that of the 15,000,000 persons of school age, 9,500,000 are in the public schools, 569,000 are in private schools, and the rest are going without any educational advantages at all. There are 5,000,000 persons in the United States to-day over ten years old who cannot read, 6,200,000 who cannot write, over half of these being colored.

—THE graded school in Raleigh has now 750 pupils. Prof. A. J. McAlpin is principal, and with an excellent corps of teachers, is doing good work. The classes are all said to show evidences of thorough instruction. Raleigh is our capital and she ought, by virtue of her importance, to head the list of North Carolina towns in good educational facilities.

—THE trustees of the Peabody school fund have donated \$5,116 to the Florida school system this year.

—ACCORDING to the census of 1880, Missouri had 130,280 illiterate voters, or nearly one third of its voting population are unable to read and write.

—WE agree with a contemporary who says that it is a matter for joy to see that thoughtful teachers are beginning to make it known that more instruction and less examination would be a great deal better for the schools. There is undoubtedly for examinations a place, in our school work, but they should never be allowed to trespass upon the domain of instruction. Such trespass is unjust to the teacher, as well as it is to the child. It is safe to say that once in two months is often enough to test the child's progress, and we are not certain but that a longer time would be preferable.

—THE "Mitchell Scientific Society," of Chapel Hill, held its first meeting Tuesday night, Nov. 9th. It has for its president Dr. Venable who made some pertinent remarks relative to the need of scientific training and schools at the South. The meeting was well attended; and addresses were made by Pres. Battle and Prof. Holmes. Congratulatory letters were received from Senator Vance, Col. W. L. Steele, Maj. Robert Bingham, Prof. W. C. Kerr, and many other distinguished North Carolinians. This society has now a membership of 150 persons. This is a step in the right direction. Why should not the South have good scientists? We hope this society may awaken a greater interest in scientific studies among us, and prompt to the formation of other societies.

—THERE has been formed in Lenoir county a Teachers' Association,

with Dr. R. H. Lewis, of Kinston College, as president. The object of the Association is "the improvement of teachers and their pupils, and the general advancement of education in the county." They will have an oration at each meeting by a chosen orator.

—NEWS reaches us that the colleges of Alabama have opened this year with encouraging numbers, and are doing good and satisfactory work. Howard College for males and Judson College for females are some of the most prominent.

—HARVARD COLLEGE has just added a new and valuable attraction to its rare educational advantages. A fine building with all the modern appliances and improvements for the medical department.

—THE endowment fund of Wake Forest College has all been secured with the exception of \$4,400. Prof. Taylor says he is hopeful, that by the 1st of January he shall be able to secure that amount. But, while the friends of the college are hopeful of its completion, and believe that, with the opening of next year, our institution will continue its course with increased facilities, by reason of \$100,000 endowment, it is important in the last degree for them to see to it, that their flattering hopes do not cause them to stop work and leave off giving. It would be very natural just at this juncture for those who have the cause most at heart to say; "The endowment is so nearly completed it is unnecessary for me to give anything; it is sure to be done, and somebody will give the remainder, and therefore,

I'll give no more." Now such as this, while quite natural under existing circumstances, is very likely to defeat the object for which so much work has been done and so many prayers have been offered. Rev. James S. Purefoy has gone North with the view of working for the completion of the endowment fund. There is also, on foot, a praiseworthy effort among the students to help in this great work; they have contributed about \$100. At the Baptist State Convention there were given some very liberal contributions, in cash and pledges. It is all-important that the Baptists of the State be quite as earnest in this work now as heretofore, for a little indifference now would in all probability defeat the whole thing, and such a result would be a shame to the denomination, to let so noble an undertaking go down after being so nearly accomplished.

—THE State Superintendent of Public Instruction has recently issued to the county superintendents a circular which is of great importance. The State Board of Education has made a proportionment of money to the several counties on the basis of

school population; and he urges the county superintendents to be prompt in making their reports, as there is danger of losing a part of what may be their due, if reports are late in coming in; for in that event, the proportionment will be on the basis of last year's census.

—THE Cooper Limestone Institute for young ladies, of Limestone Springs, S. C., the property of which is a bequest to the Baptists of South Carolina by the late Peter Cooper, is well worthy of the patronage of North and South Carolinians. The Institution has a delightful location, with commodious buildings, and a competent corps of teachers, who insist on thorough training.

THE Wake County Teachers' Association met in Raleigh, Nov. 14th. Papers were read by several on practical matters of interest to all teachers. The Association meets every month.

—PROF. JNO. T. SHORT, late Professor of History and Philosophy in the State University at Columbus, Ohio, died on the 11th inst.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

—JULIAN HAWTHORNE'S latest novel is *Fortune's Fool*.

—THE *Vicar of Wakefield*, edited by Austin Dobson, is expected to be out this month.

—GEORGE AUGUSTUS SIMCOX is the author of a new and important volume, giving the history of Latin literature from Ennius to Boethius.

—*The Wheelman*, the organ of the bicyclists, has entered upon its second year.

—DR. WM. M. THOMSON has given the result of forty-five years residence in Syria and Palestine in *The Land and the Book*. The descriptions are faithful and touching. It is one of the best books in our Library.

—MR. HOWELLS regards his *Forgone Conclusion* his best work. It was among his first, and has attained a wider popularity in England than any other work of his.

—THE new Riverside edition of Emerson's works is out. It includes the second series of *Essays*, *Representative Men*, *Society and Solitude*, and *English Traits*.

—*Victor Hugo and his Time*, translated from the French of Alfred Barboü by Ellen E. Frewer, is a fascinating work for the many readers of his novels.

—ANTHONY TROLLOPE's *Autobiography*, includes the misfortunes of his childhood as well as his impressions of the novelists of his time. An interesting chapter is the one about "novels and the art of writing them."

—IT seems that Prof. Nichol, of Edinburgh, has not won the approval of American critics in his recent review of "American Literature." He shows little appreciation of what is distinctively American in our productions.

—*The Quail*, a sketch of childhood recollections, was the last work of Tourgueneff. The Russian novelist is said to have been indifferent to and ignorant of foreign authors. He confounded Goëthe with Schiller, and *vice versa*.

—MR. JOHN B. ALDEN, to whose cheap and reliable publications we have repeatedly called the attention of our readers, has issued a new price list, which, with descriptive catalogue, is sent free on application. Address him at 18 Vessey st., N. Y.

—JULES VERNE has another novel, *Godfrey Morgan, a Californian Mystery*.

—THE last volume published of Mr. Bancroft's third revision of his *History of the United States* covers what he calls the second epoch, 1763—1774.

—IN *Grounds of Theistic and Christian Belief*, Prof. Geo. P. Fisher discusses the evidences of both natural and revealed religion with reference to the difficulties of the present day.

—DR. PHILIP SCHAFF is the author of a *Companion to the Greek Testament and the English Version*. One curious feature connected with the volume is the number of fac-simile illustrations of MSS.

—DESPITE the flood of new books that comes upon us with amazing rapidity, love for the old has not quite died out. *Pen Pictures of Modern Authors* is re-issued in larger type and with illustrations. William Shepard edits it. Mr. Frederick Saunder's *Salad for the Solitary and the Socials* is out in a new dress. *The Book-Lover's Enchiridion* appears once more, revised and enlarged.

—MR. P. M. HALE, of Raleigh, has issued the second volume of his "Industrial Series," setting forth the resources of our State. The first was *Woods and Timbers of North Carolina*; now we have *In the Coal and Iron Counties of North Carolina*. It may be had by addressing Mr. Hale at Raleigh. He is entitled to the thanks of the State for this valuable work.

—THE last two volumes of “English Men of Letters Series” since *Macaulay*, by Morrison, are *Fielding*, by Austin Dobson, and *Sheridan*, by Mrs. Oliphant.

—OF the “Famous Women Series” five volumes have been published: *George Eliot*, by Miss Blind; *George Sand*, by Miss Thomas; *Emily Bronte*, by Miss Robinson; *Mary Lamb*, by Mrs. Gilchrist, and *Margaret Fuller*, by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. Miss Blind has in hand the life of *Madame Roland* for the same series.

—WHEN we light on *An Autobiography* by Anthony Trollope, we may be sure of entertainment and instruction, he made so many books of various kinds, and was withal so candid and vigorous a writer. It is among the latest issues of Franklin Square Library, and costs but 20 cents.

—*Harper's Monthly* for December is more profusely illustrated than usual. It opens with an illustrated article on “Christmas” by Mr. Curtis. An interesting feature is the article on Alfred Tennyson, accompanied by a full-page portrait of the poet and sketches of his family, home, and the subjects of his poems.

—AN intimate friend from boyhood of Edgar Allan Poe says he never saw him smile in his life. As a boy and young man he was retiring, and made few friends. He was strong and devoted to all sorts of athletic games, about which he went in a serious, determined way, as in all things else. His melancholy and peculiar ways were in keeping with his weird writings. He was courageous, though he never sought difficulties.—*Harper's Editor's Drawer*.

—THE last of Phil. Robinson’s papers on the animals of the poets is in *Choice Literature* copied from *Belgravia*; it is headed “Some Poets’ Dogs.”

—THE Harpers announce the fifth volume of that delightful series for young people, “The Boy Travellers;” it is *The Adventures of Two Youths in a Journey through Africa*.

—*Harper's Magazine* is increasing in popularity. The advance orders for the Christmas number have already reached the number of 260,000 copies.

—THE Scriptural phrase, “of making many books there is no end,” never had more significance than in the present day. New books come in faster than inventions at the patent office.

—NOW here is a book of peculiar interest: *Twenty Poems from Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Illustrated from Paintings by his Son, Ernest W. Longfellow*. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, publish it. The poetical conceptions of the illustrious parent are said to be worthily interpreted and reproduced in pictorial form by the son, who is eminent as a painter.

—LET the critic remember these words of Edward R. Russell in *The Fortnightly Review*: “The more one thinks of criticism the more one must regret that so much of it is employed in minimizing merit and chastising enjoyment. Deserving artists in every department may need correction and advice, though most of them afford instruction to the majority of critics rather than receive it from them.”

—IT is not altogether cheering to note the large circulation of Herbert Spencer's works among the Japanese, who, it is said, take to them very readily.

—REPORT has it that Mr. Blaine has been paid \$75,000 in cash for the copy-right of his forthcoming book; and also a royalty of fifteen cents on each volume sold. Some one says, at this rate, he is likely to find literature more profitable than politics.

—THE second volume of McMaster's history was nearly ready for the press when some one "conveyed" about one-third of its manuscript. So that he has that part to do over again, and its publication will be delayed until next spring.

—*The Examiner* says Prof. R. B. Anderson has resigned his chair of the Scandinavian Languages and Literature in the University of Wisconsin in order to engage in literary work. He has already prepared, with some aid, *A History of the Scandinavian North*, from the earliest times to the present. The volume will be published by Messrs. S. C. Briggs & Co., of Chicago, some time during the present season.

—THE Hindoo scholar Mozoomdar has created quite a sensation by his visit to this country. He speaks English fluently and with wonderful purity. Being questioned as to how he acquired such a knowledge of our tongue, he replied: "I learned my English from your best classics; you Americans learn yours from your servants." How unreasonable it is for mothers to allow their children to be taught wrong, and then expect them

to speak correctly! The child, upon entering school, has to unlearn what it already knows, instead of at once making advancement.

—*Poems in Prose*, by Ivan Tourguenoff, is a new book, the beauty and worth of which is painted in glowing colors by the press. America is considered fortunate in getting this great product of the Russian novelist's genius. From all we learn this book would make an invaluable acquisition to libraries.

—WITH the approach of Christmas the book trade always revives, and publishers vie with one another in the manufacture of beautiful volumes suitable for presents during the holidays. *The Raven*, by E. A. Poe, illustrated by the late Gustave Dore, is the most "stately and luxurious" of them all, if one must judge from a review in which occur such expressions as these: "It is the realization of the perfection of the art." "Such a book, considered merely as a manufactured product, would have been an impossibility a generation ago." Dore's genius was not a little like that of the poet whose masterpiece he has illustrated, and it is interesting to know that this was the great artist's last work. There is a "Comment" by Mr. E. C. Stedman, then follows, without break, the poem; then the twenty-six full-page illustrations, printed on cardboard paper fourteen by eighteen inches. The volume is from the press of the Harpers, N. Y., and may be had for \$10.

—*Don't*; a Manual of Mistakes and Improprieties more or less prevalent in Conduct and in Speech, is said to

be a valuable work; and, no doubt, would fill an important place on the student's table. It has met with great success, having already reached a sale of twenty thousand. It has recently been revised, and a new chapter added, devoted particularly to women.

—D. APPLETON & CO. give notice that they will shortly publish a book for young people, dealing with the chief factors in America's progress—its discovery, its settlers, its early wars, its independence, its abolition of slavery, its modern developments. The volume which forms one of a series, is to be entitled *Stories of American History*. It is written by Miss Charlotte Yonge, who has been assisted in the work by Rev. Dr. H. H. Weld, of Philadelphia.

—ON his recent visit to the United States, Lord Coleridge delivered an address to the students of Haverford College, near Philadelphia, on the authors they should read. We present a few of his words for the consideration of our readers. He said they should read Milton next to Shakespeare. He then named Wordsworth, and said, "If I have any fault to find with America, it is that I fear you do not do Wordsworth quite the honor which he deserves." Gray, Shelley, and Keats followed in the order named. Coming to American poets, he said: "You may be surprised at the name I shall select from your American poets, when I tell you to learn Bryant. I do not say Longfellow, because, although he is a sweet and noble and delightful poet, he is not American—I mean that his poetry might just as well have been written in England, or

Italy, or Germany, or France, as in America—but Mr. Bryant's poetry is full of the characteristics of his own country, as well as noble, natural, and invigorating." Among prose writers he named Lord Bolingbroke "as a writer of the most perfect English"; next, "the greatest advocate since Cicero—and I say this, even remembering your own Webster—Lord Erskine"; then Burke, Hooker—not to be read as a whole, "except by theological students"—Lord Bacon, and Cardinal Newman. Among American writers he named Daniel Webster, and "your own greatest writer, the master of an exquisite and an absolutely perfect style—Nathaniel Hawthorne."

ON the recent occasion of changing the office of publication of *The Continent* from Philadelphia to New York, Mr. Albion Tourgee, its well known editor, gave the following palpable reasons for so doing: "New York has become the intellectual as well as the financial metropolis of the country. Philadelphia and Boston have each, at different periods, been such centres. The latter especially for a long time dominated our literary world. Boston was not only the centre of literary life, but all the literary life which clustered about the "Hub" was clearly and distinctly Bostonian in its flavor. It did not gather in and scatter forth the intellectual life of the country, but, on the contrary, it imposed its own peculiar conditions upon the literature of the land. The standard of merit was distinctly Bostonian. Our literature was provincial, not national. An unknown editorial writer in a recent number of the Boston *Advertiser* has

elaborated this thought in a manner worthy of the keenest and broadest critical philosophy. There is no disguising the fact that this period has passed. Provincialism in American literature has given way to nationalism, and the metropolis of business must in the future be also the metropolis of thought. New York will never be to this country what Paris has been to France. It will never be the United States, nor will it ever set the fashion of thought for the American people. The literature which it furnishes and will continue to furnish is not that of New York, but of the whole land. It gives no specific cast or color to the intellectual life it nourishes, because it is in itself a segregation of the culture and life of the continent. It draws from East and West and North and South alike to fill up the measure of thought which its presses, journals, and great marts of intellectual wares offer to the world. Here are the prizes of life in the intellectual as well as the financial world. As he who has the

basis of fortune in the most remote of our States makes haste to ally himself with its merchant princes and great exchanges; as he who has found new mines of wealth comes here to seek the aid of its busy minds in their development, so he who has discovered new and rich deposits of intellectual wealth rushes at once to this great centre in order to obtain the means of utilizing his labor and spreading his treasure before the eyes of the world. The rapid means of intercommunication—the railroad, the telegraph, the telephone—have made one centre of American thought possible, and the same cause has made many subcentres impossible. In following the tide of life that leads to this great centre, we are but yielding to a law of intellectual growth as inflexible as that of gravity in the material world. We go to New York because we have grown to the full measure of the opportunities in which we have lived, and demand more room for completer development."

SCIENCE NOTES.

By Alumni Editor.

THE PARASITES OF MALARIA.—M. Richard has found in the red corpuscles of the blood of persons suffering from acute malaria a parasite of oscillating form moving very rapidly, and sometimes disengaging itself from the globule. These parasites have been met with in a number sufficiently large to obstruct the capillary vessels, and to explain many of the symptoms of intermittent fevers. It has also been

proved that these parasites, growing in a fertile gelatine basis, are killed immediately, if a two per cent. quinine solution is added. Quinine is a specific for malaria.

FINAL EFFECTS OF BACTERIA.—After a couple of years of cultivation and growth of bacteria, using about one hundred homœopathic vials, with various animal and vegetable infusions, as commonly made, it appears that in

all cases the material wrought upon is never left alone till it is fully decomposed as an organic substance, and resolved back into its simple constituents. Although many kinds of bacteria in many cases assisted each other in the work of disorganization, yet the work was done by the *B. termo*, which greatly outnumbered, overpowered, and destroyed all before it, including other dead, unencysted bacteria, or even its own dead. Some infusions were longer in being changed, as circumstances were more or less favorable; but in all cases, when the work of decomposition was fully finished, only an impalpable gray powder or sediment remained, with a beautiful clear and apparently pure liquid above. How this beautifully clear liquid could be obtained from such a putrid mass is a mystery, and strange to say, both sediment and liquid were free from smell, although some of the vials had been kept tightly corked, except to be examined occasionally. This fragmentary experiment goes to show that these organisms properly hold their sphere between the living and the dead, to prepare new material out of the old for the immediate demands of new and subsequent organic life.—*J. M. Adams, in The Microscope.*

NATIONAL TRAITS IN SCIENCE.—In the issue of *Science* for Oct 5th, occurred an editorial on this subject. The writer says: “There are at present three principal currents of scientific work,—German, English, and French. The scientific writings of each nationality are characteristic, and, taken as a whole, offer in each case distinctive qualities. German influence is now predominant over the

scientific world, as French influence was uppermost during the earlier part of this century; but the sway of Germany over western thought is far more potent and wide-spread than was ever that of France.” The German scientific man is an investigator, and gains recognition and fame only by his original researches. In order thus to make real additions to knowledge, he must be thoroughly familiar with all that has been done in his field. With a few exceptions, German scientific publications always contain something new. But the excellence of the matter is in strong contrast with the poor style in which it is presented. “German science is the professional investigation of detail, slowly attaining generalization.” English science is not professional, but “amateurish,” Until recently the professional investigator was barely recognized: but the sudden elevation of the standard of original research in England is most noteworthy and encouraging. The English surpass the Germans as writers, and reach general principals from observed facts much sooner. The French used to travel much; not so now, and therefore French science is largely provincial and behind-hand. Most scientific men are distrustful of French work. They seem almost systematically to neglect German research. Science has never been so depressed in France as at present. Even Italy is above her. It ought, however, not to be forgotten that there are in France *savants* who are esteemed throughout the scientific world. America’s contributions to pure science compared with Germany’s, seem almost insignificant. There are proba-

bly in this country six thousand professors, of whom hardly one hundred and fifty are active investigators. Still, matters are mending.

AMONG THE CLOUDS.—The following are the heights of some of the tallest human structures in the world, as stated by *The Scientific American*:

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CYCLING.—Dr. Benjamin Ward Richardson, the famous English physician, has written lately an article on "Cycling as an Intellectual Pursuit." In introducing the subject he says:

" To the human family the art of cycling is the bestowal of a new faculty. I am not an accomplished cyclist, yet I find that by means of the simple machine, the tricycle, facility of progression by my own muscular powers is fairly doubled, while half the weariness incident to progression on foot is saved. If I walk ten miles in three hours—a fair pace—I am tired: my ankles feel weak, my feet sore, my muscles weary; so that after the effort I am unfitted for any mental work until recruited by a long rest. If I go the same distance on the tricycle on the same kind of road, I find that an hour and a half is the fullest time required for the distance, and when the distance is finished, instead of feeling a sense of fatigue, instead of being ankle-wearied and foot-sore, I am agreeably refreshed by the exercise, and ready for study or other mental occupation." He goes on to say that, if the riding were a matter of choice, and the question of fatigue the point that determined the choice, he would much rather be forced to ride forty miles on a tricycle, than twenty-five on horseback. "When an accomplished cyclist can wheel himself at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour, and a woman can wheel herself a hundred miles a day, there is found a new machinery in the human body itself—a new skeleton leverage, a new kind of volition. Nor will advance stop. We are entering on a new era in locomotion." But the Doctor proposes to turn this new power to good account, and not let it continue to be a mere sport or field for competitive struggle. So he suggests that the ladies and gentlemen making use of the bicycle

and tricycle for pastime and exercise should form themselves into an association for collecting various kinds of information while on their excursions in England and elsewhere. He classifies the information to be so gathered in four departments: Archæological, Geographical, Natural Historical, and Mechanical and Constructive. The parent association should have its headquarters in London, but there should be branches in all the country towns. The annual meeting should be conducted much as that of the British Association. The scheme promises large results, if adopted.

MOTIONS OF THE EARTH.—How many motions has the earth? Two: one on its axis; one around the sun. A common question, with the usual answer. Let us get an idea of these two, and then see whether they are all. Since all points of the surface make a complete revolution in a day, those points furthest removed from the axis of rotation move fastest. Now, the axis running through the poles, of course points on the equator move more rapidly than any other. At St. Petersburg, in 60 degrees latitude, the speed is about nine miles a minute; at Paris, in 49 degrees lat., it is more than eleven and a half miles a minute; on the equatorial line, it is about eighteen miles a minute, or 528 yards a second—a speed equal to that of a 26-pound cannon-ball driven by thirteen pounds of powder. The annual revolution round the sun is not performed with the same velocity at all points in its course, because the earth at different times is at different distances from the sun. The closer it is, the more rapidly it travels. Its av-

erage velocity is estimated at nearly nineteen miles a second, or sixty times the velocity of a cannon-ball. But there are other motions, which heighten our conceptions of the vitality of our old planet. One of these the astronomers call the precession of the equinoxes. As it spins on its axis it warbles like a top, so that, if the axis be prolonged, it would make a circle among the stars. This makes the March equinox come every year twenty minutes sooner than in the preceding year. This motion, as you see, is slight, but it is a motion. Besides, there is the vibration caused by the attraction of the moon and the other heavenly bodies among which it travels; as one says, it deviates more or less from its path to salute, as it were, every heavenly body which meets it. It is probable, therefore, that it never passes a second time over the same path. But this is not all. There is an enormous movement dragging the earth through space in the train of the sun. In one second the earth moves forty-four miles toward that part of the heavens marked by the constellation Hercules—a speed, you see, more than double that of its course round the sun. At this rate the planet makes about 1382 millions of miles in one year. Where in the universe is she wheeling us? Possibly, in company with the entire solar system, she is sweeping round some grand centre of attraction in an orbit so large that astronomers have not been able to detect its curvature. Poor Earth! she seems like a particle of dust in a whirlwind, and to think of walking about on her surface as she moves so, makes one 'dizzy.' But

in this immense variety and velocity of movement she never loses dignity, suffers no jar, makes no noise. The Divine hand is on her.

A GREAT QUESTION ANSWERED!

—Robert S. Ball, Astronomer Royal of Ireland, delivered last year in Birmingham, England, a lecture on the relation of Darwinism to other branches of science ; it is printed in *The Eclectic* for December. He outlines the nebula hypothesis of the origin of the solar system, coming down to the time when by a process of evolution the earth was fitted for the abode of life. Here the astronomer's office ends, and the biologist's begins ; and, to the lecturer at least, Darwin " has shown that the evolution of the lifeless earth from the nebula is but the prelude to an organic evolution of still greater interest and complexity." But here a difficulty is encountered. Darwin's theory of the creation of different species of animals and plants requires life to begin with. Now, how did that life originate? Can life be produced except from life? Can the wondrous phenomena of life be purely material? He takes for illustration the brain of an ant, " which is not larger than the quarter of a good-sized pin's head." He devotes some space to the setting forth of the powers of ants, concluding, with Darwin, that the brain of an ant is one of the most wondrous particles of matter in the world. Well, how can so small a piece of matter possess the complexity necessary for the discharge of such elaborate functions? Even the microscope falls hopelessly short of revealing the refinement of structure which must be there. What is the last resort? Why,

molecules, of course. We are told that Sir W. Thompson estimated the number of atoms in a cubic inch of air to be expressed by the number 3 followed by no less than twenty ciphers. The ant's brain doubtless contains more atoms than an equal volume of air. Say it is a globe one-thousandth of an inch in diameter ; the number of its atoms would be expressed by 6 followed by eleven ciphers. He proceeds : " We can imagine these atoms grouped in so many various ways that even the complexity of the ant's brain may be intelligible when we have so many units to deal with. An illustration will perhaps make the argument clearer. Take a million and a half of little black marks, put them in a certain order, and we have a wondrous result—Darwin's 'Descent of Man.' This book merely consists of about a million and a half letters, placed after one another in a certain order. Whatever be the complexity of the ant's brain, it is still hard to believe that it could not be fully described in 400,000 volumes, each as large as Darwin's work. Yet the number of molecules in the ant's brain is at least 400,000 times as great as the number of letters in the memorable volume in question." Therefore the ant's brain is abundantly complex! Therefore, its varied exhibitions of intelligence or instinct result from the mere arrangement of these atoms in a certain order! The learned gentleman rests what he is pleased to call " the argument " on atoms, the existence of which he cannot demonstrate, but only infers. But, if they do exist, and if their mere arrangement does produce such wonderful results, pray what is it that so arranges them? The great question still haunts us like a ghost, and it will take many a silver bullet like this to lay it low.

IN AND ABOUT THE COLLEGE.

—FRESHMEN'S caps have arrived.

—ONLY two ladies from the Hill attended the Convention. They represented the village well.

—THE Wake Forest gymnasium is an assured fact, thanks to the liberality of a young Baptist of Boston.

—THE class in Natural History stood examination on Zoology Dec. 1st. They have commenced the study of Geology.

—THE College hotel, formerly conducted by Maj. W. C. Riddick, changed hands on the 3rd. It is now under the management of Mr. Olive, from Apex.

—ALL the Wake Forest students who attended the Baptist State Convention fell in love with the town of Edenton and the kind citizens. We are told some of our students often dream of the fair ones they met in that place.

—THE College was represented at the Convention by Profs. Royall and Taylor. THE STUDENT was represented by the Phi. senior editor and Eu. bus. manager. The following students attended: Messrs. Murchison, Harrell, Beam, Britton, Shaw, and Wingate. All return thanks to the citizens of Edenton who so hospitably entertained them.

—WE were pleased to see on the Hill during the past month Rev. Dr. Mitchell, of Asheville, N. C., and Mr. W. J. Ferrell, of Morris' Academy, Wilton, N. C. Their love for their *alma mater* will draw them here occasionally. Come often, friends; your visits do us good.

WE hope those charming Greenville young ladies who promised to send us some subscribers will not forget THE STUDENT.

—DR. PRITCHARD preached to the students on Wednesday evening, the 21st ult. We were delighted to have the Doctor with us, and all enjoyed his chaste and eloquent sermon. We hope that he will often visit his *alma mater*.

—THE Sunday-school is gaining in interest. The children will be delighted to learn that there is in store for them something nice when Santa Claus shall make his annual visit. It is probable that they will have a beautiful Christmas-tree.

IMPORTANT TO THE STUDENTS.—
The decision of THE STUDENT Medal, instead of being made immediately after the issue of the January number, will be made immediately after that of the May number, and the medal will be presented at Commencement.

—THIS is a fast age, and desire to accomplish much in a very short space of time shows itself on every hand. But the most signal success in this line, is that achieved by the Faculty of this College. They have made a "new division of time" (for recitations), and purchased a little clock which actually ticks out an hour in 55 minutes; thus gaining two hours in every 24, and making the boys do six hours' work in five and a half. But be sure the boys don't object to the arrangement, for breakfast comes 30 minutes later, and this is of great value to some of us.

—THE many friends of Maj. Dickson will be sorry to hear that he is still confined to his room. He has been confined for several months, and his condition seems to remain unchanged.

—WE appreciate highly the commendations of THE STUDENT by the Wilmington *Star*,—appreciate them because we are sure the accomplished editor is honest and knows what he is talking about. He enjoys no small reputation for scholarship and intelligent criticism.

—REV. R. T. VANN, the beloved pastor of our church, has been conducting a meeting at this place for more than a week. Although there have been but few conversions yet, the indications are encouraging. It is due to the minister to say that he has delivered sermons from night to night, which for simplicity and earnestness have never been surpassed.

THE following clipping from *The Suffolk Herald* was handed to us by one of the students, and as it is peculiar we publish it for the benefit of our readers:

“A CURIOUS SENTENCE.—There are some peculiarities about the following Latin sentence: *Sator arepo teret opera rotas*. It is not first-class Latin, but may be freely translated, “I cease from my work; the sower will wear away his wheels.” These are its peculiarities: 1. It spells backward and forward all the same. 2. Then the first letter of each word spells the first word. 3. Then all the second letters of each word spell the second word. 4. Then all the third, and so on through the fourth and fifth.

5. Then commencing with the last letter of each word spells the first word. 6. Then the next to the last of each word, and so on through.

—LET me say a word about this monthly, THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT—the best thing of the kind in America, as Mr. Kingsbury, of Wilmington, a man of remarkable scholarship, has said.—T. H. Pritchard, D., before Baptist State Convention.

—THE pressure upon our columns this month prevents the notice of books received and numerous exchanges. Of the latter we mention now *St. Mary's Muse*, Raleigh; *Virginia University Magazine*, and *The Nelsonian*, New Zealand, Oceanica. Books and exchanges will receive due attention in our next issue.

—THE sources of amusement around the College are as variable as the winds. Base-ball in September, football and shinny in October, while during the present month the gaming fever has seized not a few,—and the woods in the vicinity have almost been swept of rabbits and partridges. Two amateurs killed nine rabbits in one afternoon. That night those rabbits could be heard dancing to the tune of the frying-pan, and the flavor thereof rose through the College.

—THE Professor of Mathematics, in view of the approaching Anniversary celebration, urges the students of calculus to pay particular attention to the study of osculating curves. It is said that, apart from the instruction and beauty contained in that part of calculus, experience and imagination invariably visit the devotee and lend additional flavor to the subject..

—THE second Senior-speaking of the class of '84 will be had Friday evening, the 21st inst. The public are cordially invited to attend.

—WHEN last in Raleigh we visited Watson's Photographic Gallery, and found Mr. Watson, as usual, busily engaged. He has recently purchased new instruments, and now has one of the best equipped galleries in the State.

—THE Christmas holidays will soon be here, and, of course, the students will want to send the fair ones presents. They can obtain anything they desire from those who advertise in THE STUDENT. Students will find a complete line of toilet and fancy goods at Pescud, Lee & Co's., Williams & Haywood's, and Bobbitt & Garrett's. The last named firm have recently engaged the services of that experienced druggist, Mr. Furman, of Louisburg.

—ON Sunday evening, the 11th ult., two of our students, Messrs. W. S. Splawn, of Polk county, and J. B. Harrell, of Gates county, were ordained ministers of the Baptist denomination. The ordination sermon was preached by Rev. R. T. Vann, from Romans 1:16, "For I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." The sermon was eloquent, beautiful, impressive, and instructive. After the sermon, the presbytery took seats on the rostrum. Prof. Royall offered prayer, and then followed the

laying on of hands. Rev. James S. Purefoy delivered an impressive charge, and Rev. Dr. Royall extended to them the right hand of fellowship and welcomed them to the ministry. Rev. W. S. Splawn pronounced the benediction, closing the impressive services.

—WE were glad to welcome to the Hill, on the 3rd inst., Rev. W. O. Holman, pastor of Bunker Hill Baptist Church, Boston, and Mr. Chas. H. Holman, his son, editor of the Roxbury *Advocate*, Boston. They belonged to the party of New England visitors recently entertained by the citizens of Raleigh. They expressed themselves as greatly pleased with the College. Mr. Charles H. Holman, though only some twenty-three years old, is a wealthy man, and has laid the Baptists of North Carolina under obligation to him by claiming the privilege of fitting up our gymnasium at his own expense. Rev. W. O. Holman is one of the most influential men in Boston.

—THE Phi. senior editor had the pleasure of spending Thanksgiving day in Raleigh. Several of the churches united in services at the Presbyterian church. Rev. Mr. Gwaltney, pastor of the Second Baptist Church, delivered a sermon that pleased all who heard it. After the sermon, a good collection was taken for the Oxford Orphan Asylum. We were pleased to visit our Raleigh friends, and are glad to say that some of them remembered THE STUDENT.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

—'56. Dr. L. H. Shuck, of Charleston, has accepted a call to Paducah, Ky., and enters on his work there early this month.

—'79. Since our last issue *The Franklinton Weekly* has made its appearance. N. Y. Gulley, Esq., is editor. He has made a good start with his paper, and we wish him success. We are satisfied that his qualifications are much superior to those of the average North Carolina editor. We hope to have from him soon a contribution on Col. Parker and his method of teaching.

—'80. J. N. Holding, Esq., was kept at his father's home for about a month, closing with Nov. 1st. He had a stubborn fever.

—'81. Rev. N. R. Pittman declined pastorates offered him in St. Louis and Jefferson City, Mo., and accepted one in Macon City. He writes that he is happy there, and says that Prof. A. J. Emerson ('55), whom he met not long since, speaks warmly of Wake Forest College, his Alma Mater.

—'81. Rev. W. T. Jones, of Wake Forest, has accepted the pastorates of Beaufort and Morehead City, and will enter upon them the middle of this month.

—'81. Rev. Ed. M. Poteat spent about two weeks of last month in Yanceyville, being called home from the Seminary by the sickness of his father. He is again back to his work.

He will complete the course the session after this.

—'82. Rev. W. T. Lewellyn is at the Seminary at Louisville. He has a regular pastorate, and is highly respected as a preacher by those he serves, and enjoys the confidence of the students.

—'71. Rev. C. Durham, pastor of the Baptist church at Durham, N. C., enjoys the esteem not only of his own denomination in his town and throughout the State, but of all who know him, as a prominent Pedobaptist preacher of Durham recently testified to us. He is considered one of the most efficient workers in the State.

—'74. Rev. A. C. Dixon, of Baltimore, charmed the brethren assembled in the Baptist Conference in Boston recently. He was on the programme, and made an address described as bright and earnest, on "Worldliness."

—'77. Mr. James W. Denmark, of J. W. Denmark & Co., Raleigh, is a born artist, and as we saw some of his work as an uninstructed engraver and stood by while he was scraping down a large plate of type-metal, on which he was going to engrave an advertisement for his bookstore, we felt it a pity that such native talent, which could achieve such results in the leisure moments of his business, had not been directed and cultivated. He is, however, doing a good business.

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THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

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No. 5.

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Contributions must be written on one side of paper, and accompanied by the name of author. Direct all contributions to EDITORS WAKE FOREST STUDENT, Wake Forest College, N. C. Matters of business should be addressed Business Managers.

TEACHING.

[This article consists of extracts from an Address delivered before the Normal School at Chapel Hill in the year 1880. The author has had no time to revise it; but he omits much of what belonged to the Address for brevity's sake. W. R.]

I wish it were possible for your speaker on this occasion to say something to promote the interest of the great cause which this audience has so much at heart. He will not attempt to conceal from you the fact that it was his sincere desire to present some topic never before handled at such a time—to open up a useful line of thought that had not as yet been discovered by less fortunate workers. But when my heart was throbbing most excitedly at the thought of being able to announce that such discovery had actually been made, and that I was actually here to charm and entertain you with the contemplation of rich views thus opened up—just then—my good angel caused me to pass by the well-filled shelves of an old teacher's library, and in a half-hour's inspection of their contents, I found so many

volumes on the "art of teaching," and that one especially, by Johonnot, so full and circumstantial, that the wind was taken out of my sails, and my ambition suddenly collapsed. After waiting for weeks in a state of mental vacuity—in what is known as the region of perpetual calm—with water as smooth as glass, nor a breath of air to move the sails to the most innocent flapping—in an instant—as if some Leviathan had put his head to the keel, and in his surprise had started off with it on a big swim, the good ship was borne within the influence of a spanking breeze, and left to work her way along unaided. In no long time we must have reached, I suppose, the coast of Arabia Felix; for odors refreshing to the olfactories mingled with the salt air, and dreams of good undefined floated like far-off sunset clouds in the horizon of fancy—and instantly, I put two things together that I had never before seen or heard of as being placed in juxtaposition—"happiness," suggested doubtless by

the perfumes wafted from Araby the Blest, and "teaching"—a word which had been running riot in my head, unmated, ever since I received the invitation to appear before you. These two ideas seemed determined to unite in my mind in some form or other—and after a while manipulated in the true style of the Etymologist, by a dexterous change of suffixes, there stood out before my eyes the words the "Happy Teacher." As long as we voyaged on this coast, my discovery seemed established beyond a doubt. The scent of spices and balms and myrrhs emphasized the "Happy"—the "Teacher" retiring somewhat into the back-ground. But, alas! too soon, we were (as all geographers know) coasting along the dull swampy shores of far-famed Ethiopia, whence land breezes not so savory do blow, and then the "Teacher" blazed out in letters of blinding light and the "Happy" was discovered feebly glimmering in the long drawn perspective. But a timely tack about brought us more directly under the influence of the European and American currents, and served to restore the equilibrium to the too changeful balances, so that after circumnavigating the globe of thought, we have come to conclude that the Happy Teacher is no Hippogriff—no myth, but a veritable animal of the human kind, both male and female—rare, perhaps, but none the less real. To be serious, I shall endeavor to point out some of the conditions upon which the work of teaching is a source of rich pleasure, of rare enjoyment—of positive happiness, if you please.

But let us guard well against a possi-

ble misconception of our subject. And in doing this allow me to say that I do not assert that there are teachers who are happy. Happiness depends largely upon constitution. There are good-natured, easy-going, "laugh and grow fat" specimens of humanity found in all the walks of life, and there is your somewhat inert, self-complacent, happily constituted teacher (so-called). But he evidently enjoys his well-cushioned chair and the sound of the dinner bell and the slowly coming "school's out," more than teaching Quadratics, or the Theory of the Tides, or Tare and Tret. He is happier in devising expedients for saving labor and breath, than in manfully meeting difficulties in explanation, in discipline, and even in thinking.

Nor do I mean to affirm that there are men *made* happy by having taught, or who continue teaching because it makes them that which brings them happiness. Many a man digs underground for gold. Some go to malarial regions, face death in every form, happy in prospect of the money. I know a wealthy man in the Southwest who made his money by teaching public schools. He taught at rates which would here be deemed exorbitant; and now he is away up among the "landed gentry"—happy as his acres are broad and the caterpillars few. That man has not the decency to say a pleasant word for the bridge that brought him over into the promised land. And, *per contra*, I could not refrain from a slight mental huzza for James A. Garfield when I saw him a few days after the Chicago Convention visiting the scene of his early labors in the school-room, as if he instinctively

turned to that for new inspiration, although just coming up from the field of victory. Yes, there are, doubtless, persons working in the school-room—unhappy in the work of teaching, but happy in the prospect of “getting a start” in life by this means. From the nature of the case, they must be persons of extremely sanguine temperaments. Their organ of Hope is highly developed. They do not always count the cost. They have not measured their shoulders accurately, and then weighed the burdens. Or, if the friendly rat that had just made his escape from the same trap did point to his toeless foot by way of warning, the warning was unheeded and the bait was caught at. They got entrapped in the school-room. And then, when too late, the question was started, and it surged through the veins and arteries with every pulsation. Does it pay to be in the school-room? I do not intend to say a sharp thing. Nor would I knowingly say a word unfeeling about that class of our stricken people who must teach or perchance starve, or even do worse. An education is the only capital they possess. They *can* teach, it is true. But they are not happy in it. And that is all I have to say about them now, except this, perhaps, that if the services of a teacher were needed in a college or academy, and there were two candidates of equal qualifications in other respects, but differing in this, that one went into it because he was driven to it as the only alternative for making a living, and the other not, the latter, if the facts could be known, would be preferred in every instance. But the most melancholy feature in this case is that so few

really do get that expected “start in life” by teaching. The wages of the teacher are, with us at least, so inadequate on the whole. There are no sinecures and no saving-banks in this profession in the South. What would not Bennett give for one such item as this for his *Herald*? “Mr. Theophilus Smart, teacher in the town of D——, North Carolina, has just retired upon a fortune of \$9,000 made in the school-room. It is not yet fully decided whether he will go into the wholesale or the retail tobacco business. That depends on how he succeeds in making collections.” Collections! aye, “that’s the rub.” After he had made his collections Mr. Smart would, I know, be invited by the Hon. Board of Education to address the Normal School upon the two-fold subject of “How to make IT pay” and “How to make THEM pay.”

I have excluded from the membership of this family of happy teachers two classes. And now I must pay my respects to another class, and then pass on to something positive. It does not strike me that he is necessarily the Happy Teacher who was, by some means or other, fortuitously put into this office, and after watching anxiously for an opportunity of doing better and finding none, quietly went along, yielding with as good a grace as possible to the inevitable, and from sheer hopelessness acquiescing in the stern decree of fate—a noble Turk—a very Napoleon on St. Helena. Sometimes we get into it and can’t get out of it. Just upon the principle that a man may work at one trade until he is fit for nothing else. He loses all elasticity and flexibility—becomes as useless to himself and the world when put

to work out of a certain groove as if he had no hands, no feet. A man who has wrought exclusively at pin-making twenty years, could not be relied upon to make an ax handle. So there are persons who have taught until they can do nothing else. They are worthy to be called "experts" even. But they are not necessarily "happy teachers." They may be philosophers, but of the sect called Stoics, and derive about as little pleasure from teaching as a horse does from driving the stationary wheel. And I am not the one to say aught disrespectful of such men. From my very heart I sympathize with them. Veterans, many of them, in the cause of education, I honor them for their self-immolation, their heroism, their invincible determination to hold on to the bitter end.

Now, then, for the conditions of happiness in this work of teaching. Somehow or other the term happiness has been too often confounded with ecstasy. And we are too apt to imagine a man who is said to be happy as being quite joyous, lively, hilarious, and full of delight. But we use the term to denote that constant, steady flow of good and pleasant feeling which lasts even when joy sinks and life ebbs and delights vanish. It never intoxicates or enravishes or disturbs the healthy and normal action of life's currents, but it pervades without noise or rush the whole system, and elevates and gives tone to all the powers of mind and heart. Ecstasy springs from circumstance and incident; happiness from principle, from essence. Hence a man may be happy when external nature wears a frown and adverse fortune depresses the animal spirits, and

when even the external senses are locked up by disease or decay. Now the happiness of the teacher is what the term imports.—a quiet, constant, noiseless, healthful flow of moderate enjoyment—seldom rising so high as to beget loud laughing and boisterous demonstration in any way—but sober, subdued, and equable, like all things else that stay with us and are always on hand when needed. And that is all we claim for the profession. We very seldom realize in the school-room the raptures produced by attending a circus or the noisy excitement of a fox-hunt, or the exquisite heart-thumpings of the last "love story." But what of that? They are but for a brief moment. Our enjoyment goes on forever. And you will see that more clearly when you learn upon what basis our happiness rests. Now the happy teacher is he who loves teaching and prefers it to all other occupations. It is evident that only he who thus loves it can be happy in it.

To be engaged in any business that is unpalatable, that violates the dominant tastes of our nature, must be the source of misery. To be linked in closest daily companionship with one whose nature is averse to ours is the constant occasion of annoyance and irksomeness. To be the slave of a beastly despot is no worse. And even not to be positively averse to it—only to love something better than teaching, is not to be quite happy in teaching. It is to be preferred to all else, if we would realize the blessing. If you would extract the marrow and fatness of the blessing, you must love it better than farming, doctoring, lawing, tailoring, merchandising. But I

will put in a saving clause for the benefit of the weak, viz: the blessing will be in exact proportion to the amount of love you have for the calling. Does the skeptic say, "This is a hard saying, who can bear it?" I answer, Has God made a necessary office and not made the man to fill it? He has made it absolutely necessary for us to have food, and He has endowed men with qualifications as farmers to meet the demand—men who love no other occupation half so well, who would be unhappy in any other pursuit. We need the Gospel; men are qualified by special endowment for that work—men who tell us they are so happy in no other profession. They love the work. And so with all the various callings of men. And the Divine Word informs us that God has specially called some to be "teachers." I believe it. I have seen men whose eyes sparkle with delight at a new text-book. They devour it greedily, to see what help it will give them. They are in ecstasies over some new theory of the art, and test its merits as eagerly as a farmer does a new plow or cotton gin. And a close scrutiny cannot fail to discover that this class of men find their pleasure in teaching mainly as teaching serves its true purpose and fulfils its legitimate end. Their chief joy is in watching the growth of intellect and character under their skilful training. As the farmer delights in the growing crop and watches with intensest interest its progress from seed time to harvest; as the house builder notes with pride and satisfaction each accession of outline and detail from foundation to cope in the structure which he is erect-

ing, and finds joy in the rising cottage as in the looming up into grander proportions every day of the stately palace; as the sculptor hews and cuts and carves in joyous anticipation of triumph, looking with bated breath at intervals, as feature after feature stands exposed by chisel and mallet, and as the features come forth in order and proportion: so, and even with deeper interest, does the teacher witness the unfolding of mind, the development of thought in the youth committed to his care; intenser, I say, because an interest which exists in reference to objects as much more excellent than corn and houses and statuary, as mind excels matter. The only wonder is, that the teacher has not a passion for his work—such a passion as poets have for their poems, as mothers have for their children—a passion that leads the poor poet to seclude himself in his dark garret for a year, that he may be left alone to create, and then to mould, to work up into consistent form the child of his Imagination. If the eye of the artist beams with rapture as it beholds dead and shapeless matter assuming figure and proportion under his plastic hand, how should the moulder and trainer of mind not exult as faculty after faculty is developed and takes on form, and the whole stands out in beauteous order and symmetry before his eye? Nor is the pleasure confined to the school-room. The veteran teacher's is "a joy forever." For do not the youth who have left him take their place in the various departments of active life and exert those powers which have been cultivated and sharpened by *his* guiding eye, and brought

out and carefully nursed into strength and beauty by *his* fostering care? What could compensate a man for the loss of the satisfaction which his inmost soul experiences when a community, a state, or a nation speak the praises of him whom he has educated? What prouder moment could Dr. Waddell have experienced than that in which the star of John C. Calhoun's glory rose in the political firmament? And who can measure the satisfaction and pride which filled the soul of Swain, of Hooper, of Mitchell, and Phillips, and the line of illustrious teachers of this honored University, as they glanced from time to time, through this broad commonwealth, and saw the nation's interests in the safe-keeping of men who breathed their spirit, were moulded by their hands, and in whom they were living a life perpetually renewed as new stars perpetually rose in the political sky? Said one to himself—as a new man rose in his place in the House of Commons and covered himself with glory, "I took that boy when a rustic from a mountain cove, strong in common-sense, but grammarless, coarse in thought as in manners, I taught him Latin and Greek; trained him to nice discrimination; I polished his language; chastened his fancy; gave him some appreciation of synonyms, of figures—drilled him to the point of observing little things and of recognizing the relative importance of different ideas and thoughts. And lo! he is rivalling now Everett himself in chasteness of style, elegance of diction, and the graces of oratory." And the teacher of Belles Letters will have his share, too, in the glory and the happiness.

But what about the teacher of Mathematics? Well, this much about him. The papers gave an account one morning in February, 18--, of the wonderful cures of a very fatal form of pneumonia which a certain Dr. J. C. Medicus was making. It seems that several hundred persons had died of it in the city of ——. But Dr. M. had by close study found a remedy and had lost but few patients. And his fame was wider than the State of North Carolina. On seeing the account, the teacher of Mathematics, sitting at the breakfast table, dropped his knife, forgot to sip his coffee, allowed his toast and egg to become cold, and said not a word. But had you been near him, you might have seen a tear drop in the corner of his eye. Nor did his good wife and gentle daughter interrupt him. For they understood him better. But soon his great heart beat almost aloud and he slowly handed the paper to his wife, who spoke for him, for she knew that he was too full to speak, "Why, my dear, (looking over her spectacles at him) is not that the same J. C. M. who was so given to writing poetry and reading novels when he was at College?" "Yes," was the response, "the same. After two years' hard work upon him, I got him at last to understand something of the nature of Reasoning. At least he learned the difference practically between *because* and *therefore*. But it was hard work. I never gave him up, however. And now I am a thousand-fold rewarded." And the dear old gentleman was as lively as a youngster all that day. And it is a joy for EVERY honest, faithful teacher. Whatever

sphere he fills in this grand army he may share the honors and the pleasures. Perhaps the special touch which decides the future of the mind is given by the teacher in the Primary School—in the Kindergarten. Who can know in a matter so hidden from view—so mysterious? And it is well for us, perhaps, that we cannot. We might mingle pride with our happiness. But if mind is eternal, and destined to go on expanding and growing in circles ever widening and never reaching limits, and if this growth is built upon foundations laid within the nursery and the school-room—then, assuredly, it should fill the heart of every helper in this good work with rapture, that he is in the work at all; and it ought to matter but little with him whether he stand near the point where the first stone is laid or higher up in the region of the dome.

But I must mention—as a second condition—Knowledge, and that both of the mind and of the things to be taught. And

(1) Of the Mind. I promise you only to give this a passing notice. We cannot, however, forbear the expression of a firm conviction here. No one can be happy in teaching who has not a pretty clear notion of the end to be gained by teaching. How else can Hope spread her wings over us and inspire us by her presence? If there is not a definite end proposed, how can we work in hope up to that end? How feel from day to day the renewal of strength imparted by viewing what is done with reference to the thing proposed to be done. You propose to train a human mind, must you not have some knowledge, therefore, of

the human mind? If you know not the office of Memory, *e.g.*, and its relation to the other powers, how can you ascertain whether any given study will benefit or injure Memory and its related faculties. The teacher in any and every sphere must have some knowledge of metaphysics, or he is working in the dark, is in as uncomfortable a predicament as a voyager who finds out that his vessel is in charge of officers who have no knowledge of chart and compass or even of the stars. True, one may follow precedent and by chance be safe. But how much more satisfactory to be able to judge for yourself—to understand the subject to be trained so well that you feel some assurance of being right when you take your own way about it. Were it only for the added peace of mind which one experiences, he ought to be somewhat at home just here. And by the way, how many minds are ruined by being overdone in one direction. Memory of names and dates and chronicled facts, *e.g.*, swallowing up even the powers of Perception and of Reasoning. And sometimes in our ignorance we take pride in exhibiting some monstrosity of this sort which has been stuffed in a given direction and dwarfed in all others, and point to it as a triumph of skilful teaching.

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And now for (2) The things to be taught. About the most unhappy man I can think of just now is he who, ever so devoted to teaching and ever so good a metaphysician, is yet not at home in the branches of study which he proposes to teach. * * *

The better course here is for every

teacher to feel that he is a dull scholar, not a genius—that, whatever others may do in this line, he at least must get what he knows by hard licks. We had better leave to poets, Fourth of July orators, and wits, the prerogative of dispensing with study, and make up our minds that we at least must stand upon certain ground. Some are so happily constituted that they flatter themselves that they can think ahead of Robinson, and Olney, and Wayland, and Butler, and Newton, and such like plodders. It is well to be happily constituted, but is it always a thing to be envied? No: the only wise plan is to know the subjects which we teach—not merely the books which are written on them, but the things themselves, *as far as possible*; to feel at home in the principles of the science taught, to know the different theories held by leading men upon the given subject, and to have some theory of our own. A man thus equipped, the other conditions being fulfilled, must be a happy teacher. The only drawback upon one's pleasure as regards the last point is the, at times, overwhelming thought that we do really know so little after all upon any subject.. The space occupied by the knowledge we possess is so trifling as compared with the vast unknown which lies all around, the limits of which seem to enlarge as the area of the certain increases, until sometimes our heads hang down in despair. But, then, the teacher has this in common with all learners in all departments. The truth is, we are but atoms floating in the great immense—atoms, however, with eyes and ears, and mind and heart—atoms that look into the

face of the great sun, and can hear the music of the spheres, and understand mysteries, and love to know and to keep on knowing, and never become too full of real knowledge. I am glad there is no limit here, that progression and expansion are possible and eternal; that here at least we may “pull down our old barns and build greater”—though we may never, even after we have built the greatest, say to the soul, “Soul, take thine ease,” but rather, “Awake my soul, stretch every nerve, and press with vigor on.”

But I must leave space for a three minutes' talk on a point which may not strictly be demanded by my subject. But if I say of it that it is a *sine qua non*, that will convey to your mind the impression that I at least attach some importance to it. Yes, I must say that all the preceding conditions may meet in a teacher, and if he is without *this*, he will be at best a lean specimen of the Happy Teacher. In order to be first-class here, we all do know that health has much, very much, to do with the matter. For how can a man be a happy farmer, be he ever so fond of his fields and crops and ever so wise, when he has rheumatism? How can your Judge, who revels in Common Law, be happy sitting on the bench and suffering from gout? And so how can your happy teacher be happy when he is propped up on his seat in the school-room, with one of those right royal and illustrious nervous headaches which none but teachers know anything of,—headaches which are reserved for the elect—which distinguish you from the common mass and answer to the definition of “luxury,” as given by a celebrated

writer, "anything that only a few have the power to possess." Shades of Esculapius, put it out of my power to possess that luxury. And yet your Happy Teacher is most prone to indulge in that very luxury, whether he covets the honor or the privilege of it, or whether he has found out that happiness is consistent only with a condition of contrasts, and wants to be happy to-morrow, and as the only condition precedent must be miserable to-day—and is not the next day after a headache a glorious day? Did the sun ever shine so brightly before? Did life ever loom and surge all around you in such billows of joy as on that day? Whatever may be the reason of it, the happy teacher is the man who has his full share of this luxury. Perhaps the secret of it is that he is so happy in teaching that he becomes absorbed in that business, loses sight of all else, dwells too much in close rooms, pays but little attention to the conditions of health, and depends upon his vacation to do all for him in the way of recuperation. Or, perhaps, he leaves it all to his physician. Now, with all due respect to that noble profession, I must say that when a man throws himself upon them wholly, saying, "I know nothing about it. They know all. I will follow their prescriptions—take their medicines," you might as well enclose him his strip of ground in the cemetery. The doctors themselves will tell you this—not in quite as plain English, but as plainly as such learned men can talk. What remains, then, to be done? Well, will you have it? Exercise, exercise, walk, run, study less, occasionally read politics, Shakespeare, Dick-

ens, anything besides your text-books, but above all, as often as possible, ride horseback. I know a man whom the fortunes of war carried away from the school-room here to the school-room in a broad Western prairie with its herds of cows and Mexican mustangs. As soon as he learned how to ride a tolerably gentle mustang, headache ceased, and ailments with them. And he would tell you now that for hard jolting, sudden jerking, dodging, and occasional springing, which start the muscles, try the reins, dash the blood through the system and startle into life the slumbering energies of the body, commend him to your three year old mustang. But the Beaufort ponies are good enough. And every teacher ought either to own one of some sort or have an interest in one, unless, perchance, he has the good fortune to own stock in a farm and can occasionally avail himself of the pleasure of plowing a mule in rooty ground. But as I did not come here to play the physician, I must close my discussion of a subject which I may say is too full for an address like this.

And as the closing thought, allow me to say, that your speaker yields to no one, in profound respect, for every "born teacher." He is of God. His aptitude for the work, his love of the work, his knowledge, his health are all of God. He is specially raised up for this work. And the feeling that there is the divine in him fills the sensible man with reverence for him and his work. And it is only he who can do good work. Others may crowd the school-room—may hear recitations—deliver lectures—write learnedly on subjects connected with the art

of teaching, and do good, yes, much good. But the "teacher" par excellence, communicates himself to his pupils. They drink in of his spirit. He has the art of laying bare his soul to them, of getting their ear, of drawing them out, of stimulating, of energizing. The true teacher, the man happy in his profession, compels without physical force, sways without conscious effort, as the listening crowd hang upon the lips of the born orator. He impresses himself and his doctrine upon the minds and hearts of his pupils, as the sun the likeness upon the iodized plate. His is the true magnetism. The man who himself feels an unfeigned interest in the subject taught and then in the learner is the only one whose success is decided. He has but to follow nature: with him there is no strained enthusiasm—no studied sensationalism. But his

ardor is as genuine as that of an infant in the cradle catching at the sunbeams. And his very naturalness begets unconscious ease on his part and unconscious interest in what he says on your part—so that with you he succeeds. He may—must—die without knowing what he has done. But his works will assuredly follow him. And in some village church-yard, perhaps, pious hands will rear to his memory, not a proud shaft such as conquerors win, but the humble tombstone, and upon its face you will find this epitaph: "Here lies one to whom more than to any other under God this neighborhood is indebted for our good pastor, our kind physician, three members of the legislature, one congressman, but above all, for a community intelligent, refined, virtuous.

'Requiescat in pace.'"

ACCURACY.

I believe it was Lord Brougham who said that an educated man was one who knew something about everything, and everything about something. It is the importance of knowing everything about something, which these few words will direct attention to.

There is so much tenth-rate talk about the spirit of our time, that one feels like apologizing for using the phrase; and yet it must be said that the best workers are those who best know and give most heed to the spirit and requirements of the time, and who best adapt themselves to them. And

by adapting oneself to the spirit of his times, it is not meant that he shall conform in all respects to the tastes of what may be a degenerate age. On the contrary, the requirements of one's age sometimes demand of him that he shall set himself squarely against some of its strongest tendencies. This is true with reference to the matter in hand.

To illustrate. Call from out the Middle Ages all the Schoolmen with their patient, hair-splitting discriminations between things which never existed except in their own minds, and see the impression which they make

on our time. Those who worshipped Oscar Wilde, and, for that matter, those who scorned him, greet them with a burst of mocking laughter. The sincere old workers are hissed away, and some Barabbas, with "Culture" pasted on his back, and "Knowledge made easy" across his front, marches triumphantly forth to the deafening applause. But let these apostles and disciples of culture remember that, for all that may be said in ridicule of the Schoolmen and their work, such men as Thomas Aquinas, one of the greatest philosophers of all time, and Anselm were among their leaders, and that their work was the foundation on which rested the intellectual successes of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Let the unworthy successor at least respect his parentage and his heritage, for both are goodly.

Now, all this jeering at patient mental labor means that the young man need not expect much encouragement to deep study. We are too intensely practical for profound scholarship. Not long ago a good lady in an intelligent community said to a young preacher, with an incredulous air, "You don't have to study your sermons, do you?" Her idea of a preacher's life was that he should be "on the move" all the week among his flock, and that on Sunday he should open his mouth to allow a pleasant little talk to bubble out spontaneously, and then enter upon another week of "mixing" with the people.

"Haste makes waste," and the greatest waste now occasioned by our hurry is of superior talent which is never directed to study, or has never the time for congenial work. If it be

discovered and nourished, the chances are too many that it will be forced to premature blooming. Somebody has attributed the dearth of philosophy in the present day to the number of engine whistles in the land. Haste always begets superficiality. The great men, with exceptions enough to prove the rule, have always been patient plodders. The tortoise beats the hare. And to do anything now in the line of thorough study, one must have the determination and audacity to defy tendencies. He must rise superior to his circumstances and the grovelling money-hunters that throng his steps, and, in spite of their sneers, *study, — study widely, deeply, accurately.* He must force himself to know things to the core; he must study to very atoms every principle, every book he touches. It is the knowledge of details that distinguishes men. A man cannot be said to know anything in the highest sense until he has mastered these. Some students will read these lines who are relying upon their general knowledge of Greek to pass the coming examinations, and it may be that they mean to make up, by many years of study after the college is behind them, what they are now losing by inaccuracy. The writer has had painful experience along here. His first two and a half months in Greek fixed the habit of carelessness which remains to this day, and which shows itself in the timid, hesitating approach toward the proper answer of the professor's question. My cheeks seldom flushed during those first months. They often burn now.

Accuracy is "the very soul of scholarship," and when the soul is gone,

what is left is a lifeless corpse to be got under ground as soon as possible.

The benefits of the method of study hinted at, both to the student himself and to the world, are without number. The man who cultivates an acre of ground to the highest pitch of fertility not only makes a garden which yields him good vegetables, but also furnishes to the wayfarer a scene beautiful to look upon and stimulating to industry. Three of these benefits as they would affect a public speaker may be mentioned.

1. The habit of thoroughly mastering details trains the mind to complete grasp of every thought, and this, in turn, gives strength and beauty to style. The man who has formed this habit of accurate study does not leave the new word to be looked up after the chapter is read. He feels that he is doing injustice to his author, to say nothing of harm to himself, unless he takes the pains to get at each thought, in its entirety, and with all its delicacy of coloring, as he goes. (What a rare delight it is to find a young woman who doesn't skip the solid pages and look for the conversation in our great novels!) If our scrupulous friend speaks, he speaks forth what he has fully in hand. He sees his point, and he makes us see it. A man is in no doubt about the way to a beacon so long as his eye is fixed on it. You feel like "gritting" your teeth and clinching your fists when you see a great engine move slowly off. It is much the same feeling which swells in your bosom when you hear a man speak who is master of his thought and knows the end he means to reach.

His movement thither is strong and beautiful.

2. This method of study imparts readiness in the use of knowledge. Some students seem to refer with a sort of satisfaction to their bad memories, as if bad memories were the sole and sufficient excuse for failure. That is no excuse at all. The fact in the case is this, that no memory, however bad, will fail to retain what is impressed on it. The students referred to may find it difficult to impress their memories, but they never have difficulty in recalling what has been fixed. Let them take the time to grind the Laws of Euphony in Hadley into the very texture of their minds, and they will complain no more of bad memories. It is lack of energy and industry, rather than lack of mental capacity, which they ought to deplore. Some men get credit for brilliancy because they are always ready with fitting words. The secret is, that they have studied through and through everything they have studied at all. The work of some of us demands that we shall know at every moment almost everything we ever knew. Accuracy, and accuracy alone, can equip for the difficult position.

3. And lastly, if our study take the direction pointed out, we shall have confidence and authority in the use of knowledge. When a man knows a thing to the core, he knows it, and, more than that, he knows he knows it, and all the powers that be cannot convince him that he does not know it. A preacher who is not exactly settled about Election, who was once satisfied on the subject of Communion, but does not now know on what grounds,

will never produce any positive belief in his hearers, unless it be of his own unfitness to minister to them. Mr. Weak-Faith never made a strong speech in his life. If a man has committed his own soul to a belief, he may hope to induce others to commit their souls to it. A man cannot speak with confidence and authority, and, therefore, cannot move his hearers, who does not speak what he himself has "seen and handled" in one way or another. On this ground, also, we push our plea for accuracy.

"Trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle;" therefore be accurate in the details of study, and accuracy here will secure accuracy and power in the scope and sum of the life-work.

Let it be added that the writer has not hoped to present here an illustration of what he has called attention to, but only that his view of the matter may reach and affect for good some whose habits in this regard have not yet been fixed.

Dec. 5, 1883. ED. M. POTEAT.

THE ACADEMY, A SPECIAL AID TO THE COLLEGE.

No one with intelligent notions of the best and most economical course for the student who is making a start for an education, will fail to see the peculiar advantage of first-class academical training. The question then arises: "Why say anything on the subject?" Believing the things with which we are most familiar to be of the greatest good to us, and that they are too often neglected simply on account of their supposed easy accessibility, I am decided to write a few things on this subject, not supposing, however, that Russia's past, or Turkey's future history will be materially affected by the discussion.

If I be allowed to say what I conceive to be indispensable to an institution of learning, it is that each of its departments be presided over by a competent, congenial officer. If then asked how this institution can effect the greatest good? I should say, give

it a liberal endowment and a high grade of scholarship (the latter naturally follows). This accomplished, the next strongest alliance is in the establishing for this institution good and efficient academical schools which shall not only furnish it with material meet for its higher and more extended instruction, but which shall relieve the college of that kind of work to which its schemes and plans of procedure are not adapted. We venture this last remark, notwithstanding the awful sagacity which can discern competition between a college and an academy, but cannot see that each has its legitimate sphere of operation well defined. The retail merchant sells everything from a half pound of copperas to a barrel of molasses. He benefits many a man, but who supposes that he antagonizes the business of him whose plans operate on a larger basis? As the manufacturer who is

to put the last finish on the fabric rejoices at the prospect of a full crop of cotton, and as the minister pleads and prays for an efficient Sunday-school that shall to some extent qualify his audience for his ministrations; so will our colleges receive aid invaluable from academical schools when these schools shall have accomplished their possible mission. But before these schools can be so regarded by our colleges, which, by the way, are their only reliable tests, they must furnish evidence that the work which they do can be depended upon. The student on going to college must give to his professor evidence of consecutive training in his elementary education before receiving credit for the ground gone over in the academy, and not, as is too often the case, show that the training received only serves as a miserable clog to further advancement.

It must be remembered that the denominational colleges have done a most glorious work within the past twelve or fifteen years, working, too, for the most part, with boys who laid down on the day before starting for college the plow, the hammer, or yard-stick. I would not for a moment have these colleges close their doors against those who come with little or no preparation; but, inasmuch as the colleges are year after year intensifying and elaborating this course of instruction, is it too much to hope that, in the place of these students with no preparation, they shall have not only an equal, but even a larger number of students who shall enter the college classes on higher ground?

Perhaps there is nothing which so dilutes the real help that an academical

school might supply to a college as the practice of teachers' putting students over a long list of high-sounding studies. This habit, whether pursued to gratify a student who may think going over books means education, or to make a name for the teacher himself or his school, is a species of dishonesty, besides a great injury to the student, who, like the counterfeit coin, passes very well till he meets his appropriate test. The student who has mastered Robinson's Practical Arithmetic and Elementary Algebra is a far better subject for the college classes than the young man who complained that he had been able to find only in "*chronic sections*" a match for his mathematical genius. And, if for lack of time or means, or both, a student has to stop with what he gets in the academy, he only has the need of intensifying his work within moderate limits.

I close by only mentioning that in which I consider an academy pre-eminently capable of assisting a college. The life and prosperity of an academy is in its discipline. Remove it, and you have "sounding brass and tinkling cymbal." Colleges decide, and wisely too, I suppose, to have no discipline except that kind which meets a response in the more mature and energetic class of students, and for these nothing more *searching* is necessary. But this fails when applied to another class,—not that they have gone to the bad, but they are not ready for this sort of exchange. It matters little with them whether reports are set to 60's or 100's. As for demerits, a margin of five is of more concern than a *score* already entered;

for the five are his sacred number, perhaps they keep him from a trip at an unseasonable time in the session and from a troublesome explanation to the "old man." How perplexing to a college officer it must be to provide for that class of boys whose work and deportment are barely sufficient to justify longer separation between them and mother! It is the more perplexing because he knows so well the remedy, and how simple. The digging up of one well-grounded stump with a good old axe between the hours of twelve and one o'clock is most suggestive to the mind. If, however, this does not meet the case, and a specific must be had, three feet from

toward the other end of the tree, provided it be a tough species, will in every case make itself felt, and will operate as quinine for chills. I am well aware that the teacher who adheres to this "old and barbarous institution" defeats his last hope of popularity, which, however, is a most uncertain evidence of merit. Yet fully as well do I know that it puts many boys, when nothing else would, on their best behavior, and keeps them there too, till their conduct comes to be controlled by higher and nobler impulses, which prompt to honest effort, and which, in due time, are rewarded by creditable progress and certain success.

J. C. C.

THE SENIOR.

To me, there is no comparison between the Senior of '80 and the Senior of '84. Just why, I am not prepared to say; but they differ in everything except name. The Senior being the first gentleman I met on coming to college, I, hearing him spoken of as "honorable senior," naturally formed an exalted opinion of him. He was head and shoulders above anybody here, members of the Faculty not excepted. When I met him on the street, it was just as natural for my hat to rise as if I were coming into the presence of Queen Victoria.

Soon I learned that Senior-speaking was approaching, an occasion on which the members of the Class were to appear before the public with original speeches—speeches written with their own hands. And complimentary to

the Class, the Society Halls were to be lighted up, and all invited to gather in them, so that we new students could meet the ladies and have a good time. What! All this in honor of the Senior! That raised him another degree in my estimation; and every day he seemed to get a little higher; but that night he went clean out of sight. I never heard the like. When his name was announced, he walked out in a careless, happy-go-lucky manner, and looked like he didn't care whether he spoke or not. I was not used to anything like that. I had always seen school-boys stand erect, with their hands at their right place; and they always made a bow. That gentleman did none of this,—but he spoke. He just opened his mouth and spoke, and spoke, and spoke, and I never saw the

like of spokes—not scared one bit! and it was all original. It was the prettiest talking I ever heard. The words flowed from his mouth like milk and honey. But as soon as he had plucked a sufficient quantity of blossoms, he quit the terrestrial and began to soar. He went away up, almost out of sight. Then he came down a little, and then he began to sail round and round. Soon a floral cloud gathered about him, and commenced raining flowers of all descriptions; it just poured as long as there was a flower, and when it rained out he swooped down for some more, and then another shower, until the whole world was like a flower-garden. I could see ten thousand bees, and butterflies, and humming-birds, and every other flower-loving animal.

That speech had just about the same effect on me that Mark Twain's "Punch Brother" had on the clergyman. Go where I might, I could see that Senior. His words were ever ringing in my ears. It made me long to see the time when I should come before the public in that capacity. It set my imagination agoing, until one day I looked over four years into the future and saw me there, before a much larger audience than he had, discoursing to them from my inexhaustible fountain of originality, the sublimest thoughts ever uttered. They had a most wonderful effect on the audience. Everybody was leaning over with his hand to his ear, eyes stretched, and mouth open, drinking in every word. As well as I remember, there were some loose spokes about *my* address; and in the course of my remarks they began to take

wheel shape. And although there was neither hub, felloe, nor tire to hold them together, nor axle on which to turn, they began to rotate. Not being able to adjust this part of my machinery, I soon found that I was going at the rate of a circular saw propelled by a forty-six-horse-power steam engine, and liable to fly the track at any moment! It was hard to tell just what to do for the best, for all the while I was moving on with an increased velocity. Suddenly it occurred to me that it would be preferable to try my chance at soaring, and so I sailed off. With the start I had, it required very little effort on my part to go on beyond the attraction of gravitation among the stars. The difficulty was in my getting back; but when I did return, the bursts of applause, bouquets, and congratulations, were sufficient proof that I had excelled.

Those were the feelings of a '*prep*' four years ago. But, alas! quite a different feeling now. Not altogether so original. Don't feel like soaring much. But feel as if I could define Senior-speaking. And if called on, I should say that it was an occasion on which the members of the Class came before the public, not to show how well they had learned to wreath flowers, or soar up to the stars; but with fear and trembling, lest they fall into the hands of merciless critics, and have thrust in their teeth the charge of not being original. As if there were such a thing as originality!

The wisest man has said there is nothing new under the sun, and I agree with him. I know that a skilful hand can pluck a phrase here and

another there, and join them so completely one would think they were one solid bulk of originality; and they are just about as original as a large bouquet of beautiful flowers, no two of which grew on the same bush. I don't mean to say that Seniors are less original than other men. Far from it. I believe that, if there is such a thing as originality, the present Class has its share; but my opinion is that it is a scarce article, not only among schoolboys, but in the pulpit, at the bar, in legislative halls, senates, and parliaments. If the statesman wishes to deliver a speech that will stir the patriot's heart, he reads of the Pilgrim Fathers in order that his imagination may be quickened. And so it is with the poet, the painter, and sculptor—all study the things most likely to suggest what they want. In other words, they read up on the question. Call it originality if you like. Then, if this is allowable to the statesman, the poet, the painter, and the sculptor, why not to the Senior also? Why shall he be charged with the

crime of not being original, or of reading up on the question? Is it not the part of wisdom to acquire all the knowledge you can on a subject, and when acquired to use it? Most assuredly it is. Then grant us the same privileges you do to others, and we are not a whit behind the chiefest of them. These things granted, we differ very little as to originality, but there are points of difference which we are glad to note.

We are not dependent on *beavers* for distinction; we outnumber any Class in the history of the College, only about half can speak; and I predict that, when the Endowment Fund is completed, and the number of graduates is increased to thirty or thirty-five, they, in conjunction with the citizens of the town, will look back with no small degree of pleasure upon precedents set by the Class of '84, and rejoice that they struck the death-blow to that precedent which was destined to burden Wake Forest College with a useless manufactory of beavers.

W. B. M.

GOING TO THE CIRCUS.

Seeing the statement in THE STUDENT that some of the boys went to the circus and were called to account therefor, reminded me that I likewise went. For several weeks the gaudily colored bills had been posted on every available wall. The herds of elephants, of giraffes, and of zebras, the cages of hippopotami, bears, etc., the great band, the clowns, etc., etc., all conspired to make me scrape up my spare

change and go to the show. Therefore on the appointed day our crowd, consisting of two young men besides myself, each accompanied by a little boy, sons of Mr. ——, set out. As we had to travel about twenty miles through the country we had to start quite early. And right here, let me say, is shown the great importance of having railroad communication. Many would not travel such a distance as

this to see even a circus; and just think of the great numbers of children (I do not mention others, because it is always "the children" who must see the animals; *e.g.*, my own case) who are thus deprived of the civilizing effect of the circus. O Civilization, thou art thus brought to the very doors of those whose lots are cast on the railroads! And who doubts that the circus is one of the adjuncts of civilization? Did the Indians have any circuses? Do the Hottentots have any circuses? I can simply answer, if they do, I have never seen them. Therefore it is evident—but, as my Lord Coke says, we digress, let us return to the subject.

We started, as I said, quite early, about three o'clock in the morning. On the road very little was said; our minds were busy conjuring up thoughts of pleasure. None of us had been to a circus in perhaps five years (direful effects of a lack of railroad, you see) and quite naturally our pleasure was to be of a very high order. The road seemed interminably long. As we drew near to H—, the circus ground, we were in the midst of a long string of vehicles; buggies, two-horse wagons, one-horse wagons, mule carts, ox carts, and almost every other kind of cart. After we had stabled our team we went to the circus ground and found ourselves in a great mass of people. Gaudily painted wagons and cages were standing around, but somehow they did not look so attractive as I thought they would; and yet I found that it must be my own fault, for the little boy whom I had in charge was carried away with them. Soon the man with the red lemonade ("pure

juice of the strawberry, sir,") burst upon me in all his glory. In ye olden time I had been very fond of this same beverage, and in my wayside cogitations red lemonade had occupied no inconsiderable place; but now, as I watched his *modus operandi*, I somehow did not have any very extensive appetite for that particular make of lemonade. But my charge was anxious to imbibe, and so having wasted our substance (a part of it rather) in red lemonade, we went into the Grand Annex (called in common vernacular a side-show), warranted to be the greatest and only show containing the wonderful fat woman, the wild boy, the educated pig, and numberless other attractions, pictures of which were spread out before our rapt gaze. Well, the side-show did not look so nice and pretty to me as it used to, but I did not have time to think out the reason, for as soon as we came out the street procession—"the immense array of gilded chariots, dens of wild animals, richly caparisoned steeds, riders and rideresses in antique costumes, fine German bands, etc., etc., etc.," as the bills had it—was just starting. We went down the street and obtained a fine position from which to view the whole thing. First came the band wagon with the "fine German band;" and they did make very good music; then the cages, but they were all closed except one, the lion cage, which contained two lions with a man seated in the middle of the cage. He was the "great and only genuine African lion slayer;" but strange to say he was not a negro, nor did he slay any lions, not that day, at any rate. Possibly he had already slain all they

had but these two, and they were unwilling for him to close out their stock of lions entirely. I was not particularly anxious to see him slay one, any way; in fact, should very much have preferred slaying one myself, that is, provided the lion would give bond with good security that he would stay inside the cage, and let me do the killing from the outside. I wanted to propose this plan as novel and attractive to the proprietor of the show, but the other boys were envious, I suppose, of seeing me so much *lionized*, and they dissuaded me. But just suppose that the circus man had agreed and I had butchered that innocent, unsuspecting lion, why then I would have been the great American lion slayer, wouldn't I? The giraffe passed us, strange metamorphosis! In the bills he was a vast herd, but, as Dunderly's bird flocked all by himself, so, I suppose, this giraffe herded all by himself. Then the shetland ponies, a "sure-enough" drove of elephants, several camels, and then one of the clowns in a little wagon not very much larger than a baby carriage, drawn by a little pony about the size of a Newfoundland dog. Then came more cages and a couple of bands, and behind all came another clown in a chariot drawn by a diminutive elephant, and thus passed the "miles of glittering chariots," etc., etc.

After we had eaten dinner, we again went to the ground, and, after almost having the breath squeezed out of us in the crush around the ticket wagon, we procured the necessary sesame wherewith this immense consolidation of aggregated wonders was to be opened to us. We at once proceeded to the door

of the tent, and who can picture the scene that rose up before the mind of each one? how old memories of by-gone days and circuses passed before the mind's eye—the days when you, a little boy, dressed in your Sundayest clothes, one hand grasped in the hand of a parent or a friend, the other grasping a stick of painted circus candy, passed in thus. No thought of trouble crossed your mind then, that stick of streaked candy and the circus so filled it that nothing else could come in. That simple canvas opening was to you a spectacle far in advance of anything in the Arabian Nights. But time has passed, years have added trouble and care; and now when you think of going to a circus the first thought is, how can I get the necessary finances wherewith to pacify the watchful Cerberus who guards the tent door? This problem for us, happily, has been solved, and we pass our pasteboard to the door-keeper, and are in the circus. This tent contains the cages of animals, which are ranged around in a circle. You start to your left and go slowly around. There are the aforesaid lions, giraffe, hippopotami, tiger, hyena, parrots, monkeys, leopard, zebra, elephants, camels, etc.; in fact, just such animals as anyone who has ever been to a menagerie has seen, for when you have seen one you have seen all. Moreover, I do not propose to write any natural history just now. The animals have just been fed, and we walk around watching them eat—till at last we come to the entrance of the circus proper.

We pass in and find a convenient and well located seat, and look around. The seats are not yet filled, although

a good many are occupied. And now we watch the crowd as it files in. How careful they are with the children! why, sometimes we see a child accompanied by several grown up people, all of whom have taken this day from their business simply and solely for the purpose of seeing that little Johnny or little Sallie shall neither be devoured by the lions, nor run over by the elephant. The crowd being seated, the performance opens with a piece of music splendidly rendered by the band, after which the regular programme, which everyone has seen, is gone through. The riding and the tumbling were all very good; but, after seeing a little job of tumbling over a fence which surrounds a certain potato patch in the town of Wake Forest, such simple, tame tumbling as they have in circuses has lost all charm to me. But possibly the circus tumblers are not to blame, for they have not the incentive of popping pistols behind them to urge them to their best efforts. And then the bicycling, the tricks by the trained dogs, etc., were all of the regulation order,

and the clown would occasionally get off one of those old, pre-historic jokes. But somehow the circus was not what I had expected it to be. The circuses of my younger days seemed much better and more enjoyable, and as I rode homewards that night I mused on the change. "Times are not as they have been," we often hear—middle-aged and old men are always longing for "the good old days," and so it has been always. Many have speculated as to the cause of it. I assign no reason. I do not philosophize, I simply take it as a fact. I have in my possession an old coin, struck in the year 1768, which bears this strange inscription, "In memory of the good old days." If the times have been thus deteriorating, it does not take much faith to believe in the bronze, the silver, and the golden ages. This, however, is a good long way from the circus. It is sufficient to say that I arrived home and delivered my charge safe, unhurt by any of the dangers that always cluster around a circus.

T. B. W.

AN AIM.

How many good results are lost for want of a definite aim in life cannot be told. Many persons are adrift on the sea of life, having no particular harbor in view. They glide swiftly with the current, and would feign believe themselves safe because all is so smooth and fair; but by and by they drift into destruction. If they had

taken some port, and set sail and rudder for that, they, no doubt, would have glided safely in.

When one has not a single, definite pursuit, but divides his energies among several, they must of course be weakened so far as each pursuit is concerned. Some who have read, and are now reading Spurgeon's sermons,

think they see that the sermons he preaches now, though good, are inferior to those of his earlier career. The reason of this is obvious. Then he had not so many objects to divide his attention, but devoted his time wholly to preaching. Now he has his orphan homes, his college, and several other things to divide his attention.

The competitors in the Olympian games, thinking of the laurel crown which would be placed on their brows if victorious, devoted their whole time to the most laborious and constant training of their bodies. Their whole energy was directed to this one object, namely, to have their brows bedecked with the laurel crown. And, though only one could win it, the good results in physical development fully compensated for the toil. And we, if we have some one noble end in view, and strive to reach that, are fully paid for our toil, though we fail of our object.

An old fisherman and a boy were out one night in a small sail-boat. The old man became weary and fell asleep. Pointing out a bright star in the north, he had told the boy to steer straight for it, as home was in that direction. The boy took hold of the rudder, and for a while steered in the direction of the star; but at length, growing careless, he allowed the boat to drift out

of her proper path. Though he still held the rudder, every breeze which struck the sail only bore them further from home. Is it not so in life? So long as we are animated by a noble purpose kept constantly in view, and zealously reach forward to the attainment of the shining goal, all is well. So soon as we become careless, and lose sight of our purpose, though we may continue to press forward, our energies are dissipated and therefore lost.

A distinguished man, whose name I now forget, when he first entered college, wrote upon his door the single letter V. This raised the curiosity of the boys, and many were the questions asked him about that strange letter. He did not answer them. He continued to toil and struggle for four long years. Then commencement came. He was the valedictorian of his class. Now the mystery was revealed. That V stood for valedictory. He entered college with the determined purpose of gaining that distinction. His success was no doubt due to the fact that he kept that one object always in view, and strove manfully for it. The true secret of success is to have a lofty ideal, and strive to reach it; not a low one, for truly has it been said that a man never gets above his ideal.

S. T. R. ADLEY.

EDITORIAL.

THE FUTURE.

Never before was the outlook for North Carolina so bright as at present. Hundreds of visitors from the North are here examining her resources and the inducements offered for the investment of capital. Her manifold advantages are being extensively advertised, and the world is just beginning to learn that the Old North State is the Eden of the South. On the 12th of November there was an excursion of Pennsylvania farmers from the Cumberland Valley to this State, and on the 27th of the same month an excursion of manufacturers from Boston, Mass. Some of them visited our College, and expressed themselves as highly pleased with the educational facilities of the State. The visitors were pleased with the people and the country, so the reporters who were with them say through the columns of their papers.

The State now has three Northern offices exclusively in the interest of her immigration department. One at York, Pa., under the control of Cole & Brush; one at 691 Broadway, New York, with Tilman R. Gaines in charge; and one at 175 Tremont street, Boston, Mass., with J. C. Campbell and E. M. Kester as managers. The latter gentlemen have on permanent exhibition the magnificent collection of woods and minerals that were exhibited at the Boston Exposition. Let us hope that the interest in our State

awakened by this exposition will be productive of much good. The following extract from one of our exchanges, published at Buffalo, N. Y., shows in what light the North is beginning to view the South:

"The advantages of the Southern States continue to attract the greatest attention. They offer inducements found nowhere else. The South has all that is necessary for manufacturing purposes, and the marvellous richness of her soil makes her the theatre for agricultural industries. In a few years we may expect to find her the workshop and farm of the United States."

The day has come when all sectional differences have been healed, and may God hasten the time when North and South shall be united in every interest that will tend to make the United States the greatest nation on the globe.

Let us hold a grand State Exposition next fall and complete the good work which has been so gloriously begun. The following is an extract from the letter recently written by Col. Benj. S. Pardee, of the New Haven, Ct., *Palladium*, to *The State Chronicle* in regard to the proposed State Exposition:

"The reputation the State has made herself is but as the sunlight of dawn to the glory of noon-day. Your fair will help the good work forward amazingly, and then one final effort at New Orleans, and North Carolina will be as well known in every state and territory of the Union as she now is to the people of Boston. This means more population, more capital, more business, a grander position in the sisterhood of States, a greater influence in the affairs of the nation. Every friend of the State in New England (and their name is legion) hopes and expects a grand showing at your

State Exposition, and all will do what in them lies to help it on to a successful issue.

The exhibit made at Denver last autumn in behalf of the Richmond and Danville road was heralded far and wide. I have seen in the leading mining journal of Europe a long article written by an acknowledged expert, which paid a splendid compliment to the ores and minerals of North Carolina. I learn also from one who was there, that the impression made by it upon the great mine owners, the assayists, and the scientists of Colorado was extraordinary. They examined the ores of the precious metals with most careful inspection. They united in the opinion that they were at least equal (some said superior) to those which they were daily handling."

With our great natural advantages is it possible to predict a future too bright for the Old North State?

C. L. S.

AN UNJUST INFERENCE.

A statement made by a Methodist clergyman about the bad manners of the students of Davidson College is published in the papers of this and other states, and as it tends to cast a stigma on so reputable an institution, we feel called upon to notice it.

The following is the statement as published in the Charlotte *Observer*:

"On our way from Charlotte to Statesville, while the train waited at Davidson College depot, there was a scene of rowdyism, such as it has rarely been my misfortune to witness. On board were several very nice ladies and two or three grave ministers on their way to Conference. A number of students came aboard and took possession of the aisle of the car and some seats, and for ten or fifteen minutes showed themselves off in a most unenviable manner. Some of them were oddly dressed and all seemed to vie with each other in bad behavior. They made frequent allusions to the Conference at Statesville, called each other brother, and sang what seemed to be a caricature on Methodist songs at our revivals. I remember one of the stanzas :

'I wouldn't be a Methodist,
I'll tell you the reason why,
They travel all over the country,
And eat up all the chicken pie.'

They evidently intended to ridicule the ministry of the Methodist church, and showed their contempt for it because there were ministers on board the train. If those young men had been drunk, we would have supposed that they were in a drunken carousal, and when they got sober they would be ashamed of their conduct if it should be brought to mind, but as they appeared to be sober we supposed that it was a premeditated attempt to ridicule the ministers on board or their church. Very naturally then the mind made several inquiries: 1st. Did these young men get their contempt for our ministers and church at their home? 2d. Are there any Methodists at that college, and if there are, do their Methodist mothers and fathers know that they are surrounded with such associates; and is Davidson College a good place for Methodists to send their sons?"

From this has gone out the report that the students of Davidson are a crowd of rowdies. Why didn't that "grave minister" have the conductor put them off the cars? Why didn't he report their conduct to the Faculty of the college? Why didn't he find out their names and publish them to the world, and not make the college so prominent? Why does he try to make it appear that they get at this institution their contempt for Methodist ministers? Does he wish to weaken the influence of this college because it is not a Methodist college? It would seem so from the enquiries he makes. He should have signed his own name to the article and not have gone behind his denomination to make the attack.

By no means would we screen the students from the censure which they so justly deserve, and at the same time we as severely condemn the preacher for the manner in which he has made it known. A few ill-mannered students do not represent the character of any institution, and we do not believe that Davidson will be lowered

in the estimation of the public, or that the students, as a body, will be disgraced by the statement published by the "grave minister." On the other hand, we would caution students to be careful how they act in public places, for they may not only bring themselves into disrepute, but also bring unmerited censure upon the institution whose facilities they enjoy.

C. L. S.

TARBORO.

This is a beautiful town of some twenty-five hundred inhabitants, situated in one of the most prosperous sections of our State. The people are thrifty and alive to the best interests of the place. Excellent schools, commodious churches, and railroad and river communication combine to make it a very desirable place for the investment of capital. Well equipped boats land at her wharves, and the Tarboro branch of the Wilmington and Weldon Railroad, and the Albemarle and Raleigh Railroad afford excellent shipping facilities. The streets are well laid out, showing many handsome business houses and residences to great advantage.

The most beautiful place in the town is the Episcopal church-yard. Here broad walks, shaded by majestic trees with ivy-covered trunks, lovely flowers and shrubbery, beautiful monuments and tombstones, give it an air of grandeur and solemnity. Nice stone seats placed at various points render it attractive to those who are sentimentally inclined, and here and there low-whispering couples may be seen in

the gloaming enjoying its perfumed breezes.

A list of the attractive features of Tarboro would not be complete if the fair sex were omitted. The place is noted for the beauty, intelligence, and vivacity of its ladies.

" Ho for Carolina !
That's the land for me,
For her bright-eyed daughters,
None can fairer be,"

is the song of every young man who has once visited here, and he is an exception to the rule if he can leave without wishing to prolong his stay, and vowing that ere many moons have waxed and waned those same streets shall again echo to his footsteps.

C. L. S.

WILMINGTON AND WELDON RAILROAD.

We had long desired to take a trip over this road and see the prosperous and growing towns in this section of our State. So on the 14th ult. we boarded the train on the Raleigh and Gaston Railroad for Weldon. Franklinton, Henderson, Littleton, and other pleasant villages were soon passed, and at 2:15 p. m. we found ourselves at Weldon, the centre of nearly all the railroads in the eastern part of North Carolina. Here we took the train on the Wilmington and Weldon Railroad for Wilmington. This is one of the best equipped roads in the South, makes the fastest time in the State, and the officials are as accommodating as can be.

Nearly all the towns and villages on this line show evidences of prosperity. Cotton factories, saw mills, and turpentine distilleries are passed at various

places. We noticed especially the thrift of Rocky Mount, Wilson, and Goldsboro, and hope soon to give our readers sketches of these places. The educational, religious, and business facilities of these towns are not surpassed in the State. During our trip we met some gentlemen from Massachusetts who are visiting the State for the purpose of purchasing property, and they expressed themselves as being delighted with this section. They said one could take one hundred acres of land here, and by a truck farm, a fortune would soon be accumulated, as there is rapid railroad communication with all points North and South. There is a bright future opening up to the people of Eastern Carolina.

C. L. S.

THE LECTURE.

Some twenty-five years ago every prominent town in New England often during the year hailed with joy the coming of a distinguished lecturer. The lecture bureau had the list of professional lecturers and made it part of its business to make engagements for them. In like manner through its towns secured their lecturers, stating times and subjects. Many had a course of lectures, the expenses of which were borne by some public-spirited citizen. We are not sure that any other institution can so combine entertainment and instruction as this system of lectures. There can be no doubt that much of the intelligence of New Englanders is attributable to this one thing. Who could fail to be charmed and informed by such men as Emerson, Sumner, and Phillips?

But we find *The Youth's Companion* regretting that the system is passing into disuse, or rather that the lecture bureau is substituting for the old-time lecture some of the lightest species of amusements with no grain of instruction in them. But there are evidences that such organizations as the Young Men's Christian Association are taking successfully the place of the degenerated lecture bureau, and will soon bring back the lecture to its former popularity.

What if the lecture should start up in the towns of North Carolina? Are North Carolinians less sensitive and responsive than others to contact with cultivated intellect? Are they less appreciative of clear and convincing speech? Or do they need it less? Are their educational acquirements and facilities so admirable as to make the lecture unnecessary? We are aware that Raleigh and Wilmington, with now and then Durham, and perhaps others occasionally, enjoy this luxury. But in them there is no system in the matter, and we suspect that, but for the difficulty of raising the debt on a church, etc., the lecturer would be much rarer than he is. We can at this moment think of two dozen towns in the State that could have several lectures during the year. All that is needed is, that their attention be drawn to the matter and some of their citizens be public-spirited enough to take it in hand. Nor is there a dearth of lecturers. We have a number of men who could charm and instruct any audience in the State. True, they are not known as lecturers, for the old law has had its effect here—no demand, no supply. In our eager-

ness to develop our material resources, let us not neglect our intellectual resources. If the former are exceptional, it may be that the latter also are, both being as yet undeveloped; for do not climate, soil, and landscape leave their mark on the moral and mental characteristics of a people? There is as much truth as myth in the old heathen tale of men springing out of the earth.

W. L. P.

AN AGE OF FAITH.

We have come upon a refreshing word about the nineteenth century, and so make no apology for presenting it. One sees so much in the great periodicals of this country and England about evolution and apes, materialism, and the all-powerful atoms, that one is strongly inclined to label the age "skeptical." But here is what a writer in *The Contemporary Review* has to say: "Whatever greatness the nineteenth century may claim will appear, on closely considering the state of the case, to arise from this, that it is a new beginning of the ages of faith." He understands that to the average spectator it may seem otherwise, but he assures us that more competent judges have not spoken in this wise. In the eighteenth century, in the days of Voltaire, Hume, and Diderot, the conflict was between belief and unbelief. Now, however, the conflict is between different forms of belief. If Spencer rejects Revelation, he propounds a theory in which he believes, that of the Unknowable. Even the know-nothing Agnostics believe that we know enough to know what things cannot be true.

Ours is certainly an era of inquiry and revolutions, but it is also "a second spring, carrying in its bosom a harvest of fruitfulness for seeds in which a hundred years ago there was little sign of life." We are to conclude, therefore, that skepticism here and there in regard to Revelation does not show that there is such a thing as universal skepticism, or justify us in calling our age a skeptical age. The nineteenth century mind must believe something. "Mere unbelief has had its day."

And is not this hopeful? We have here a reaction from the sweeping negations of the last century. This is an age of faith. Let the human mind but *believe*, and, though there must be disagreement incident to inquiry, by and by it will gravitate toward that belief which was made for it and which it was made for, and settle there. That age will be called the Christian age.

W. L. P.

TITLES.

It is fashionable now-a-days to prefix some word of distinction to almost every man's name. This tendency is growing and becoming more and more popular as the world advances in culture and civilization. A custom so universal, especially among Americans, is to be deprecated as one of the growing evils of the age. In those good old days that our fathers and grandfathers tell us about, before a man could be distinguished by a title, he had to show himself worthy of it, either by the performance of some deed of heroism, or by genuine worth and merit of some kind. But alas!

there has come about a mighty revolution that has given the death-blow to many of the time-honored institutions and plain, though glorious, usages which were the pride of our fathers. So prevalent has the habit become, that one finds no difficulty now in transforming himself from a private with no special traits, into a Captain, or General, and, more easily than all, into a Professor. If he does nothing more than instruct a class in singing, or teach the young idea of an urchin how to shoot in conquering that formidable array of soldiers, the alphabet, he is immediately dubbed *Prof.*, and wears the title more proudly and pompously than if he were the venerable expounder of the profoundest systems of philosophy, or if he were the author of something with which Newton's *Principia* would be incomparable. It need not be said that this system is wholly uncalled for, but is utterly absurd, and its speedy abolition would do credit to all persons who lay claim to any ability or discrimination. It is rather humiliating to note that people of intelligence and culture, as well as the rabble, are so magnanimous and disinterested as to bestow, without the least cause or compensation, titles of honor and dignity on persons to whom they are in no wise due, and on whom they rest as burdens, rather than graces. Besides, so lavish an expenditure of titles tends to foster in the minds of those who are worthy a disgust and repugnance for such shallow, nauseating distinctions. It is unjust that those whom the world would honor and revere cannot wear more ennobling appellations than are bestowed on the fop and upstart.

A. M. R.

MAKE HASTE SLOWLY.

There is no class of persons to whom this old adage may be more fittingly addressed, and by whom it should be more rigidly obeyed, than college students. The time spent at college is the formative period with them, and especially is this true in regard to their mental development. If the work of shaping, polishing, and rendering symmetrical their minds be imperfectly done, they will everafterward be more or less mentally crippled. But in order to do this work thoroughly sufficient time must be taken. The human mind is limited, and, therefore, can do only a certain amount of work in a given time. If an attempt be made to force more upon it, there is failure somewhere. If the work is performed, an injury, and perhaps a permanent one, has been done to the mind; but if the mind is not injured, the work is imperfectly performed.

Catching the modern spirit of extreme haste, many students, through ambition for honors, others through fear of spending too much precious time at college (!), while still others from financial considerations, make up their minds to complete the highest course in college in about two-thirds the time that should be spent upon that course. All who act thus do themselves a permanent injury, perhaps in body and mind. While we contend that every student who can should take the highest course, we equally contend that he should not try to do so in two-thirds the time he ought to employ; and when one has not the means (I will not say the time,

for almost everyone has that), he should take a lower course, and preserve his physical and mental vigor. He will, of course, know fewer books, but he will know them more thoroughly. Whereas, if he completes the highest course in the two-thirds time, he will in nine cases out of ten be a miserable smatterer in many books, but with really no available knowledge of any. He will be permanently crippled, while his A. B. or A. M.

diploma will be worse than trash to him.

Like a lumber-room into which all sorts of plunder have been thrown pell-mell, his mind is all confusion and disorder. There is plenty of room for anything, but nothing is in its place—nothing can be found when needed. Let the motto be, diligent study with sufficient time for mental digestion and assimilation. *Festina lente.*

J. C. C. D.

CURRENT TOPICS.

CHRISTMAS.—Another twelvemonth has run its course, and Christmastide, with all its Santa Claus of delights, comes to greet us again. In the midst of our holiday reunions and gaiety it may serve a purpose to pause and give some reflections on the season that is celebrated with such universal ado. In its original conception Christmas was a festival of the Christian church, observed on December 25th as the anniversary of the birth of the Saviour. It is said to have been instituted A. D. 138, by Pope Telesphorus. From that point to the present day it has been variously celebrated by the different civilized nations of the world. It was formerly the custom in Roman Catholic countries to observe the season with a series of representations attended with carols and merry-making. The principal representation was that of an infant in a cradle, surrounded by the Virgin Mary and a throng of cherubs. In modern days the character of Christmas celebrations has un-

dergone an almost universal change. In Protestant Germany Christmas is devoted to giving presents, especially among members of families, by means of the Christmas tree. Just here we might take the occasion to say it is from the Germans we borrowed the idea of the Christmas tree. It is said that a more sober scene succeeds the distribution of presents, when the mother takes the occasion to say privately to the daughters, and the father to the sons, what has been observed most praiseworthy and what most faulty in their conduct. In England Christmas has always been at once a religious, domestic, and merry-making festival, equally for all ranks of society. In the United States it is observed variously in the different states. In some it is spent like the Sabbath-day. In others it is regarded almost entirely a merry-making season. By common consent, however, it is a season of reunions, when presents are exchanged, friendships renewed, and

benevolence dispensed. The old Puritanical spirit ignored Christmas altogether, and the members of this sect pursued their business as on any other of the six days of the week. While, however, revelry and dissipation are to be deprecated, we think there can be no impropriety in making it a season of social gatherings and rejoicing. *Harper's Magazine* gives a characteristic picture of the great-hearted Luther seated in the midst of his happy little family on a Christmas-eve. Erected on a table stands a Christmas tree glittering with presents; his noble wife is seated by his side with the bright-eyed babe in her arms, and Luther himself holds the lute, and his hands are playing with the strings. It seems eminently fitting that it should be the time for exchanging gifts, as it is the anniversary of the day when the world received the Divine gift from Heaven. Besides, we believe that a merry holiday and a renewal of spirits just at the close of the old year is the best preparation for entrance into a "Happy New Year."

NEW YORK'S CELEBRATION.—Hundreds of thousands of people thronged New York City to attend the centennial celebration of Evacuation day, held November 26th. This makes the fourth great demonstration held within the last few years celebrating events of the Revolution, the Centennial at Philadelphia, in '76, being the first, then Yorktown, and more recently that held at Newburgh. Thus these events have been impressed upon the national memory, and the average American gets a more vivid and adequate knowledge of national history. It would have done the hearts of

Washington and the old Continentals good if their lives could have been prolonged a hundred years to watch the progress of the nation from the start which they gave it. But it is sad, the situation of the country then only gave them dull forebodings for the little embryonic nation to which they had devoted all their time, talent, and energy; and too many met death with broken hearts. Then stable government for their newly created country, sound currency, private prosperity, and national strength could be discerned only by the eye of faith. Now they are accepted facts. Now all the states vie with one another in devotion to the Union.

EGYPTIAN TROUBLES.—Egypt has been given only a year's respite from bloodshed. In the recent discomfiture of Hicks Pasha, the English general, with his 10,000 Egyptian regulars, on the plains of the Soudan, another severe blow has fallen upon her. The lower part of Africa is said to be inhabited by about 30,000 negroes; and influenced by El Mahdi, the great fanatic, these have learned to despise Egyptians and Turks as the latter do Christians. These hosts of Africans seem to fight with as much enthusiasm as ever the Crusaders did; and some of Egypt's most important points are threatened by their advance. They now dominate every portion of Central Africa, embracing all the "rich and wonderful regions" made known to mankind during the past twenty-five years. Their occupation of it will no doubt serve to undo much important work accomplished there by explorers during these years; and the gravity of the situation cannot be too deeply deplored.

W. S. R.

EDUCATIONAL.

—VERMONT has 20 female school superintendents.

—HARVARD UNIVERSITY has 912 students and 167 teachers.

—PRINCETON has raised her requirements for admission, and also the charge for tuition, which will be hereafter \$100 a year.

—PROF. B. L. GILDERSLEEVE has declined the Directorship of the American School at Athens, on account of pressing work at Johns Hopkins University.

—PROF. SYLVESTER has resigned his chair of Mathematics at Johns Hopkins University, and in recognition of his distinguished services has been elected Professor Emeritus.

—THE enrolment in the public schools of South Carolina increased last year over 27,000. Still, 27 per cent. of the white and 45 per cent. of the colored children between 6 and 16 years are not enrolled.

Mr. GEO. O. MCNEILL, of Fayetteville, is in charge of the Academy at Reidsville. By peculiar skill we hear he is succeeding finely with boys with whom his predecessors could do nothing. As is stated in our leading article, some persons are "born teachers."

—S. E. WILLIAMS, Esq., who obtained license to practise law last October, has resigned the charge of the Academy at Lexington. He retains, however, the position of County Superintendent of Instruction. He represents educational matters in Davidson as in a bad condition, though with prospect of improvement.

—THE complaint, that candidates present themselves for admission to colleges, who are disgracefully deficient in the rudiments of an ordinary English education, increases. This is a serious indictment to bring against the common school.

—WE feel like forgiving in part the somewhat miserly life the old man lived when we learn that the late Dr. C. G. Siddle, of Caswell county, left his money to Trinity College and Greensboro Female College. It probably amounted to \$7,000 and is to be divided equally between them.

—THE Bennet Seminary, Greensboro, is in charge of Rev. Wilbur F. Steele. It admits students without distinction of sex or color. It is one among many instances of the establishment by Northern philanthropists of schools for the colored people of the South. We suppose that practically this is a school for the colored of both sexes. The president is a Methodist and provides theological instruction to those preparing to preach.

—BROWN University has this year a Faculty of 23, and 260 students; 56 Seniors, 65 Juniors, 78 Sophomores, and 61 Freshmen. The library contains 55,000 volumes and 17,000 unbound pamphlets. During the year about 2,000 volumes have been added; of these 1,300 in the department of literature and art coming from the bequest of the late Joseph C. Cooks.

—AN experienced educator is of the opinion that the college newspaper has done more to improve the students in

the writing of a plain and direct style than any other one cause.

—A SCHOOL for the education of Indian children will soon be opened in Philadelphia.

—IN 1860 Spain had a population of sixteen millions, of whom not more than two and a half millions could read or write.

—IT is reported that Senator Brown, of Georgia, contemplates the establishment of a college at Dalton, Ga., to be known as the Joe Brown University.

—AT a recent meeting of college presidents in Boston, it was the unanimous opinion that foot-ball, as a college sport, ought to be prohibited. We would like to ask why it should be prohibited?

—A BILL has been offered in Congress by Senator Logan, appropriating \$50,000,000 for educational purposes. We wish him success in his noble effort.

—IT is proposed to make an educational exhibition in connection with the meeting of the National Association in Madison, Wis., July 15th-18th, 1884. Hon. J. Smart, LL. D., of Ind., is general director.

—ONE of the great masters in painting used to prepare and mix his own colors, lest some crudeness in the materials should baffle his skill, and dim the lustre or cloud the majesty of his finished work. Do we act upon this principle in regard to education?—*Horace Mann.*

—As it is the wish of the editors of THE STUDENT to give as full and accurate knowledge of the educational interests of the State as possible, it

would aid them much if those conducting colleges and schools would occasionally furnish them short statements of the condition of their schools.

—THE Caucasian Literary Society, of Falling Creek Academy, had its annual exercises, consisting of a debate, orations, etc., on Thursday, Dec. 20th. The annual address was delivered by Joseph E. Robinson, Esq., of Goldsboro.

—SELMA ACADEMY, under the management of Prof. H. L. Smith, assisted by Miss Rena Moore, is reported to be in a most flourishing condition. There are now about 85 pupils, and the number increases weekly. The academy claims to be one of the best arranged and furnished in the State.

—THE success of *The North Carolina Teacher* (A. Williams & Co., Raleigh) is a gratification to us; but from the large proportion of copied matter in its contents one might draw an inference not altogether creditable to the ability of the large corps of teachers in the State. Surely they are able to support it with pen as well as purse. It has but just begun, however, and we shall look for a larger number of original articles in a few months more. The December issue is some improvement in this regard.

THE QUALIFICATIONS OF TEACHERS.—The teachers of the United States bear favorable comparison with those of England and France, in which countries, it must be remembered, popular education is of recent development; the advantage does not seem to be with us if the comparison be extended to Prussia and Switzerland. There are exceptional districts, in which the teachers are carefully chosen,

well paid, and retained from year to year, but in general our rural schools are suffering the natural consequences of a low estimate of the requirements of the service as expressed in careless appointment, meagre wages, uncertain tenure, and absence of systematic, efficient supervision.—*Gen. Eaton, Washington.*

—WE clip the following from *The Central Baptist*: NEGLECTING THE BOYS.—We see everywhere to-day, among the class of people whose children are forced to maintain themselves, girls kept in school until they finish the course and are graduated, while the boys are put in shops and stores where they may earn money, to the total neglect of their education. The girls are fitted to take their places in any society, while the boys, having been denied these advantages, or being unwilling to profit by them, must remain their inferiors always, unless they obtain such influence and position as are accorded the man who is distinguished as a mere getter of money. There will be between him and his better educated sister a total lack of sympathy and inability on the part of each to appreciate the best qualities of the other. Each will live in a world apart from the other, absorbed in pursuits the benefits of which cannot be intelligently shared and appreciated. It may not result in widespread unhappiness and discontent, but there is little reason to expect any other result.—*Crawfordsville Journal.*

THE CLAIMS OF BUSINESS ON EDUCATED MEN.—The worst thing in the perversion and degradation of the *object* of work, is the attendant corrup-

tion of its *spirit*. The rules, maxims, and modes of business life are brought down to the same sordid and selfish level, and the foundation is thus laid for fraud, and deception, and over-reaching, and all forms of sham and cheating known to the world. Work, then, needs to be lifted to a higher plane, regenerated as to its processes and aims, transfused with a nobler spirit, directed by wiser thought. The life is evermore more than meat. In men's business, leisure should be taken into copartnership with labor; mind and muscle, brain and brawn, should plan together; truth and honor, not profit and loss, should strike the balance-sheet; and culture and goodness and usefulness, not pelf and power and pomp, should be the gauge of success and the prize of the toiler. Why should not business be glorified with such a spirit? Why may not all work be planned and conducted as the preacher chooses and pursues his holy calling, or as the missionary offers up his costly sacrifice? Done not as an object and end, but as a means—to issue in nobler results—in a wider, deeper, truer life, and in good and blessing to the world! And who shall accomplish such a regeneration of business? Who may weave the golden thread of high principle and purpose into the web of our work-day life? Who but those whom education has made independent of the merely vulgar rewards of labor; who are lifted above the sensuous and animal; to whom the possibilities of a higher life are opened! They are endowed with resources and armed with power to effect this regenerating, purifying work in our homes, in society, in business;

to give us a higher type of human life, and a nobler spirit in human work. Therefore the duty lies upon such men, and duty's voice speaks to them, trumpet-toned, in the needs of the times and of the world.—*Rev. F. W. McCown, D. D., quoted in Virginia Educational Journal.*

—WE clip from *The News and Observer*, Raleigh, the following statistics relative to the school funds of Wake county. It is a part of the report of the County Treasurer, Major John B. Neathery. “SCHOOL FUND.—During the year the receipts from the school fund were: poll tax, \$9,384; property tax, \$7,966.89; liquor licenses, \$3,866.40; graded school tax, \$5,438.16; Peabody fund, \$400; fines, \$252.50; total receipts, \$27,307.95. The balance on hand December 1, 1882, was \$3,208.94. The total sum available was therefore \$30,516.89. The disbursements were as follows: to white teachers, \$10,793.33; school-houses for whites, \$937.79; sites for same, \$112.20; expenses for same, \$974.73; for colored teachers \$10,476.36; school-houses for colored, \$1,374.76; sites for same, \$275.70; expenses for same, \$866.26; making a grand total of \$25,811.13 of disbursements on account of the public schools. Out of the unapportioned school fund the payments were as follows: county superintendent, \$924.82; teachers' institute, \$100; secretary board of education, \$33; other expenses, \$275; commissions, \$680.63; total, \$2,013.45. The recapitulation of the

payments on account of the school fund is as follows: paid for whites, \$12,818.05; for colored, \$12,993.08; for unapportioned, \$2,013.45; balance in bank, \$2,692.31; grand total, \$30,516.89.”

—A SCHOOL TEACHER'S QUALIFICATIONS.—First of all, the voice should be trained, for a clear, musical voice is one of the teacher's most potent qualifications for success, and cannot be overrated. Drill in phonics is necessary, not only to gain the ability to give the slow pronunciation with ease and with natural inflections, but as an aid to perfect articulation and pronunciation. That every teacher should be an expressive reader is self-evident, but it might not occur to all that to be an eloquent talker is also one of the requisites demanded by the New Methods. Faults of tone, modulation, and manner are propagated by the teacher, as well as false syntax and incorrect pronunciation. Then, too, every teacher should be able to sing, and sing well. Music fills the air with beauty, and in the school-room everything should be quiet and musical, with never a harsh note. Gymnastics—the training of the whole body—is of the uttermost importance, not only to insure symmetrical physical development, but to aid in the establishment of good order. Mental action depends largely upon physical conditions, and we should train the body that the mind may act.—*Col. Francis W. Parker.*

LITERARY GOSSIP.

—THE letters and poems of John Keats, with illustrations, will soon be published by Dodd, Mead & Co.

—THE Messrs. McMillan will publish two volumes of Matthew Arnold's poems to supplement the uniform edition of his prose works.

—ALFRED TENNYSON contributes a short poem for the Christmas number of *The Youth's Companion*. He receives \$1,000 for the right of first publication.

THE Japanese consider *The Mikado's Empire* the best history of their people in the English language. The Messrs. Harper have issued the fourth edition.

—MR. WALTER HINES POLLOCK, formerly sub-editor of *The Saturday Review*, and known favorably through his songs and rhymes, has become editor-in-chief of this journal.

—"GYP," is the pseudonym of a Parisian woman of letters. It is a fine thing that she assumed it, for her name is Madame Gabrielle-Sybille-Aimee-Marie-Antoinette de Riquetti de Mirabeau Countesse de Martel de Joinville.

—A SINGULARLY undignified portrait of Mr. Matthew Arnold fronts the title-page of the "Birthday Book" which his daughter has lately published. It represents the grave poet and critic as seated, holding in his arms and tenderly regarding with downcast eyes and knitted brows—a little dog! The attitude and the bur-

den irresistibly remind one of the pictures of the elegant poetesses of the old-fashioned "Book of Beauty." —*Exchange*.

—JUDITH, which has been published in *The Continent*, is to be issued in book-form by Fords, Howard & Hulbert.

RICHARD GRANT WHITE is the editor of the *Riverside Shakespeare*. The arrangement of the plays is excellent, and the notes and explanations are just enough and no more.

—AMERICAN artists have again showed their superiority in the new edition of Tennyson's *Princess* (Osgood & Co.). Both the conception and execution of the illustrations are fine.

—THE Messrs. Lippincott have issued a new edition of Gray's *Elegy*, profusely illustrated. American designers and engravers have executed the work admirably, of which Americans should feel proud.

—"Twenty-six Hours a Day," (D. Lothrop & Co.) is a neat little volume containing some of the papers of "Mary Blake." The object of it is to show house-keepers how to have time to spare for literary recreation.

—SAYS the London *Times*: "If relative sale of their books is any just test of the popularity of authors, Mr. Spurgeon will be entitled to stand at the head of living English writers." The sale of his books in the United States is almost as great as in England.

—MAJ. JOHN W. MOORE has sold about six thousand copies of his *History of North Carolina*, and the sales increase every year. He has made three thousand dollars on it.

—*Biblical Hermeneutics*, by Dr. Terry, is a very valuable repository for the Bible student. It institutes a comparison between the Bible and the sacred books of various nations.

—IT is reported that Tennyson has consented to accept the flag and drum in the form of a title. We believe he is to be called Lord D'Eyncourt. We were not particular to remember the title, for we have made up our minds to remember the author of *The Princess* as Alfred Tennyson.

—APPLETON's list of "Holiday Books" is a very choice one. *Fifty Perfect Poems*, we imagine, would make a very acceptable gift. It is well bound and finely illustrated, containing selections from the acknowledged masterpieces of English and American poets.

—*Fair Words About Fair Women* is a collection of poems in exaltation of woman, and well illustrated. The author states that the purpose of the book has been to gather as far as practicable all that the poets have written in admiration of woman. And this has made it necessary to introduce a number of familiar and favorite poems, but many of them, however, are not familiar to the average reader—thus giving to the volume as a whole considerable freshness. This publication is of course very complimentary to woman, and this would make it peculiarly appropriate for a present from a gentleman to a lady.

—*Homes and Haunts of our Elder Poets* is said to be a very entertaining book. This volume consists of biographical and descriptive sketches of our best poets, as Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier, Emerson, Holmes, and Lowell. The Boston *Transcript* says it is an elegant volume, and one that will be greatly sought after by those who wish to combine intrinsic value with outward beauty. It presents the homes of the poets, and also some of the various scenes made memorable by their presence.

—“Eastern Classics for Western Readers,” is the title of a new series to begin next year, by Tribner & Co., of London. Prof. Peterson, of Elphinstone College, Bombay, is to be the editor. The first division will comprise (1) the Veda, (2) the Drama, (3) the Fable Literature, (4) Proverbs, (5) Lyrics, (6) Epics. Should this effort meet with success, other divisions will follow, treating of Asiatic, Persian, Chinese and Japanese literature.

—MANY of the finest sayings recorded of great men owe their origin to accident. Goethe's dying words, “More light!” are said to have referred only to the opening of a window, and not to any prophetic dawn in the world of German thought. Webster's triumphant “I still live!” in the light of cold fact appears to have been spoken in consequence of the physician's order to “give him the medicine at a certain hour, if he still lived.” It was with a gesture toward the cup that Webster used the words so long misunderstood and memorable as his last.—*Youth's Companion*.

—Messrs. Houghton, Miflin, & Co., Boston, are publishing a series of State histories called "American Commonwealths." Two have appeared, *Virginia* and *Oregon*. Volumes on Pennsylvania, South Carolina, Maryland, and Kentucky are now in preparation.

—THE Boston correspondent of *The Examiner*, who by the way always writes what is worth reading, lately said this: "We have had two famous Englishmen among us the past week, Matthew Arnold and the Hon. James Brice. The latter is the author of the *Holy Roman Empire*, a work almost ideal in its completeness. But he excited no enthusiasm among the *elite* of Cambridge, though lecturing on English political institutions, a subject on which he speaks with authority. Mr. Arnold lectured on Mr. Emerson, a topic of rare attraction to a Boston audience, but gave little satisfaction to eager hearers, either in his method of treatment or his style of speaking. Neither of them would be voted a success on the platform. On the other hand, a Southern author, Mr. G. W. Cable, has been reading extracts from his own writings to large and delighted audiences, and has kindled a genuine enthusiasm among lovers of good literature, and among crowds who never before heard of his works."

—IN a late issue of *The Fortnightly Review* an article on *La Legende des Siecles*, or The Legend of the Centuries, by Victor Hugo, is presented from the pen of Algernon Chas. Swinburne, one of the prominent poets of England. We are not prepared to say that critics will generally accept Mr. Swinburne's estimate of Hugo's work.

His praise seems at times excessive, and suggests that he is writing in the capacity of an advocate rather than a cool critic. The reader may catch the tone of the whole article in these opening sentences: "The greatest work of the century is now at length complete. It is upwards of twenty-four years since the first part of it was sent home to France from Guernsey. Eighteen years later we received a second installment of the yet unexhausted treasure. And here, at the age of eighty-one, the sovereign poet of the world has placed the coping-stone on the stateliest of spiritual buildings that ever in modern times has been reared for the wonder and the worship of mankind."

—A COLOSSAL literary work has been in progress for the past twenty-five years. The Philological Society, supported by Oxford University, has been employed in the work of getting out a new and gigantic dictionary of the English language. We take the following notable account from the *New York Sun*: "Since 1879 the task has been pushed forward with redoubled energy. The superintendence of the work has been confided by the university to Dr. Murray, the President of the Philological Society, who is aided by a staff of efficient sub-editors, and by no less than eight hundred subordinate assistants. It is estimated that the book, when finished, will have cost at least a quarter of a million dollars; but it will be the property of the University, which may ultimately reimburse itself by sales. As we have said, the first of the twenty-four parts contemplated—each of which is expected to contain 350

pages, and the whole of which will give the history and definition of 237,000 words—is already in press, and in order to be published only waits for the sanction of the Oxford authorities. We should also mention that the pages are of the same size as those of M. Littré's dictionary, and there are three columns on each page. Some idea of the minuteness with which the work has been performed can be obtained

from the fact that no less than ten columns are devoted to the letter A. The price of the parts has not been settled, but, whatever it may be, the book will be indispensable to thorough-going students of the English language, provided it shall evince a degree of accuracy and skill at all commensurate with the labor, learning, time, and money lavished on its compilation."

SCIENCE NOTES.

By Alumni Editor.

SIR CHARLES WILLIAM SIEMES, D. C. L., LL.D., F. R. S., died in London of rupture of the heart, Nov. 20, 1883. He was born at Lenthe, Hanover, April 4, 1823, and was educated at Gymnasium of Lubeck, the art school of Magdeburg, and the University of Göttingen. He was perhaps the most famous of a distinguished family of scientists. The greater part of his labors were performed in England. He received numerous honors from societies in this country, England, on the Continent, and in South America. He was famous as an inventor, engineer, and electrician.

PORCUPINE QUILLS.—One of the numerous popular errors about animals is that porcupines have the power to shoot their quills into anything that dares offend them. These clumsy animals would indeed be easy prey to their enemies but for their coat of quills, but they have no power to shoot them. The quills are provided

with sharp barbs and, being loosely set in the skin, stick into a dog or bear or wolf if it approaches too near with hostile intent. The barbs prevent the quill from falling out and as the victim's muscles move it works its way into the flesh causing sometimes fatal wounds. Animals have been found dead with porcupine quills in them.

SPIDER LIFE WONDER.—In a lecture at the Lowell Institute, Professor Wood dealt with the phenomena of spider life. The female is larger and much fiercer than the male, who while paying his addresses is in constant peril, frequently losing some of his legs. In one tribe the female is 1,300 times as large as the male. The spider's thread is made up of innumerable small threads or fibers, one of these threads being estimated to be one two-millionth of a hair in thickness. Three kinds of thread are spun: One of great strength for the radiating or spoke lines of the web. The

cross lines, or what a sailor might call the ratlines, are finer and are tenacious, that is, they have upon them little specks or globules of a very sticky gum. These specks are put on with even inter-spaces. They are set quite thickly along the line, and are what, in the first instance, catch and hold the legs or wings of the fly. Once caught in this fashion, the prey is held secure by threads flung over it somewhat in the manner of a lasso. The third kind of silk is that which the spider throws out in a mass or flood, by which it suddenly envelops any prey of which it is somewhat afraid, as, for example, a wasp. A scientific experimenter once drew out from the body of a single spider 3,480 yards of thread or spider silk—a length a little short of three miles. Silk may be woven of spider's thread, and it is more glossy and brilliant than that of the silk worm, being of a golden color. An enthusiastic entomologist secured enough of it for the weaving of a suit of clothes for Louis XIV.—*Scientific American.*

INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPHY.—The greatest success so far achieved in this department of science was accomplished not long ago by Mr. George Rockwood, of New York City. He made twenty photographs of sound waves! The instrument which represented the sound waves is a telephone, the vibrating diaphragm of which has a fine metallic point on the side opposite that on which the voice is projected. This point meets the pointed end of the conducting wire so nearly that a strong lens is needed to see that there is any space between them. The voice causes the diaphragm to vibrate,

and of course the fine point touches the wire and is then separated from it according to the rapidity of that vibration. The photographs show the alternate contact and separation of these two points. Inasmuch as the electric spark lasts only one twenty-four thousandth part of a second, the pictures were taken in that short space of time.

SURVIVING A SEVERED THROAT.—In 1877 Louis C. Londenski was crossing the mountains in Roumania when his party was attacked by robbers. All had their throats cut, but Londenski had only his windpipe severed, his jugular vein being unharmed. As he showed signs of life he was hanged, yet the rope did not strangle him, as he still breathed through the aperture. After a time he was discovered and cut down, when he was removed to Vienna, when Prof. Schraeder effected what is almost a cure. From Vienna he traveled about the world, exhibiting himself at the different medical colleges. He is at present in Buffalo, N. Y., and Dr. S. H. Warren, after a careful examination, describes his wound as follows: "An incision was made across the throat from the inner side of both jugular veins, which extends to the carotid artery, severing the tracheæ, or bronchial tubes. Through the orifice can be seen the vocal cords, larynx, and diverging tubes. Londenski, at his pleasure, can show the action of the glottis in respiration—something never before beheld by surgeons in a living subject." *The Tribune*, in describing the case, states that he breathes through a tube three-eighths of an inch in diameter, which curves downward. He lives mainly on liquid food, being unable to digest gross food.

He smokes considerably, having been advised to do so by Prof. Schraeder, exhaling the smoke through the hole in his neck, which is just below the Adam's apple, and in which is a tube that he closes when he wants to speak. The glottis, through disuse, has almost closed up.—*Exchange*.

THE TALLEST TREES IN THE WORLD.—It is usually considered that this epithet belongs, *par excellence*, to the famous "Big Trees" in California, variously known by the names of Wellingtonia or Sequoia. These are, however, far surpassed in height, and probably also in the total amount of timber in a single tree, by the real giants of the vegetable kingdom, the noble gum trees of the genus *Eucalyptus*, which grow in the Victorian State Forest, on the slopes of the mountains dividing Gipps Land from the rest of the colony of Victoria [Australia], and also in the mountain ranges north of Cape Otway, the first land which is usually "made" by any vessel bound from England for Melbourne direct. As will presently be shown, there are only four of the Californian trees known to be above 300 feet high, the tallest being 325 feet, and only about sixty have been measured that exceed 200 feet in height. In the large tracts near the sources of the Watts River, however (a northern branch of Yarra-yarra, at the mouth of which Melbourne is built), all the trees average from 250 to 300 feet in height, mostly straight as an arrow, and with very few branches. Many fallen trees measure 350 feet in length, and one huge specimen was discovered lately which was found, by actual measurement with a tape, to be 435 feet long

from its roots to where the trunk had been broken off by the fall; and at that point it was three feet in diameter, so that the entire tree could not have been less than 500 feet in total height. It was 18 feet in diameter at five feet from the ground, and was a Eucalyptus of either of the species *E. oblique* or *E. amygdalina*. It should be noted that these gigantic trees do not, like their California prototypes, grow in small and isolated groves, towering above smaller specimens of the same or of closely allied kinds, but that, both in the Dandenong and Otway ranges, nearly every tree in the forest, over a large area, is on this enormous scale.—*World of Wonders*.

FLOWERS COURTING INSECTS.—Every flower, or at least every conspicuous and brilliantly colored flower (which includes all the kinds that ordinary people usually notice), lays itself definitely out to secure the suffrages of some particular class of insects which aid in fertilizing its embryo seeds by carrying pollen on their heads and legs from one plant to another of the same sort. But all flowers do not lay themselves out for exactly the same kinds of insects; some of them are specially adapted for fertilization by one group of insect visitors, and others of them are specially adapted for other groups. We are most of us more familiar with the action of bees in this respect than with the action of any other pollen-seekers or honey-eaters, because the bee is a creature of immediate importance to man himself, as well as because more attention has probably been called in books to this particular case of insect agency than to any other; and there can be no

doubt that a larger number of flowers have adapted themselves in shape, color, and in general arrangement to the tastes and habits of bees than have adapted themselves to all the alternative visitors put together. Still there are a great many plants which have laid themselves out to attract various minor insect tribes with more or less conspicuous success. Some of them cater rather for the small color-loving beetles which specially affect bright golden-yellow blossoms; others endeavor to allure the carrion flies by imitating the nauseous smell and livid color of decaying animal matter. Yet

others seek to curry favor with the omnivorous wasps by their dingy hues and open stores of honey; while a considerable number (amongst them our friend the honey-suckle) conceal their nectar in deep, narrow tubes, where it can only be extracted by the long, coiled-up tongues of moths or butterflies. In the tropics, not a few large and brilliant tubular flowers have even called in the birds to their assistance, and are habitually fertilized by the kind offices of humming-birds, sun-birds, and brush-tongued lories.—*Grant Allen, in Gentleman's Magazine.*

IN AND ABOUT THE COLLEGE.

—THE spring term begins January 15th.

—IN a few days new students will begin to arrive.

—THE Anniversary celebration of our two Societies will take place on the 14th of February.

—To our many friends and readers we extend greetings, and wish them a happy and prosperous New Year.

—THERE never will be a generation of students here who will rise up and call the Faculty blessed until they give us more than two days for Christmas.

—THE students are anxious to see the Gymnasium Hall fitted up. Some of them have purchased some ropes and rings, and put them up in the campus. The exercise is very beneficial, and they are anxious to try some gymnastics on a larger scale.

—ONE of the students recently purchased an alarm clock, and his roommate says he gets up every morning a quarter of an hour ahead of time to hear it ring.

—THE first one hundred thousand dollars of our endowment is already pledged. We are strongly hopeful that the first day of January will find it all paid in.

—THE Phi. senior editor returns thanks to Col. Bryan, the popular and clever proprietor of the Bryan House, for courtesies shown him when visiting Tarboro. He keeps a good hotel.

—Good work is being done in both of the Literary Societies. They are of incalculable benefit to the students. Both are governed by strict parliamentary laws, and the habit of extemporeaneous speaking formed while here is of lasting benefit in after life.

—EXAMINATION week will soon arrive, and the midnight lamp may be seen every night in a number of dormitories.

—The church has a choir practise every Saturday afternoon All the students who sing are invited to meet with them.

—We met Rev. J. B. Taylor, D. D., a few days ago, and he promised to send us very soon an account of his recent European tour, which we are sure will be of much interest to our readers.

—THE meeting held during the past month at Wake Forest, by Rev. R. T. Vann, was productive of much good. There were thirty or forty professions. Up to this time seven have united with the Wake Forest Baptist church, and were baptized on the 19th ult.

—WE had the pleasure of spending a few days in Wilmington and Tarboro during the past month. While in Wilmington we had the pleasure of meeting our friend, Mr. W. R. Morrison, a former student of this college, now engaged in the cotton business in that city. We spent Sunday, the 9th ult., in Tarboro, and heard excellent sermons by Rev. J. M. McManaway, pastor of the Baptist churches at Wilson and Tarboro. He subscribes for THE STUDENT, and says that it is an excellent magazine.

MR. E. WARD, of Robeson county, has been elected by the Phi. Society to fill the vacancy on the Anniversary ticket occasioned by the departure of Mr. Bridges, who was second debater for the Anniversary of 1884; and Mr. Frank Dixon, of Shelby, has been elected by the Eu. Society to take the

place of Mr. J. L. White, first debater, who was kept at home by sickness. Both are on the affirmative of the question and their limited time for preparation places them at an apparent disadvantage.

—When in Raleigh recently, we had the pleasure of meeting our friend, Dr. G. W. Blacknall, former proprietor of the Yarborough House. He is now engaged in the real estate business, and those desiring a home in North Carolina will do well to correspond with him on the subject. He is imminently qualified for his present business and we wish him much success.

—WE are sorry to chronicle the departure of our friend, Mr. D. A. Bridges, of Catawba county, for Texas, on the 10th inst. He was a member of the class of '83 and would have been graduated with the degree of A. M. had he completed his course. In him the college loses one of its most diligent students, and the Philomathesian Society one of her most faithful members. His strong moral convictions and daily walk showed him to be a christian. The best wishes of Faculty and students follow him. That he may meet with that success in his new home which he deserves is the wish of many friends. It is his intention to study medicine and when he comes back to the Old North State, (as we know he will some time—for North Carolina claims her children) with M. D. attached to his name, we will give the prodigal a warm reception and a lucrative practice. THE STUDENT wishes him success and joy.

—THE following we clip from a recent issue of *The Watchman*, Boston :

Rev. J. S. Purefoy, who is a trustee and a volunteer agent for the North Carolina Wake Forest College (this last without fee or reward, except efficient help to the institution), is now in Boston, engaged, as he was in former years, in an effort for its more adequate endowment. He could hardly be engaged in a better service. The \$60,000 toward the proposed endowment of \$100,000, reached last May, has since been increased to \$76,000, which with \$18,000 pledged, etc., leaves but \$3,000 or \$4,000 now to realize. It is hoped that this amount chiefly may be contributed in our neighborhood, New York having already given liberally. Connected with Wake Forest are 148 male students, 40 of whom as students for the ministry have had granted them free tuition. This is given, as to the other 108 students, by competent and excellent professors, some of whom, if not all, could receive much larger returns of salary elsewhere. Rev. W. A. Holman, who has recently visited Wake Forest, speaks very warmly and appreciatively of what is there being wrought educationally, and this, too, with great devotion and sacrifice. North Carolina having done its utmost in this worthy cause, we must hope the small amount now called for to complete the endowment will not be slow in forthcoming. A simple statement from Mr. Purefoy, who, out of his small means, has given his thousands towards this college, would kindle the wise-hearted into a responsive enthusiasm.

—WE are obliged to Mr. Morton for the following account of Senior-

speaking. The other members of the class presented theses.

SENIOR SPEAKING.

On Friday, December 21st, at the usual hour John pulled the bell-rope and a large audience assembled in the Leigh Hall to hear Senior-speaking.

Mr. W. S. Royall, Mt. Pleasant, S. C., first addressed the audience from the subject, *Heroes of Love*. He promised not to weary us with a dull, sickening rehearsal of old stories of Cupid's capers, flavored with personal experience. This he esteemed as trash. He said that love was pre-eminently an emotion of the soul—the strongest passion of human nature, yet the most pleasant; that it was the sun that lightened and warmed the chilly path of life; that Eden was the scene of its first action, it being Eve's love for Adam that caused her to save him a piece of the fatal apple. Though some of the Greeks and Romans thought it unmanly to love, Paris showed the purest love for Helen, the belle of Greece. Juliet was a perfect Sappho, and Romeo, a Paris in modern drama. In verse, he showed what it was to love. He did not say that it was "an inward-inexpressible-outward-all-overish-kind of a feeling," but showed it in a better way.

Mr. W. E. Wooten, Lenoir county, N. C., was the next speaker. Subject, Edgar Allen Poe. He said that literary men, and especially poets and writers of fiction, were enviously regarded by some as wanting originality and unworthy of the praise they had received from those who admired their work, but he did not so regard them. The fact that most of our

great poets were rocked in the cradle of misfortune, seems to have inspired them and sharpened their imagination. And especially was it true of Poe, who was born in humble circumstances about the first of the nineteenth century, when literature, art, and science were cared little for. He loved to wander through forests, dark valleys, and over mountain peaks, and meditate on his unhappy condition—that at such times and in such places the most sublime poems had been written. He said that Poe was the first to blend in the same narrative realities, science, mathematics, and fiction; that if all other works were blotted from record, his RAVEN was sufficient to establish his claim as a poet. He was also an orator, and in his death America lost from her literary firmament one of its brightest stars.

Mr. W. S. Splawn, Polk county, N. C., had chosen for his subject, "I Can't." He supposed that one-half of the children had naturally acquired the habit of uttering this brief, cowardly sentence. Henry *can't* read for Mamma when company is present. Willie can plow, but he *can't* hoe. Charlie can chop wood, but *can't* pick up chips—he *can* do anything he likes, but *can't* do what is easier, if he dislikes it.

He said that "I can't" was lazy, a drone among bees, who thinks it his moral duty to do nothing and get "big pay." He said "I can't" was dishonest, that he would get you to endorse his note, but when it was due, he was seized with the can'ts and could never pay it. He said "I can't" would never succeed in business, because success depended on *cans*. "I

can't" was irretrievable; that it was as impossible to recall time as it was to scrape moon-shine into a den of darkness with a pitchfork. He proposed to blot out "I Can't," and say, "I can, I must, I *will*!"

Mr. W. H. Kornegay, Duplin county, N. C., treated "Fashion." He defined it as general usage. He said that its foundation was the propensity for imitation; that founded as it was on a natural principle, it was a good thing; but when perverted, it was a producer of evil.

He said that, at different periods of history, customs had been in vogue whose only claim for continuance was their age; that the custom of Senior-speaking was of that number. He did not know the origin of this custom, but that it was in existence. He thought it was kept up by colleges to make the boys remember them. He was willing to remember without keeping up the fashion of speaking, and hoped it would be abolished, at least for this year.

He said that fashion was a cruel task-master, yet many willingly served it with fanaticism. He mentioned the Dude und Dudine as the latest specimen of those who kneel at the shrine of fashion.

Mr. H. A. Chappell, Forestville, N. C., closed the exercises by some remarks on Public Opinion. He said that sublime and all important questions were decided by *public opinion*, to which one must be a slave, if he would be popular, especially in politics; that on public opinion rested the first principles of a government by the people. He said that social circles were ruled by it, but denied

that crimes and wickedness were caused by learning, which was our only hope for banishing ignorance. There were three classes of men—1. Those who go right; 2. Those who go right, if others do; 3. Those who go wrong despite all that can be done; that the largest number belonged to the second class, and could only be reached by public opinion seasoned

with Christianity. After the speeches all were invited to the social gathering in the Literary Halls.

I have not felt that it was my business to report all the speakers said, neither to suggest what they ought and ought not to have said. Suffice it to say, that the time was spent pleasantly till the wee small hours.

W. B. M.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

—'62. Rev. J. K. Howell is pastor of the church at Selma, N. C. We hear he is doing a good work in that section.

—'74. *The Examiner* calls special attention, with commendations, to an article in that paper by Rev. A. C. Dixon on "Apostolic Specialism." It is a pretty hard lick at Prof. Lyon, of Harvard, who said in the Autumnal Congress in Boston, that there was no appeal from the opinion of a specialist.

—'77. Rev. J. R. Jones, whom we were pleased to see on the Hill a few days ago, has been called to the pastorate of the church at Smithfield.

—'80. So E. F. Aydlett, Esq., of Elizabeth City, is happy. We rejoice together with him. He was married on the 18th of December. Miss Briggs, of Raleigh, goes to share his eastern home.

—'83. Mr. W. H. Osborne, we regret to learn, was obliged to give over his studies at Johns Hopkins University on account of ill health. He is now at his home in Asheville.

—'83. We are not so much surprised as sorry to hear that Mr. Thos. Dixon has determined to prepare himself for the stage. He is still in Baltimore.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

—*Don't: A Manual of Mistakes and Improprieties more or less prevalent in Conduct and Speech.* By Censor. D. Appleton & Co., 1, 3, and 5 Bond St., New York.

The Ten Commandments are the most sweeping and unsparing impeachment of human nature to be found anywhere. Their form is negative, they say what men shall not do. The author of the little book before us has adopted the same form, he says don't do this and that. While many doubtless think some of these prohibitory commandments impeach the character of good society in our country, or, at least, are unnecessary because generally known, we are quite sure that the author is correct when he says in the preface that every rule he has laid down is frequently violated by persons of good social standing. The more familiar rules it was advisable to include in order that the list might be complete,

Don't is No. 2 of the "Parchment Paper Series." Its general look is no less pleasing than unique. The paper is beyond reproach and the printer's work delightful. It has ninety-four pages whose contents are distributed under the following heads: At the Table, In Dress and Personal Habits, In the Drawing-Room, In Public, In Speech, In General, and Affectionately addressed to Womankind. With the twenty-fourth thousand it underwent a careful revision, and the last chapter was added. The sententious and emphatic style in which the prohibitions are expressed adds greatly to

their readability and makes them stick in the memory. Every family which makes any pretensions to refinement ought to have the Manual. The author's spirit is in the main liberal, and his representation of the requirements of good society are certainly reliable. Some persons have a sort of contempt for etiquette. For them we have no words here, for this Manual touches upon matters of etiquette only incidentally. A few quotations are added as showing better than any description which we could make the style and subjects presented.

Under "At Table," we have such as these: "Don't tuck your napkin under your chin, or spread it upon your breast. Bibs and tuckers are for the nursery." "Don't leave your knife and fork on your plate when you send it for a second supply." "Don't thank host or hostess for your dinner. Express pleasure in the entertainment, when you depart—that is all." "Don't rise from the table until the meal is finished." Under "In Dress and Personal Habits": "Don't use hair-dye. The color is not like nature and deceives no one." "Don't use hair-oil or pomades. This habit was once quite general, but it is now considered vulgar, and it is certainly not cleanly." "Don't chew or nurse your tooth-pick in public—or anywhere else." "Don't chew tobacco. It is a bad and ungentlemanly habit." Under "In the Drawing-Room": "Don't sit cross-legged." "Don't talk about people that are unknown to those present." "Don't make obvious puns. An occa-

sional pun, if a good one, is a good thing; but a ceaseless flow of puns is simply maddening." Under "In Public": "Don't smoke in the street, unless in unfrequented avenues. Don't smoke in public vehicles." "Don't remove your glove when you wish to shake hands, or apologize for not doing so. It is proper to offer the hand gloved." The truth is, we feel like copying the whole book. A better way, however, is to have our readers get it at the book-store; it will cost them only thirty cents. But we must make a quotation or two from the last chapter, Affectionately addressed to Womankind: "Don't use the word *dress* for your outside garment. Fortunately, the good old word *gown* is again coming into vogue; indeed, its use is now considered the sign of high-breeding." "Don't supplement the charms of nature by the use of the color-box. Fresh air, exercise, the morning bath, and proper food, will give to the cheeks nature's own tints, and no other have any true beauty." "Don't give yourself wholly to the reading of novels. An excess of this kind of reading is the great vice of womankind. Good novels are good things, but how can women hope to occupy an equal place with men if their intellectual life is given to one branch of literature solely?" "Don't publicly kiss every time you come together or part. Consider the aggravation to men, and the waste — and remember that public displays of affection are in questionable taste."

—CYCLOPEDIA OF CHOICE PROSE.
—*History of English Literature.* By
H. A. Taine. Translated from the

French by H. Van Laun. Complete in one volume. New York: John B. Alden.

French criticism, in literature, on the theatre, or in art, since 1830 looks up to three great masters who pursued different methods—Sainte-Beuve, Gautier, and Janin. The method of the first was carefully to study the circumstances and times of his author so as to ascertain their effect on his work. M. Hippolyte Taine is the greatest of all Sainte-Beuve's followers, but his method is a curious exaggeration of the master's. He believes that a man is the creature of circumstances, and he studies these circumstances only because they reveal the man. He thus expresses himself in the beginning of the Introduction: "What is your first remark on turning over the great, stiff leaves of a folio, the yellow sheets of a manuscript—a poem, a code of laws, a confession of faith? This, you say, did did not come into existence all alone. It is but a mould, like a fossil shell, an imprint, like one of those shapes embossed in stone by an animal which lived and perished. Under the shell there was an animal, and behind the document there was a man. Why do you study the shell, except to bring before you the animal? So you study the document only to know the man." This idea is elaborated and expanded and made to apply to a nation and all its moral and intellectual products. "Given a literature, philosophy, society, art, group of arts, what is the moral condition which produced it?" For reasons which he assigns, M. Taine selects the field of English literature for the working of his theory, and

through their literature he endeavors to learn the inner life of the English people. He says, "I intend to write the history of a literature, and to seek in it for the psychology of a people." We are not prepared to say whether he succeeded in the fascinating task he thus definitely set before himself. One thing is certain: there is no more brilliant history of our great literature than Taine's.

So much for the work of the author. The publisher's work is fairly done; amazingly well done, when the price of the volume is considered. There are about 700 double-column pages.

The paper is not the best in the world, nor the binding the most durable, and the printer's type is small. But the whole is one of the most tempting baits which this poor man's publisher ever held before a hungry mind.

—*The Sketch Book. By Washington Irving, New York: John B. Alden.*

This old favorite, by the father of American literature, needs no introduction or commendation. These delightful sketches of scenes and customs in England and America have gone wherever our language has gone. In this form they are within reach of the shortest purse.

OUR EXCHANGES.

—*The Richmond College Messenger*, Va., comes to us filled with choice articles. We give it a hearty welcome.

—*The Virginia University Magazine* is one of the best college periodicals published in the South. It is always a welcome visitor.

—WE gladly place on our exchange list *The Oak Leaf*, published at Oak Ridge Institute, N. C. It presents a neat appearance, and the contents are interesting. We wish our young friend the success which it so justly deserves.

—*The University Monthly*, N. C., for December contains President Battle's "University Day Address," an article on "Liberty and Law in North Carolina," by Numa F. Heitman, and several editorial comments. It should be taken by every friend of the University.

—We have received *The Morrin College Review*, Quebec, Canada, *The University Mirror*, Pennsylvania, *The*

Album, Virginia, and other exchanges from nearly every state in the United States, Canada, and New Zealand, which we would gladly notice, if space permitted.

—WE congratulate *The Adelphian*, New York, for its beautiful Christmas number. The illustrations are good, and the contributions are much better than usual. It is undoubtedly the handsomest Christmas number of a college magazine that has yet reached our sanctum.

—THE December number of *Electra*, Louisville, Ky., as usual, is filled with choice matter. The article on "Luther," by James Anthony Froude, is very instructive and well worth the price of the magazine. "A Chapter on Rings" is interesting and contains information not generally known. The editorial department is well got up and contains much useful information. Price, \$2.00 per annum.

—*The Educational Journal of Virginia*, Richmond, is one of our best educational monthlies, and teachers would do well to read it. "Our Children's Bodies," and "Management of Ungraded Schools" are topics which should demand the serious attention of every teacher. Price, \$1.00 per annum.

—*Trinity Magazine*, N. C., contains an article by Hon. R. P. Dick on the "Eighth Decade of the Eight Preceding Centuries." It is well known that Judge Dick is one of the best writers in the State, and in this article he sustains his reputation. It is well worth the price of the magazine.

—*St Mary's Muse*, Raleigh, N. C., proves to a demonstration that the college girls are no whit inferior to the college boys in intellectual ability. If we must say the truth, we don't get a better magazine. Those editorial comments on current history—well to be within bounds, they were first-rate.

—*The Literary World*, Monroe, N. C., is one of the best literary magazines published in the South, and should be taken by every North Carolinian. The contents of the December number are rich, and the serial stories, "The Diamond Bracelet," "Vashti and Esther," and "Out of the Depths," continue to grow in interest. Price, \$2.00 per annum.

—WE have received the Christmas number of *The North Carolina Teacher*, Raleigh, N. C., and are pleased with its neat holiday attire and instructive contents. It is devoted to the primary schools of North Carolina and should be in the hands of every teacher. "Little Things," by E. E. Hilliard, contains many useful hints to teachers which should be remembered. There are several articles in this issue we would like to notice if space permitted. Price, \$1.00 per annum.

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Express Through Freight.....	2:40 p. m.

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FEBRUARY, 1884.

VOL. 3.

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NO. 6.

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OUR COLLEGE.

It is said that in the part of Wake county bounded by Neuse River on the south, the Franklin line on the north, Horse Creek on the west, and Smith's Creek on the east, the original oak forest was unusually fine. On this account the section was called the Forest of Wake, or Wake Forest. Hence the name of our College.

Elder Wait, in his "Origin and Early History of Wake Forest College," says: "When [in 1831] it was finally settled that an institution should be established upon the Manual Labor plan, we began to look around for a suitable site. Many places, as was to be expected, were recommended. This farm (upon which the College now stands) was then owned by Dr. Calvin Jones. The Doctor's main estate was in west Tennessee. He had, for some time, desired to dispose of his possessions in North Carolina, that he might live at his other home in the far West. In this farm were a little more than six hundred acres. * * * Finally,

during the sitting of the [North Carolina Baptist State] Convention in August, 1832, at Rives' Chapel, Chatham county, N. C., we were given to understand that the premises could be purchased for two thousand dollars. All felt convinced that the time had now come to close the contract. A subscription was immediately commenced, and I think fifteen hundred dollars were raised on the spot. * * * The farm was purchased in August [1832]. * * * Some of the Board [of Trustees], Bro. Armstrong particularly, were for commencing operations on the first Monday in February following. I told them that would be impossible. We lacked the requisite funds. Nor had we time to make the preparation, even if we had the funds. * * * The conclusion was to appoint a committee to rent out the farm, to the best advantage they could, for that year [1833], and request me to continue my agency for the Convention another year, and do what I

could, in the meantime, in collecting funds and any kind of furniture for the comfort and advantage of the institution."

During the year Elder Wait received many articles of furniture and bedding, and about two hundred dollars in money. There were no suitable buildings for the College and the principal was forced to resort to many expedients. We shall let him tell some of them to us: "The former owner of the premises we now occupied had encountered much expense to provide for the comfort of his servants. I found seven good, substantial log cabins made mostly of white oak, with hewn logs, good doors, floors, roofs, and, with one exception, windows. These were washed out cleanly and whitewashed. Good new furniture was provided for each house. And, although it was known that the cabins were built originally for servants, and occupied at first by them, I never heard of the least objection to them from any student." * * *

"The only place in which I could convene the students for morning and evening prayers or lectures was the building erected by Dr. Jones for a carriage-house, 16 feet by 24."

The exercises of the school began the first Monday in February, 1834, and about seventy students were entered upon the rolls the first term.

During the winter of 1833 and 1834, a charter was obtained from the Legislature for Wake Forest Institute. So narrow-minded and bigoted were our legislators that they gave very few privileges to the Institute. The charter allowed the Institute to hold fifty thousand dollars' worth of property,

but did not exempt its property from tax. On its final reading in the Commons, the majority was quite respectable, but in the Senate there was a tie. Mr. William D. Moseley, chairman of the Senate, gave the casting vote.

The first meeting of the Board of Trustees was held at the Institute, Saturday, May 3, 1834. The following members were present: John Armstrong, John Culpeper, Sr., Charles W. Skinner, Aaron J. Spivey, Wm. Crenshaw, W. Roles, John Purify, Thomas Crocker, Allen Bowden, Jas. B. Outlaw, Turner Carter, Daniel Boone, David L. Thompson, D. L. Williams, Alfred Dockery, and Amos J. Battle.

"The meeting was organized by calling David L. Thompson to the chair and appointing Geo. W. Thompson secretary."

"The first business which came before the meeting was the consideration of the charter, which, after much deliberation, was accepted."

"A committee was created, consisting of Messrs. Carter, Dockery, Outlaw, Skinner, and Spivey, whose duty it was to present a plan of the building necessary for the successful prosecution of the objects of the Institute, and to report on Monday next."

After discussing the report of the committee on buildings made the following Monday, the Board passed the following resolutions:

1. "That so soon as the state of the funds will justify it, a house be constructed three stories high, containing not less than ten rooms on a floor.

2. That the Executive Committee be instructed to have prepared a draft of the building and to estimate the probable cost of constructing it of

brick and also of stone, and report at the next meeting of the Board.

3. That the Executive Committee be instructed to take measures for the immediate erection of the following houses: 1 two-story house 50 by 30, 8 houses 26 by 12, having ten-foot sheds and stack chimneys."

Elder John Armstrong was appointed agent to present to the people of the State the object of the Institute, and to solicit aid for the erection of the above named buildings.

Before adjourning the Trustees took up a collection. C. W. Skinner and D. L. Williams gave \$500 each, and many others gave \$250. These subscriptions were payable in five annual instalments.

At the next meeting of the Board, held at Cashie church in Bertie county, Nov. 3 and 5, 1834, Elder Armstrong reported that he had secured subscriptions to the amount of \$13,500, payable in five annual instalments. He was requested to continue his agency until February 1, 1835; and Elder Wait says that he increased the above amount to about \$17,000.

At the same meeting a letter from Capt. Berry was read, proposing to build the houses at the Institute, and the draft for a brick building presented by him was accepted with some modifications. The walls of the brick building were to be 42 inches thick at the base and fourteen on the last story. But at the meeting of the Board held at the Institute, December 22, 23, 24, 25, 1834, the above action was rescinded and the plan presented by Mr. Ligon was adopted. Capt. John Berry contracted for the erection of the brick building, as presented by Mr. Ligon's

plan, for \$14,000. It was to be completed by January, 1837, and the money was to be paid in three equal annual instalments, beginning January, 1836.

During the year 1835 seven of the Trustees resigned, and there was much dissatisfaction among our people about the Institute. The Trustees made mistakes in trying to keep a steward's hall, and in placing the charges for board, tuition, etc., too low. I copy the following rates from the Records of the Board:

Board per month,	\$6 00
Tuition, Latin, Greek, etc., per month,	2 00
Tuition, English, per month, ...	1 50
Washing per month,	1 00
Room and firewood, gratis.	

During the year 1835 the price of all kinds of provisions advanced about 100 per cent., and it was found absolutely necessary to raise the price of board to \$9 per month. And yet the steward's hall did not make expenses by several hundred dollars.

Besides, it was supposed in the beginning that the students' daily labor on the farm would go a long way towards paying their board. After a close examination of their accounts for that year, I find that they made on an average for a year's work four dollars and four cents.

The year closed with the Institute in debt to the teachers, the steward, and the treasurer. And the Board of Trustees, in session, Nov. 26, 1835, "Resolved that the building committee be authorized to borrow the sum necessary to make the first payment due Capt. Berry by January 1 next."

At a meeting of the Board, March

10th, 1836, Skinner, Dockery, and Hooper were appointed, "To adopt the best means for raising the sum of \$16,666.67 for the purpose of endowing a professorship." The above is the first mention made of endowment in the records.

The committee to audit the treasurer's report and other claims against the Institute reported Dec. 30th, 1836:

"We find that the Institute is indebted up to the close of the last session of the present year the following sums to the following persons: To Samuel Wait the sum of five hundred and seventeen dollars and four cents. To reduce his balance to that sum, he has relinquished four hundred dollars of his salary for the year 1835, and two hundred dollars of his salary for 1836, and his claim to one hundred dollars loaned to the Institute in 1834, with this understanding, that the Trustees are to pay to the treasurer of the building committee of the Institute the sum of five hundred dollars as a donation from him. To William Crenshaw, treasurer, two thousand three hundred and seven dollars and ninety-one cents. To Charles R. Merriam, steward, five hundred and eighteen dollars and twenty-six cents, making together the sum of three thousand three hundred and forty-three dollars and twenty-one cents. To discharge the debts in part we have in balances due from students for 1834, '35, and '36, two thousand four hundred and seventy-seven dollars, eighty-six and one-fourth cents, and a firm trust in the goodness of Divine Providence to crown with ultimate success our efforts to pay the balance of eight

hundred and sixty-five dollars, thirty-four and three-fourths cents."

The records of the Board of Trustees during 1837-'38 give no information as to the financial condition of the Institute. The balance was on the wrong side, and exact book-keeping under such circumstances is not pleasant work.

Bro. H. Wilcox, agent for the Institute, attended the session of the Chowan Association in 1838. Bro. Charles W. Skinner, chairman of the "Committee on the Wake Forest Institute," presented a lengthy report, published in the *Biblical Recorder*, June 16, 1838, and from it I select the following:

"The subscriptions taken some years since for the purpose of erecting buildings amounted to about \$21,000; of this sum about \$13,000 have now been collected, leaving \$8,000 yet unpaid. Of the money collected, part had been paid out for improvements before the college building was erected. This building cost about \$15,000, of which about \$8,000 is paid; leaving yet unpaid about \$7,000. It will be seen, therefore, that the amount of subscriptions yet unpaid exceeds the debt now owing for the building by \$1,000. But it is probable that there will be a loss on the subscriptions of at least \$3,000. It will then fall short of paying the debt by about \$2,000. Besides, there is a debt on the Institute, separate from the building department of about \$1,800, making the whole debt of the Institute, which it has not the probably available means of paying, about \$3,800."

"The Association paused and al-

lowed the agent to take subscriptions, which amounted to about \$1,800."

During the year 1838, there was great stringency in the money market, and many of the banks had "suspended specie payment." On account of this stringency in money matters but few of the subscriptions for the building were collected. The Trustees held many meetings with slim attendance, and often without a quorum. They borrowed some money from the bank to meet the third payment on the building—how much their records do not show. They abolished the Manual Labor department, laid off the present village, and sold the most of the lands belonging to the farm. The steward's hall was done away with, and students were allowed to board wherever they wished. The following were the College charges for 1839:

Tuition per year,-----	\$45 00
Room Rent, -----	2 00
Bed and Bedding,-----	4 00
Wood, -----	2 00
Servant's Hire,-----	2 00
Deposit for Repairs,-----	2 00
<hr/>	
	\$57 00
Board and Washing per month, \$	8 00

At the above rates for room rent, the Trustees could not possibly receive more than \$192 for the rent of two-thirds of a building which cost them \$15,000. Still, they made great progress in their management during that year.

December 26th, 1838, the Legislature amended the charter, changing the name of the Institute to Wake Forest College, allowing the Trustees to confer the usual degrees, to hold

six hundred acres of land, and two hundred and fifty thousand dollars free from tax, and extending the time of the charter fifty years.

In 1840 quite a number of debts had accumulated against the College. The records do not show what amount. There was a debt of \$1,750 due the Bank of the State of North Carolina, and a much larger amount due Capt. John Berry, the builder of College Building. About the close of the year, the Trustees borrowed \$10,000 from the Literary Fund of the State, and paid "the debts due the Bank, Mr. Dennis, Messrs. Dunn, Brownly & Co., and a part of the Berry debt."

From this time till June, 1848, quite a number of agents were appointed. Some declined to serve, and others labored but a short time. The interest had been paid regularly on the debt due the Literary Fund, but the "Berry debt" had grown slowly. The liabilities of the College were about \$20,000, and the various agents had obtained subscriptions to the amount of \$10,000, on condition that they should be null and void if the whole amount was not raised. The State was pressing for a return of its loan, and Capt. Berry wanted his money. It seemed as if the College would have to be sold. Dr. Hooper, president of the College, and Bro. W. H. Jordan, president of the Board of Trustees resigned. The Trustees adjourned without making any arrangements to meet these obligations.

On Friday after Commencement Dr. Wait went down to see Bro. J. S. Purefoy, who lived then at Forestville. After talking the matter over, Bro. J. S. Purefoy subscribed \$1,000 and Dr.

Wait \$500. The next day they went over to Bro. William Crenshaw's, and he subscribed \$500 for himself and \$500 for his son, Dr. W. M. Crenshaw. And then William H. Jordan, W. T. Brooks, Wm. Jones, and J. B. White subscribed each \$500. Bro. G. W. Thompson, the agent at that time for the College, hearing of this, went to the house of Bro. David Justice in the dead of the night and waked him up out of bed, and told him what the brethren had done. And Bro. Justice subscribed \$500—making in all \$5,000.

Bro. G. W. Thompson continued the agency, and at the next meeting of the Board of Trustees, held June, 1849, the committee to ascertain the amount of the subscriptions "reported that the subscriptions came short of the debt

\$1,713." Thereupon the Trustees sold the "South Brick house," now occupied by Dr. H. W. Montague, and made up the deficiency. At the same time brethren G. W. Thompson, J. S. Purefoy, and N. J. Palmer were appointed agents to collect the subscriptions and pay the debts of the College. Bro. J. S. Purefoy paid the note to the State and left it on file in the Governor's office. There were thirty signatures to it. The Berry debt was paid in full the same year. While Bro. Purefoy was collecting those subscriptions, Bro. Barclay Bowers, of Warren county, gave him ten dollars—the first money ever given for the endowment of Wake Forest College.

L. R. MILLS.
(To be continued.)

NOTES BY A STAGE-STRUCK YOUTH.

The stage is an institution combining amusement with instruction, rest with exertion, where no faculty of the mind is overstrained, no pleasure enjoyed at the cost of the whole. When melancholy gnaws the heart, when trouble poisons our solitude, when we are disgusted with the world, and a thousand worries oppress us, or when our energies are destroyed by over-exercise, the stage revives us, we dream of another sphere, we recover ourselves, our torpid nature is roused by noble passions, our blood circulates more healthily. The unhappy man forgets his tears in weeping for another. The happy man is calmed, the secure made provident. Effeminate natures are steeled, savages made men, and, as the supreme triumph of nature, men of all ranks, zones, and conditions, emancipated from the chains of conventionality and fashion, fraternize here in a universal sympathy, forget the world, and come nearer to their heavenly destination. The individual shares in the general ecstasy, and his breast has now only room for an emotion—he is a man.—SCHILLER. (Philosophical Essays, p. 338.)

Now Schiller may be mistaken about this, and yet, I must think much of it is correct, for my own soul has experienced its truth—perhaps too strongly—*n'est ce pas?*

CLARA MORRIS.
"Are you going to the Academy of Music to-night?"

"Well, I should think I am. It is not in my programme to miss Clara Morris."

I went. Shall I ever forget that night? Never! She played "The New Magdalen," by Wilkie Collins. I can see her queenly form now moving before those footlights with its matchless grace and beauty. Oh! the magic of that voice! As its subtle vibrations

spread themselves throughout the great theatre, touching gently but clearly every ear from orchestra rail to the remotest confines of pit, balcony, and gallery; all hearts yielded to the spell. And when her eyes suddenly flashed and cheeks flushed with the fire of tumultuous passions, thousands of eager eyes from the vast auditorium sparkled responsive to that fire, and every heart beat in sympathy with her cause. What floods of tears could she pour into the melody of her voice! No man could have his soul thrilled with its music, and not be the better for it. The gentler parts she could play with as much ease and grace as though her bosom had never heaved with the fierce conflict of opposing passions—as simply and smoothly as the joyous girl whose life is all sunshine and flowers. With the meanest commonplace on her lips she is interesting, at times she is sublime. Except by Frederick Warde's "Damon and Pythias," I have never been so awfully and deeply moved by any sight or sound of nature. To me she was more sublime than what I saw and heard, as for the first time I stood breathless upon the ocean's long white beach, and, awe-stricken, listened to the roar of its foaming surf. When the dark folds of the final curtain announced the end, I rose with a breast swelling with impulses calling for a higher and nobler life. Clara Morris is a histrionic genius.

TALMAGIA VS. INGERSOLLIA.

What a jolly time we had at Mr. Talmage's lecture! How funny he was! How his wit sparkled and sarcasm flashed! How impressive the theatrical attitudes he frequently

struck! How gloomily grand the magnitude of some of his pauses! With what ease and good humor did he handle the grandest question that ever thrilled an orator's soul or racked philosopher's brain! What a genius! Yes, a genius, but sorely misdirected in its self-application to the championship of Christianity against Ingersollia. For Mr. Ingersoll's blasphemy I have supreme contempt; but Talmage's defense is beneath contempt. What a spectacle! More than a thousand souls assembled at a trial of the truth of God's Word—the ministry seated high in the court-room representing Jehovah, with a *clown* appearing as their attorney!

The farce begins with a joke or two. Our attorney strikes a sensational attitude and yells for the first witness, "Robert G. Ingersoll!" He must joke a little, however, before taking his testimony; so he swears him by the "spots on the sun, the caverns of the moon, the milky way, and aurora borealis." Ingersoll declares that the Bible favors polygamy. Our attorney treats this in a most refreshing way—brings down the house several times with his wit on the subject. He tells us how the Lord made only one wife for Adam—tells us what a hard road David had to travel through this low-ground of sorrow, and lays all the blame on his wives—tells, too, what a fool Solomon was for burdening himself with the care of such a multitude of fair ones, and surmises that the builder of the Temple must have had a dreadful time.

The witness declares that the Bible is a cruel book. Our attorney, in the simplicity of his soul, denies it, and in

tones of thunder asks the awful, the unanswerable question, Where is one man made cruel by it?

"Your Bible is a tyrant of woman," says the witness. Our attorney is exceedingly wrought upon by this declaration, bursts into exclamations, pronouncing rather incoherently the names of almost all the female characters of Scripture. "Ruth! Ruth! Oh! Ruth, the queen of the harvest-field." He gets off a fine thing on Abigail. "Abigail! Abigail praying at the foot of a precipice, stops the on-coming host. The rush of an army checked by the sight of a water-lily!" What thinkest thou of that, Ingersoll? Now, dare to say that the Bible is woman's tyrant! Oh! Ingersoll (Robert Green), thou broken-hearted candidate for Governor of Illinois, go veil thyself in sackcloth, and cover thy head with ashes!

Such was Mr. Talmage's attempt to atone for his incapacity to manage a great subject rashly undertaken. Instead of studying these terrible libels thoroughly and deeply, as became a scholar and man of God, he trusted to his wit, his sarcasm, his genius. He never even so much as hinted to us of the historical relations of the Bible; at the fact that society was in a comparatively primitive condition when it was written; that both wife-capture and polygamy were prevalent, because society had only reached that stage of development; that the Hebrew people were the most civilized people of earth, and yet were cruel, but their cruelty was the cruelty of the age; that woman did hold a position inferior to that she now holds, which was due to the condition of society, and that the religion

of Jesus Christ elevated her to her present position. No! such points he despised, losing his opportunity of crippling the magnificent blasphemer by a demonstration of his ignorance of history. Far from showing up Ingersoll's superficiality, he exhibited his own pitiable shallowness by feeding the hungry multitude on jokes, exclamations, rhetorical flourishes, and painful pauses.

He stood the professed champion of Christianity, to defend the truth of the Bible, upon whose divine teachings rest the foundations not only of church and all its hallowed institutions, but of state, of civilization itself—a cause almost sublime enough to fire the brain of an idiot, till his tongue could thrill thousands with its eloquence; yet Mr. Talmage contented himself with amusing and entertaining his auditors, now and then startling them with a flash of cut-and-dried-Talmagia. Such a defence of the Holy Scriptures was an insult to the intelligence of the Christian world.

This was the first time I have had the misfortune of hearing the attorney, and I may have expected too much. If I am too severe, I beg pardon, but such were the impressions left. Mr. Talmage may be a great and good man at some things, but I fear he answered another man's call when he constituted himself champion against Ingersollia.

MRS. LANGTRY.

Blessed is the man who expecteth nothing, for he shall sometimes be disappointed—pleasantly. So was I in Mrs. Langtry. I expected nothing, and so went prepared to do her full

justice. To say she is an actress of average ability is to wrong her. She is above the average, as any one with an unprejudiced judgment may easily see. Critics usually deprecate Mrs. Langtry because she has not histrionic genius, because she is not a Clara Morris or a Modjeska. Now, did she possess the delicate and powerful sensibilities of either one of these stars, she could be transcendently superior to either; for nature has favored her as she has few of Eve's daughters, and she possesses all the intellect necessary for eminent success. Her physical qualifications are all that the most fastidious need demand—the only unpleasant feature of her appearance being an unsightly waist which ill agrees with the magnificent contour of her broad, beautiful shoulders. Nature did not invent lacing, however; so art, or rather absurd fashion, is responsible for this defect. In the parting scene with her lover in the "Hunchback," Mrs. Langtry's acting was of the highest order and well deserved the hearty cheers given it. In one or two other passages demanding harshness of feeling she was fine, and won applause. She has not genius, but a high order of histrionic talent, viz., an unparalleled physique, superior intelligence, combined with moderately developed sensibilities. Did her sensibilities balance her intellect, she would be a genius. We would like very much to see Madam Langtry after two more years of hard study. She would astonish some people who think themselves remarkably wise.

MAGGIE MITCHELL.

Charming! charming is little Mag-

gie! (Remember she is nearly fifty years old, too!) She usually impersonates a rollicking girl of fifteen or sixteen. Nature has not been so kind to her as to some of her sisters; therefore do we the more admire her for the power she wields over an audience. She is as lively as a cricket. The graceful sprightliness of her movements, the genuine tom-boyish ring of her laughter keep her hearers constantly bubbling over with merriment. Who could take her place, and give us such characters? So few that, were the test made, we are inclined to think no rule could be found under which to class her, and we would be forced to place her under that curious genus—*genius*. Many and grave faults she has, but her excellencies outweigh them all—and we call her charming. Her "Fanchion" is incomparably superior to "Pearl of Savoy."

IRVING.

Brains! Brains!! There can be no doubt that our distinguished visitor makes greater use of the above mentioned article than do any of his contemporaries. He shows in living example the height of perfection to which a man without histrionic genius can push his art. Remembering his wonderful achievements in London, and beholding the perfection in management and presentation of detail he can give on a foreign stage, we must say that Irving, the manager, is greater than Irving, the actor. He presented a picture of *Louis XI.*, for which he cannot be too highly praised. It was marvellous. We almost dare to say it was perfect. We saw no faults—they were all blended harmoniously into the

character. When playing that part he may justly say, "I am *Louis XI.*" The sepulchral tones of his voice, defective elocution, painfully mechanical stride, were all in thorough keeping with his masterly conception of the character. His constant use of the eyebrows was most effective. His eyebrows speak volumes. If *Louis* did not have those shaggy appendages, he ought to have had them. Irving can throw more cunning wisdom, mingled with devilishness, into them in a second, than thousands of actors can display in the use of their whole physiognomy in an hour. We doubt if the man lives, has lived, or ever will live, who can furnish us a performance approaching so near absolute perfection. No amount of compliment, however great, could be called extravagant. We feared he had reached high-water mark on this first night. His *Shylock* increased those fears tenfold. In his *Hamlet* our enthusiasm for Irving, the actor, sank so near zero that we turned with a shudder from its dismal stiltedness and hollow sickliness to our more pleasant memories of *Louis*.

His *Shylock* was a masterly production and his conception consistently held throughout. But whether this conception was the one in Shakespeare's mind when he created *Shylock*, we cannot say. We fear it was not. In this character he began to show the faults which in *Hamlet* culminated in painful incapacity. If an actor without the reputation of Irving had dared to murder *Hamlet* as he did in many parts, he would have been hissed from the stage in disgrace. His conception was good, but he was unable to act it out. The address to the players was

all but ludicrous, for he who spoke it was condemning his own work. His management of the climax in the scene in which he catches "the conscience of the king" with the play, was grand and well deserved the thunderous applause which greeted it. Here he saved his *Hamlet* from disgrace. Take out this scene and we fear Mr. Irving's fame would not have been great enough to shield him from a cool reception, if not an outward manifestation of disappointment. His action in "*Hamlet*" marks clearly the boundaries of his power. He is not a tragedian. The impersonation of *characters* is the work for which he is pre-eminently fitted. *Louis XI.* is a marked *character*—here he is unapproachable. *Shylock* is also a *character*, but a more general one—in this he is good. *Hamlet* is not a special *character*, but the representative of a class of men found in all ages and among all peoples—here he is weak. Thus we can determine Irving's true field—in proportion as the person represented is peculiar, individual, and paradoxical, in that proportion does his artistic work approach perfection. The more general the type he represents, the weaker he becomes. Mr. Irving will never fail to interest, however grave his faults may be. He is an honor to the great institution to which he has devoted his life.

Miss Terry is certainly as great, if not a greater, artist than Irving. She, alone, of all the Lyceum Company, has mastered that most difficult art of speaking so that all can hear, and not rant. Her articulation and enunciation are beautifully finished. Though laboring under the disadvantage of

a cold, her voice was made to do its full duty. In "Merchant of Venice" and "Hamlet," she gave us, as *Portia* and *Ophelia*, by far the most finished and effective impersonations in all the cast, Mr. Irving not excepted. The tumultuous and prolonged applause given to "Merchant of Venice" was more than half intended for the charming *Portia*. The company is a superb organization, every member of which has evidently performed his parts under the direction of a master mind. Never before perhaps has such perfection of detail been seen on an American stage as we find exhibited by the performances of the Lyceum Company.

JOE JEFFERSON.

It was one of the dreams of my youth to hear this great comedian in his immortal rôle, "Rip Van Winkle." On New Year's day at the two o'clock matinée he was billed to play this famous character. I said I'd be there. And so I was, but minus a seat. My friend, did you ever see a great theatre packed? If not, then you have missed a sight which I esteem as one of the grandest and most thrilling it is possible to witness. The spacious floor a pulsating sea of humanity; then tier after tier, whose waving phalanxes wind from stage to rear wall, rise one upon the other till they touch the ceiling! Great Cæsar! how it makes my blood boil to think of it now! Oh! for power to clutch the heart of that surging crowd, to wring it with agony, or thrill with joy! But I am wandering. I finally managed to work myself

through the struggling mass and get standing room in the balcony. Jefferson is the only great man I have yet heard who has surpassed my expectations. His impersonation of "Rip" is one of the few works of genius approaching so near absolute perfection, that an attempt at criticism upon it becomes ridiculous, and the most extravagant praise seems tame. I think his presentation of "Caleb Plummer" in Dickens' "Cricket on the Hearth," is fully as good as that of "Rip." (See article on this in January *Century*, "Open Letters.") I cannot resist a burst of laughter whenever I think of him. I see him now as he mounts a chair at that Christmas dinner to give them a little song. How, after he had finished the first verse and trying to strike off on the next, he suddenly remembered himself and cried: "Oh!—chorus!" I can still see his expression of innocent wonder when, as Old Rip, none of the villagers know him after his return from the mountain—not even his wife. How simply and earnestly does he tell his daughter: "No, not Gretchen—she don't know me. Just fetch my little dog *Schnider*—he'll know me!" However dark the days may be in the future, the memory of the happy hours spent under the charm of this wonderful magician can never be blotted out. I shall always love him for the happiness with which he filled my heart. It is almost superfluous to say that Jefferson is a genius. In the language of "Rip," "May he live long and prosper!"

THOMAS DIXON, JR.

WHAT SHALL BECOME OF THE INDIAN?

From whatever standpoint we view the matter, the solution of this question becomes interesting. As Americans we are to-day in debt to the Indian. All the soil of these United States upon which over fifty million people are now flourishing was, three centuries ago, in his possession. Where now are situated thriving towns and villages, with their elegant public buildings of marble, fine dwellings, and neat cottages, between two and three centuries ago was found only the wigwam of the Indian settlement. The hunting of the buffalo and the savage war-whoop echoing through the deep forests have given place to agriculture and the din and clatter of the workman's hammer. The student of history, with moistened eye, peruses the sad record of the removal of the red man from the land where rest the bones of the chiefs and sires of the tribes, to which he clings with a tenacity amounting almost to frenzy.

Suffice it to say that, with a repetition of vain struggles, harsh and often faithless treaties on the part of the whites, the remnant of those powerful aborigines who once lorded it over this new world are now settled on reservations in the territories. Yet not settled, we may better call it sojourning; for every day our ears are greeted with harrowing accounts of Indian uprisings and consequent slaughters, which, sad to relate, are for the most part provoked by the restless and unscrupulous greed of the frontiersmen, who push their settlements and ventures into the

Indian country. Railroads, too, with their attendant train of improvement, are penetrating the territories; and it is plain that the same process which displaced them from the states will crowd them also out of the territories. But they can retreat no farther, unless, in their desperation, they plunge into the Pacific Ocean, and so put a period to their joyless lives.

It is obvious to the most superficial observer that ere a century, perhaps less time than that, runs its course, the American Indians will exist only in history. But the thought of their extirpation like beasts is revolting to the heart of the most callous citizen. His last and only resort, then, is to succumb to a race superior in every way, and become part and parcel of her subjects—not of her body-politic—but subjects only, to the extent that they may be civilized and protected by her laws. In their present standing, they are less qualified to exercise the right of suffrage than even the negro.

But many of them will perish by the sword before they become part of us. As the frontiersmen push into their reservations, like wild animals at bay, they rise up *en masse* to do bloody work with rifle and tomahawk, and each time are sadly slaughtered, with one or two exceptions, notably in the battle a few years ago when the lamented Gen. Custer fell. It is not our desire that the Indian become extinct in this way. The majority of them are to-day peaceful, and by intimate relations with the whites have

come to realize their only alternative, and want to become like the white man. But for the Indian to reach that station where he can be taken into the great body of American citizenship, he must forget his erratic life, join hand in hand in the race of progress, and be educated. It has been proved that he will not do this as a full-blooded Indian. A prominent writer maintains that the Indians will ultimately become, by amalgamation with the whites, a race of hybrids; and in that state only can they be capable of civilization, in our sense of the word.

The intermixture of whites with the Cherokee branch of the Indian nation began at an early period, and has been carried so far that one-half the tribe is now of hybrid race. From their first acquaintance, a writer tells us, the frontier adventurers, soldiers, hunters, and traders were attracted by the charms of the Cherokee women, whose type of beauty is much superior to that of many of the Indian tribes, and its characteristic and finest form displays a tropic air and grace, the rich red blood mantling beneath the dark skin, with black glowing eyes and supple forms. This element, we are told, instead of absorbing the vices of both races, or degenerating from its Caucasian ancestry, or showing a physical repugnance of nature to amalgamation as in the case of mulattoes, is of remarkable intelligence and vigor, and is frequently notable for a superiority in size to either of the parent races. It has been said that some specimens of the descendants of the army officers and keen and vigorous adventurers of the frontier have been of such intelli-

gence, courage, and shrewdness that they would have won national fame, if the field of their exploits had been within the public knowledge. During the last few years the government has placed a large number of them at schools in various parts of the United States, the two largest of which at present are Hampton, in Virginia, and Carlisle, in Pennsylvania. Their mental calibre is above that of the negro. Instead of the thick lip and receding skull, the features of the Indian are of a finer mould; the jaws broad and cheek-bones prominent, indicating an unbending will, which is a proverbial characteristic of the Indian. He, in some respects, resembles more the Irishman, being a creature of passions. But the blending with white blood modifies his nature, and trims down his strong propensities for a savage, nomadic life—a life above all others most hostile to civilization. At school they exhibit an encouraging capacity for receiving instruction.

When they have received a sufficient course of schooling, they return to their native tribes to make themselves practically useful there, and serve as examples for winning confidence in the white man's advance, and in their turn become teachers themselves. They carry back a knowledge of the trades and arts. The carpenter introduces the mode of building houses to take the place of the savage wigwam. Another introduces improved agricultural implements, and seeds to take the place of the one native crop of Indian maize. As long as they maintained their isolation, the knowledge of the white man's language was looked upon as a suspicious acquisition. But

now that he is crowding in on them and intermarrying with them, they want to become like him and learn his language. A marked sign that inspires hope is the fact that the old chiefs who have clung most tenaciously to their traditional customs, eagerly desire their children to receive that education for which they feel themselves too old.

The education of Indian girls is receiving especial attention. As in China, the conversion of one woman to the Christian faith is worth that of two men, so of like value is the education of the squaw. It is proverbial what beasts of burden the Indians make of their wives; and their daughters, when arrived at maturity, are vended like articles of trade. Nothing will be more apt to raise the Indians in the scale of civilization than to stimulate their attachment to permanent homes, and "it is woman that must make the atmosphere and form the attraction of home." If we want the Indians to respect their women, we must elevate the Indian women to respect themselves. That is what education is to

do for them. The Indian woman educated and refined will seek to raise her children under the refining influences of education, and thus pave the way for the education of generations to come.

One reason also that gives more hope for the Indian than can be entertained for the negro is, that the hybrid of white and Indian blood is afforded equal chance for high social position as the hybrid of English and Irish blood, while, however little negro blood flows in a man's veins, he is placed on a social plane with the negro. Thus, we may with reason hope that the time will come, perhaps within the present generation, when the new race will be represented in our Congress, when the senate hall will resound with their eloquence; when their statesmanship will take part in framing our laws —and, if I may be permitted to say it, when their gentle nut-brown maidens, with their warm, liquid eyes, raven-black hair, and exquisitely moulded forms, will become objects of contention to our young men of nicest tastes.

ÆSCHYLUS.

THE MYSTERIOUS POLE.

It appears that the people of the whole civilized and educated world have, through the changing scenes, experiments and expressed theories of hundreds of years, calmly and quietly, yet firmly reached the conclusion that there is somewhere such a thing as what learned men and geographers in particular, have styled the "North

Pole." By "Pole" they mean, not what some persons through thoughtlessness might suppose, a simple wooden stick or rod, but an imaginary end of the earth's imaginary axis.

There is also another pole. But the difference between the north and the south pole (viz., about eight thousand miles) is so great that I shall confine

my thoughts wholly to the former. By-the-way, this word "pole" at first sight suggests far different ideas to men of different pursuits, knowledge, etc., thus, to the geographer it conveys the notion of the extreme northern or southern portions of the earth ; to the mariner, the magnetic poles ; to the woodman, the pole-axe ; to the farmer, it suggests the simple idea of stick ; to the surveyor, sixteen and one-half feet ; to the astronomer, the pole-star ; to the historian, a native of assassinated Poland ; and finally, to the zoologist, it suggests the pleasant idea of that noble little animal, which bears the well-known appellation of "pole-cat."

Up to date there is no authentic account of any-one's reaching the North Pole. But tradition testifies to the contrary. It is affirmed, that once a bold navigator, regardless of the cold, actually went to the North Pole, and, having climbed upon it, cut away a small fragment with his knife, and to sunnier climes (allow me the use of the expression) "bore it home in childish triumph." It is also asserted that the Pole is exceedingly sleek, kept greased by an unseen hand, which superstitious folk believe to be the hand of a witch, so that no one can ascend it except he first wash his hands in a certain little pool near its foot. Though I do not know it to be a fact, yet I agree that all who wash at its foot can easily climb it, even to the stars. We shall know more about these mysteries when enthusiastic explorers shall have made more advancement in polar science.

By one expedition made privately, many things that are now thought

fashionable and new were proved to be quite ancient and mere evidence of old-fogyism. This wonderful adventurer on his return reported many strange things. For example, he said that one day, while looking around among some old boxes, his eye fell upon an old sheet. He opened it, and found to his surprise an old parchment, which proved to be a manuscript ; he picked it up and examined it closely, but on account of its manifest age he could hardly read it. By persevering effort he at last deciphered it, and found to his mortification that it was only one of Abel's old essays, written in the year of the world 41. This same man affirmed that he found in graves and elsewhere perfectly preserved bodies of monkeys, dogs, etc., each of which had on something which is at this day considered a novelty. (These animals inhabited that part of the world when its climate was much milder. Their preservation is owing to the extreme cold that suddenly came upon them and which has continued ever since.) A monkey had on a "beaver," and was just beside an old Oxford cap. Just think about it, these things known then ! I will only mention another of these novelties. An old cat in an erect attitude was clothed in some apparel that made it occupy just about ten times as much space as was necessary. The man said that to this fence-like garment was attached a slip of parchment with the single word, "Hoop-skirt." The above is totally traditional.

The North Pole is situated far away in the frozen regions, where the North Star is everlastingly overhead. His-

tory has kept no record of its kings or its peasantry.

There is now, and has been for the last few decades, a dithyrambic notion, as it seems to me, pervading the minds of men, that the unknown region of ice can be explored not only theoretically but practically. With that notion, and with a great desire to benefit humanity by discovering a place where it is too cold to live, many leave warm and joyous homes to try the pitiless winds of the far north. I say discover and explore warm regions. Explore Africa; people can live there. But what in the world is the use of wasting time and money and life prowling around the Arctic Circle in search of a passage to the North Pole? If they wish to find out more about the shape of the earth, they certainly have a vast amount of curiosity, or are very dubious one, for it is generally conceded that the earth is round or nearly so.

Great headway has been made, and much has been learned from those Polar expeditions, perhaps more than was in the beginning expected by prudent men; but nevertheless it seems that the discovery of the desired object is a practical impossibility. If no other reason can be assigned for the failures which have been made, it is enough that people cannot endure such concentrated cold as encircles this Pole. It often happens that explorers see the mercury frozen in the thermometer, for it freezes at 40 degrees below zero; while Captain Back, in his search for Ross in the year 1853, suffered at one time the extreme cold of 70 degrees below zero, and that was in latitude 69 degrees north.

If it simply required brave and skilful officers to reach the Pole, with it we would now be well acquainted; but pluck and skill seem to avail nothing against the barren icefields of the Arctic Circle. The first Arctic expedition was made in the year 1380 by two Venetians. From that time there have been just about seventy-five different expeditions, nearly all of which were made during the present century. At first the main object was to discover a northern route to India, but it was soon changed to the more natural object of reaching the North Pole.

The most thrilling and noted expeditions have been the following: Franklin's from 1825 to his last, which began in 1845; Kane's in 1853 and following; Hall's in 1860, and his last in 1871; and finally DeLong's late expedition in the Jeannette in 1879-81.

"Necessity is the mother of Invention." Well, I think Necessity is also in some manner related to Discovery, and when it becomes necessary for man to confront the northern snows to find whereon to tread, then, perhaps, the stern and barren snow-mother will yield her all to the enterprise of those who were created "lords of creation." The navigators have never wanted for means of equipment for the trips that have been made. Neither money nor skill, nor anything else that could be desired, has been withheld from the explorers. They have all been fully equipped and well satisfied when leaving; but they return a *little* wiser than before, and explain that something was still lacking. In the year 1827 Captain Parry, of the British navy, had the honor of

planting the British flag in latitude $82^{\circ} 40' 30''$, the most northerly spot ever visited by man, except by Capt. Hall and his followers. Well, it was about fifty-six years ago when Parry was within five hundred miles of the Pole, but that distance has as yet been shortened but once. Of about fifty parties that have tried their luck since Parry's attempt, only one has gone so far as he did, and we "know of no way of judging the future save by the past." Does there seem to be any encouragement to adventurers?

Charles Francis Hall was sent out by the United States in 1860, and again in 1871. He lived in Esquimau style, and accordingly fared much better than any of his predecessors. He approached nearer the Pole than any one else has ever done, unless Greeley is now there. He went within 450 miles of the Pole. It is strange that there is so much hope always with men who try to become notorious by searching for the Pole. It is sad that so many explorers have suffered such hard fates in those grim regions. Captain Hall looked for the last time upon earth amid the icebergs of the Polar world.

Those that escape freezing and starving return worn and broken-bodied. For such was the case with Kane, who, though he came back home, in about three years withered away in Cuba. Nearly every enterprise loses many men by cold and hunger, and sometimes all are lost. But through all mishaps, trials, and failures, they still continue to "explore." The Polar regions indeed "try men's souls." There is one party out now, under command

of Lieutenant Greeley of the United States navy. He was sent out in 1881, and was to return this year, but he has not been heard from since his departure. Two steamers, the Yantic and the Proteus, were sent out as reliefs to his party, but the one was crushed in the ice, and the other returned dismayed. Perhaps Greeley and his companions have ere now frozen or starved; but alas! nobody knows their sad fate. It may be that they are now wandering over the trackless northern desert in loneliness and despair, and may yet come home safe and sound within a few months. On the other hand, they may have reached the Pole, and may be now beneath the stars and stripes enjoying Christmas in a warmer atmosphere than some of us suppose, for some men do think that in the immediate vicinity of the Pole it is warm on account of under-currents of the ocean which they suppose rise there to the surface. For instance, some say that one branch of the Gulf Stream follows the bed of the sea till it gets near the Pole, and then rises to the top, and sheds forth its caloric in compassion for the chilly air.

The last expedition of Sir John Franklin has possessed public thought and feeling more extensively than any other. It has been a grand incentive to trials of fortune among the hills of ice. For many journeys have been made solely in search of the honored English captain. The reason for this is, that more was expected from it at the start than from any of its predecessors, and less was received. Franklin had already made three explorations, but it was reserved for his fourth to seal his doom. He was a hale man

of nearly sixty winters when the fourth began. All had great confidence in the commander's ability. On the 19th of May, 1845, Franklin left with two ships and one hundred and thirty-eight men (but nine soon deserted), being fully, as he thought, prepared to confront Nature's white barriers. With flags flying, amid cheers they weighed anchor. There was joy and hope in each heart and a smile on each face, all trusting that soon he would be back again with glad tidings from the Polar country. But alas! it was far otherwise decreed. On the twenty-sixth of July a passing whaler saw the *Erubus* and the *Terror* smoothly gliding to the unknown, and that was the last view that civilized men ever had of the adventurers. Though sought earnestly, the wastes told no tale of the lost till 1859—fourteen years after the departure. Then, some skeletons and a boat-like sledge containing guns, ammunition, etc., were found, and a note which was written twelve years before, to the effect that the ships were already deserted, and their commander, Sir John Franklin, died June 11th, 1847. The note was dated the same year. It did not appear from the note that any others were lost then (1847). There were thousands of dollars expended, and all things were done to find the lost one hundred and twenty-nine, but in vain. Whether they starved or froze cannot be known; one thing is certain, they suffered extremely in either case.

The next sad fate I wish to mention is of a more recent date, that of the *Jeannette* and her gallant captain and brave men. She left San Francisco early in July, 1879, under the com-

mand of the energetic DeLong, who had been before connected with Polar explorations. DeLong did not go so far as some others; he reached latitude 77 degrees north. The *Jeannette* was soon consigned to an icy prison and then to a watery grave. On their way back DeLong together with two-thirds of his followers suffered the same death as so many who had gone before him, of hunger and cold. The remaining third straggled back home last year.

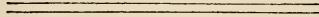
Of late, little knowledge of the Polar world has been gained by researches, and what has ever been gained has cost very dearly. We may well wonder why people risk so much. There seems to be a fever for Arctic discovery that affects all who have once tried it and got back alive. They want to go again. Then, it is thought by some to be a great display of manliness and devotion to the advancement of science.

Every party has given some excuse for doing no more; in fact, the whole thing seems to be made up of "might have beens." They would have discovered the North Pole, if something had not prevented, is the cry of all explorers, and, taking the thought of Patrick Henry, that little "if" will remain in that connection yet a long time.

Returned navigators are ruined in body. Money is spent fruitlessly. Lives are thrown away. Boats can't be made strong enough. Then, if a boat should in one warm summer reach the Pole, it is very likely that it would freeze up before another warm period, and go into winter-quarters for eternity. As things are now, I don't ad-

vocate Arctic-expeditions. I think we had better wait till balloons are more improved, till flying machines are perfected, or at least till we can go by electricity through the air to

the Pole. It is evident to my mind that we *must* wait. We are gently getting ahead of the *Times*, if not of the *Herald*, in searching for the mysterious Northern Pole. NOTLAW.

Noel 
" '83 AND THE BEAVER."

Mr. Editor:

I wish in the beginning of my letter to distinctly inform all whom it may concern that I bear no ill-will toward that most "potent, grave and reverend" Senior whose remarks call forth these few words. What astonishes me in regard to this gentleman is, that he has allowed himself to exhibit, unconsciously, perhaps, his chagrin at not being able to cap the climax of his present office by the only really gentlemanly head-gear manufactured, viz., a neat black silk hat, alias a beaver. Naturally he should be disappointed, but it certainly was not politic, though it was honest, to proclaim it to the world. The first symptoms of this disappointment were exhibited in his speech on the occasion of the first Senior-speaking of the session. I felt alarmed and grieved for his sake at such an untimely remark, but consoled myself with the hope that he had said it under the excitement of the moment, and that the symptoms would wear off without any painful development. Alas! my hope was doomed to come to grief. Two months rolled away. I thought, of course, that this ghost of "what-might-have-been" had ceased to haunt him. But, "look you now what follows!" After five long months have gone—half the days of

his seniority numbered with the past, we find the thought still rankling in his bosom. He deliberately sits down and without external provocation, *writes* and *publishes* the following: "We are not dependent on beavers for distinction; WE out-number any class in the history of the College, only about half can speak; and I predict [oh! thou prophet] that when the endowment fund is completed and the number of graduates is increased to thirty or thirty-five, they, in conjunction with the citizens of the town, will look back with no small degree of pleasure upon the precedents set by the class of '84, and rejoice that they struck the death-blow to that precedent which was destined to burden W. F. College with a useless manufactory of beavers." Ja! Ist dot so? mark well his words and "wa well" what he has said. "We!" Well, if a man feels that his horn must be blown—that he will burst and come to an untimely end if it is not blown, and that not softly, and if no disinterested party can be induced to blow for him, then I think he should seize it himself and blow with all his might till his mind is easy—even though he lose an eye in the operation; better lose an eye than have the mind unhinged. If he feels that it *must* be

done, why, "I repeat it, sir!" let him toot away! "But yet the pity of it, Iago! O, Iago, the pity of it, Iago!" "WE out-number any class in the history of the College." *Nous verrons.* The only true way to count the strength of a class is to add up the number of years indicated by the diplomas it receives, A. M.=5; A. B.=4; B. L. and B. S. each=3. If I mistake not, the class of '84 stands as follows: 2 A. M.=10, 5 A. B.=20, 8 B. L. or B. S.=24, making a total of 54. The class of '83 stands 5 A. M.=25, 4 A. B.=16, 2 B. L.=6, 1 B. S.=3, making a total of 50. The class of '79, which contained 6 A. B.+6 A. M., makes a total of 54. So we see this great class of '84 barely makes an absolute total equal to '79, and, taken relatively, it is much weaker. The average weight of each member of '79 is 4 1-2, of '83 it is 4 1-6, and of '84 only 3 3-5! I dare to say the lowest average any class has made since the war, if not *in the history of the College*. I don't say this to discourage the gentleman, but simply as a gentle hint that perhaps it might be well to cease his music, pause, and reflect for a moment. Now, to compensate for this extreme brevity in weight, I beg leave to recommend to this class generally, and to said gentleman in particular, an extension in height of about three inches. This can only be done by the purchase of beavers.

I can but hope my words of advice will be carefully digested by at least this champion of '84, and I sincerely trust they will not give him dyspepsia. He says further, you will observe, that "the citizens of the town will look

back with no small degree of pleasure upon the precedents set by the class of '84." Doubtless! the degree of pleasure with which they will recall the first official act of that class (their first great *precedent*) will certainly be extreme. I try to look charitably upon this great precedent, but the memory of it even now makes me smile in spite of myself. "The citizens of the town," yea, even of the country, the city of Raleigh, and the region round about, will, I am sure, look back with pleasure upon that day, when there was loosed upon the face of the earth some thirteen or fourteen male bipeds who wandered about thereupon in a most conspicuous and uneasy manner, having upon their heads queer keel-shaped contrivances with broad boards nailed to the top and the whole trimmed in mourning. They will not soon forget it—the degree of pleasure with which they recall it will ever keep it fresh. Now, this, I fear, is the only precedent as yet set by '84, and, unless it acts with better judgment, it is to be hoped 'twill be the last. A single refusal to abide by an established precedent does not necessarily destroy it or create a new one. There are several other items in the curious remarks of the gentleman I might notice with pleasure to myself and profit to him, but I refrain. My old beaver has been "stove up" some half dozen times, but I shall ever cherish it. Some of the most pleasant memories of my college life are linked to it, and no man can reflect upon it with impunity.

Truly yours,
Beaverdom, Jan. 4, '84.

'83.

"SALUTE THE BRIDE!"

Leaving my home at 5 p. m. on a Tuesday, I crossed in a ferry to the neighboring city, in order to take the train at daylight of Wednesday for Stumptown fifty-six miles away. It was December, and very cold. Expenses by ferry, at hotel, and railroad amounted to \$4.75, besides discomforts innumerable. Reaching S. at 11 a. m., (having travelled at the rate of 10 miles an hour), I was met by one of the groomsmen with a conveyance to take me to the scene of action six miles off. The said conveyance was extremely primitive, being nothing more or less than two wheels placed on a rough axle, and a rude box, for a cart, drawn by a very thin and lazy ox. The road was "corduroy," and lay for the most part through a swamp; the jolting was so fearful, and the pace so slow, that, after jogging for two miles and finding it had occupied exactly one hour, I dismounted and walked ahead of the vehicle, reaching the house nearly an hour before the team came up.

A little after dark, or as the natives expressed it, "at early candle-lighting," the ceremony was performed. A large room, called "the hall," was completely divested of furniture, a huge lightwood fire blazed in the enormous fireplace furnishing light for the occasion. At least one hundred guests were present, who stood against the walls, and in the ample piazza without. I was stationed immediately in front of the fireplace, and the bridal party came into position. The father of the

bride, Mr. Fordall, stood by my side. There were twelve couples who stood before me. The swains were clad in every variety of costume, but all wore paper collars, and none wore cravats save the bridegroom; he was "gotten up regardless of expense," in a new suit of very shiny and very shoddy black." His vest was "yaller nankeen," and he wore white cotton gloves, to distinguish him from his attendants. The bridesmaids wore white muslin dresses, low necks and short sleeves—no gloves; the bride was similarly attired, and was distinguished by a vail of about one-half a yard of Swiss muslin, and cotton gloves. After I had pronounced them husband and wife, the whole party remained fixed in their position, and after a few moments Mr. F. said to me in a stage whisper, "They're waitin' for you to salute the bride." Of course I could not keep them waiting, so quietly stooped down, and touched the bride's lips with my own.

Oh! what a hubbub arose, Pandemonium itself—I could not imagine at first what it meant. The groomsmen had simultaneously with my saluting the bride made a combined attack on the bridegroom. He fought bravely and well, but twelve to one was too heavy odds, and at last they hemmed him in a corner of the room, but not until his paper collar had been torn from his neck, his shirt bosom in ribbands, and his coat rent in the back. The bride and her attendants stood quietly in their places

awaiting the result of the mêlée, and as soon as the bridegroom was safely captured, every one of the grooms-men *kissed his bride*, and then released him. This was the point at issue.

The supper that followed of barbecued hog, rice, cake, corn bread, and coffee, was plentiful, and mine host, in his lavish attention to me, cried out to his daughter, "Give the Parson a nice cup of thick, muddy coffee, just like I takes mine."

Returning to the "hall," I found the room filled with extemporized seats, and was at once requested to "preach a sarment." I was in no condition for such a work, and endeavored in vain to be excused. It had to be done, so I simply talked upon the Marriage Relation, its duties and pleasures.

Soon after the service the happy bridegroom took me aside and asked very confidentially, "Now, Parson, how much does yer charge me?" and stood with his pocket-book in hand. I replied, "We do not *charge* anything"—and was going to add, "but leave it entirely to you what you will *give*"—but at this point he quickly returned his purse to his pocket, and grasping my hand, said, "You is mighty kind, Parson, you is. Good-bye;" and as a buggy and horse were waiting to convey me to the train, I left a poorer and a wiser man—to be sure in the future to reply to all conubial aspirants, "Whatever you think your wife is worth."

REVILO PARSONICUS.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

DECEMBER 31ST.

Eleven o'clock! and the fire burns low,
The house is all still in its dreaming;
The shadows contend with the embers aglow,
While I muse on the transient, sad seeming
Of the dear
Dying year.

I would bind his white hair with a wreath ere we part—
A wreath Memory gathers a-straying
Through the garden he set in the wild of my heart,
And I watch till the angel comes saying,
"Up, away
To the Day!"

From the far blessed stars, swelling toward me the song
Of swift-moving wheels earth is thrilling.
Through Death's shadows comes Life, and on Grief brightly throng
Hopes as gems on Night's bosom distilling,—
Welcome here,
The New Year!

TYRO.

EDITORIAL.

A GREAT OCCASION.

December 31, 1883, was a notable day in the history of Wake Forest College and of the Baptists of North Carolina. Prof. Taylor spent a large part of the day in sending telegrams to the generous Baptists of the State and in receiving from them responses which showed how near the College was to their hearts. In his recitation room at night were gathered an intensely interested company consisting of several members of the Faculty, with Mr. W. H. Pace, of Raleigh, and Rev. Messrs. J. S. Purefoy and R. T. Vann. They were counting up receipts in cash and drafts, writing certificates of the success of the special movement for the endowment, discussing questions connected with the final settlement, and winding up all with mortgages by Rev. Mr. Purefoy, Mr. Pace, and Profs. Taylor and Simmons to secure everything not absolute cash. They separated at eleven o'clock. So that before the old year passed Wake Forest College had in the hands of her treasurer one hundred thousand dollars.

The one man to whom this success is to be attributed declines personal congratulations, saying that it has come by the special blessing of God. That blessing we admit and are thankful for, but it in no wise closes our eyes to the efficiency of the instrument through whom it reached us, nor to the admirable spirit of fairness and candor which characterized the whole work.

THE SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

This Society was organized at New Orleans a short time after the late war; but was subsequently removed to Richmond, Va., as a more convenient location for collecting the records of the Confederate service. The Society issues a monthly magazine, *Southern Historical Society Papers*, containing official reports and documents, together with interesting stories of the war. Its principal object is the collecting of material for future historians; and it is claimed that there is already a large and valuable collection which will be indispensable to any complete history of the "War between the States." It is too generally understood that all the causes and circumstances of that war are familiar to the world. The fact is, that many leading foreigners know just about as much concerning its true history as the average American knows about the recent rebellion in Egypt. The South will stand the criticism of the world if simply the facts are had, and not the false versions by which the minds of foreigners have been prejudiced. It is our duty, then, for the sake of even justice, to give the coming ages correct and reliable records of our deeds. Northern writers have published their records, and it is our duty to publish ours also, in order that future historians, by comparing both, may deduce an impartial history, which otherwise could not be obtained. The magazine published by the Southern

Historical Society seems certainly to be our proper representative, and is, therefore, worthy of our interest and patronage. They who now sleep in the grave, it is true, cannot be benefited by anything we may do; it is due, however, to their memory, to their children and grandchildren that faithful records of their patriotic deeds be preserved. Americans of the future will be more grateful to us for preserving impartial narratives than for monuments, however grand and costly, erected to the memory of our heroes. Inscriptions carved on marble wear out in the lapse of time; but a faithful history of their deeds will never be forgotten. From monuments we learn that a certain man was born and died; but records preserve his deeds and the beauties of his character. If it is desirable that the coming boys should rise to high positions, then show them what their fathers did, and it will give them new impulses for greater achievements. *The Southern Historical Society Papers* aim to accomplish these ends; and thus far the Society has made admirable success in the work, and its papers are well worth the cost of subscription.

LITERARY SOCIETIES.

Literary societies are now at most institutions of learning considered an indispensable part of the equipage for the education of the young. But still there are some colleges where they are held even by the faculty to be of secondary importance; indeed in some institutions everything is subordinated by the faculty to the regular college curriculum, and by the stu-

dents to the secret societies, which, when they gain the ascendancy, become a curse instead of a blessing. But these instances are the exceptions and not the rule; and we are pleased to know that at most of our colleges there is a growing interest on the part of students in the literary societies and a clear recognition on the part of the faculties of the worth and indispensableness of them.

The work done in the text-books, the thorough mastery of them, if scholarship is desired and attained, is very necessary. The classics and the sciences have their appropriate and indispensable part in the training of the mind. They cannot be left out. They furnish the foundation upon which is to be reared the superstructure. But there are some parts of an education that cannot be acquired from text-books or in the class-room.

There are many rough places, angular points, and unsightly bumps, that the text-book or class-room work can never remove. They must be pared off, rendered smooth and symmetrical, by the training and friction in the literary halls. It is here that little points, inaccuracies, mistakes, and faults, as well as the large ones, are noticed, pounced upon by the "unmerciful critic," and held up in such a light that they cannot be forgotten. Thus the societies are of invaluable service in giving to the students accuracy and polish.

It is in the societies that oratory is cultivated. Here "steel meets steel," mind is brought into contact with mind, and the most powerful efforts of each are thus called forth. The rules

of logic and rhetoric learned in the too often dry text-books, are put into practice in the literary societies. It is only by such exercises that they can ever be of any practical benefit to the possessor. In the department of oratorical training, the literary societies are simply of inestimable value.

It is here, too, that great powers, though long latent, are made manifest. There is need for just this friction of mind with mind to call forth these hidden fires. Then, again, it is in the society that the student is fitted for the many and sharp competitions and conflicts of life. Here he learns to transact business according to the most approved methods, and acquaints himself with all prominent historical and current questions, and is thus prepared to understand his relations to his fellow-creatures and his country.

Let it not be understood that the writer would place the societies above the college proper in giving literary culture; for such is not his view, or his argument. But it is clear that both are necessary, and each is a powerful auxiliary to the other. It is observed that, as a general rule, he who does the best work in his society, does the most faithful work in the text-books. He, then, is the most thoroughly educated man, is symmetrically educated.

Every young man who comes to college, should connect himself as soon as possible, with one of the literary societies, and be faithful to the duties it imposes, as well as those required by his instructors. These duties will never conflict; therefore due regard may be, and should be, paid to each.

We are glad that the faculty of this college are in the heartiest sympathy

with our societies and their work. With all things favorable, let us, old students and new, try to make the societies more efficient than ever before.

J. C. C. D.

DECISION.

This word at once suggests the idea of plans already existing and awaiting either adoption or rejection. To one starting out in life, it is a matter of no small importance to settle upon one particular pursuit. This is the part of wisdom, for he who bends his efforts all in one direction is almost sure to make a success of his profession. Specialists are necessary for rapid improvement and the highest attainments possible for civilization.

Decision, from which springs oneness of purpose, is a prerequisite to the success of every individual. Until some decision is reached the mind is liable to various perplexities, and its powers are made contributors to any number of different ends, and so accomplish none. Although persons are sometimes met with who seem incapable of forming a definite opinion concerning a great question, and at the same time have no fixed principle by which their course in life is directed, who yet stand high in the estimation of those with whom they are associated, their enjoyment must be poisoned by the consciousness that they have done nothing to merit such esteem. This is not the habit of the young man who, with a noble heart, a grasping mind, and untiring energy, has set out with the purpose of overcoming in all of life's contests. Such a person, having be-

stowed upon the subject claiming his attention the proper amount of thought, at once decides what course he will take with reference to it. He is then prepared to concentrate all his energies upon the work of accomplishing his purpose.

In this way many persons have made life's duties and toils a joy rather than a dreaded burden, and at the same time greatly increased the results of their labor, while others have utterly failed to succeed even in the least undertakings, and reach the grave having done nothing worthy of notice either for themselves or any one else. Examples abound.

Decision is a necessary ingredient of character not only for the positive performance of noble deeds, but also for restraint and the avoidance of that which is wrong. It was a fixed determination to stand by and defend the truth, and resist the dazzling offers of the enemies of Christianity, which made the martyrs. And if it were necessary we could cite many instances in the world's history where decision played important parts. In these days of rapid advance, the man of hazardous habits will only find himself sadly worsted in the end.

DOES IT FIT?

Much of the ill-success in life is due to the fact that a great many choose their professions without respect to their own abilities or qualifications. The choice of a profession, a great many times, is assumed by the parent, or guardian, and the boy has no alternative but to accept it. Whether it suits his tastes or not is foreign to the

question. His father has satisfied his own conscience, and what more could be desired? If the vocation does not fascinate the boy, why it's the boy's fault. He has been handsomely provided for, sent to school, had his calling chosen for him, started in life, and all, too, under the most auspicious circumstances. Now, if he fails, his friends, who have always praised him and said that he would live to be a good and great man, roll their eyes ominously and shake their wise heads in token of their profound foresight and commiseration, as much as to say that they knew all the while, and had always said, that boy would make nothing of himself. Just as if the boy in question were an automaton that, once set a-going, would run its appointed course without varying from the established routine of duties performed yesterday mechanically, to be performed to-morrow in the same way.

Man has aspirations which cannot be satisfied and cancelled by the purely mechanical and common-place things of life. The limits of his soul are encompassed only by the realm of the infinite. This principle in human nature must be nurtured and allowed to expand, if we would not make man a brute or a machine. To feed the higher and better nature on a fixed order of every-day duties, is quite as unsatisfactory and illusory as to appease bodily hunger by swallowing wind. What is one to do? Being provided for begets obligations. One must be grateful. But "gratitude," says Victor Hugo, "is equivalent to paralysis." Benefactions engender a disagreeable attachment, they cramp one's free movements. Your actions

are fixed by the will of your benefactor. If not, an ingrate, you.

The idea of a universal genius is no longer tenable. This is an age for specialists. For one to make a success of anything, he must devote his whole time and talents to that exclusively, previously having prepared his substructure of general knowledge on which to rear some special edifice. No person can be equally proficient in many departments of work.

The professions are so crowded now, that one must be prepared with a view to the end to be accomplished. A

farmer filling the functions of a farmer is a success; if a failure, an honest one, deserving and exemplary, however unfortunate. But a farmer trying to be a lawyer, hardly deserves anything better than failure. He is a mere puppet pulled by the string of circumstance, a square man in a round hole. "It is an extreme emaciation to be the shadow of a shade." Accordingly many who make a wrong beginning in life by choosing the wrong life-work become starvelings for no other cause.

A. M. R.

CURRENT TOPICS.

FRANCE AND CHINA.—Franco-China war-clouds have for many months been lowering over the territory of Anam, but with no issue as yet, except the easy capture of the town of Sontay by the French. As it may be of interest to trace the causes which have led to the present movements on the part of France, we shall endeavor here to give an outline of them. As an English writer observes, the French government has apparently been seized with a mania for colonial empire. In Madagascar, in the interior of the Dark Continent—among the archipelagoes of the Pacific, and now in an outlying dependency of China, it is bent on the same task, the acquirement of vast colonial possessions. Their foothold in the country to the southwest of China was gained before the outbreak of the French Revolution. But it was not until 1861 that they succeeded in establishing them-

selves as masters of Lower Cambodia. In 1864 the king of Upper Cambodia accepted the protection of France, and from this point the French have been steadily bent on the extension of their territory into the country around. In 1874 Anam accepted the French protectorate; their protectorate, however, has ever, during these nine years, been on slippery ground. This brings us up to recent times, when the French have determined by force of arms to establish their active authority over their acquired territory. The Chinese troops are under discipline for war and their navy is being strengthened by the addition of new war vessels. It will, at all events, cost France lavish expenditure of men and treasure; and, even if she is successful, the reward it is thought will probably be inadequate and disappointing. The threatening outbreak cannot be too much deprecated by America as well

as Europe. Already it is seriously injuring European trade with China, and the Chinese bankers have refused to allow their money to be used in foreign commerce until the war-clouds shall pass over. Incrusted as they are in conceit and superstition, the expected war will only increase their antipathy to all foreigners, and thus render the progress of missionary work more difficult than ever.

THE TARIFF ISSUE.—The question of tariff reform is one of transcendent national importance at the present moment and, it is likely to be the turning point in the next presidential election. This is not a new question, however, for it is a historical fact that it has been the bone of contention for political factions from time almost immemorial. The arguments are about equally divided for and against a reduction of revenue. The question is a broad one, and our short space will not allow us to enter into a discussion of it here. Dr. Francis Wayland, in his solid work on Political Economy, gives the subject exhaustive and liberal treatment, and we think his views will commend themselves to wise statesmanship to-day with as much force as they did when first given to the world.

The whole manufacturing interest of the country is strongly in favor of "protection," while almost every other business, and the masses of the people demand moderate revenue. It appears, then, that the war will be waged by capital on one side and the great majority of the people on the other. Last winter Civil Service Reform was the dominant question, and the whole country was pleased with

the summary disposition Congress made of it. If, on the other hand, the present Congress, fail to reduce the tariff, their action will show the magnetic power of gold over representatives of whom we would expect better things.

RECENT DISASTERS.—The year 1884 began its course with a series of direful disasters. The recent great storm that carried devastation in its wake from Texas to New York was one of the most terrific that ever swept the continent. On land trees were uprooted, fences and houses levelled; while on the high seas iron-clads of the staunchest build were shattered and disabled by its dreadful momentum. (It may not be too much to suppose that this may be the storm which the lamented Prof. Wiggins prophesied for last March. Perhaps it has been holding off in order to amass greater strength for this occasion.)

The burning of the convent of the sisters of Notre Dame, Bellville, Illinois, presents a picture of human suffering second only to that of the destruction of the Vienna theatre, the awful details of which are still fresh in our minds.

Because of their very commonness we are accustomed to read of railroad disasters with as much composure as when we read the ordinary news of the day; but the complete wreck in Toronto, Ont., on Jan. 3, of a passenger train by collision with a heavy freight, and the great loss of life, must arouse concern and sympathy in the breast of the most torpid. Thirty out of sixty hale, strong manufactory employees are in the twinkling of an

eye launched from buoyant life to dreadful death by fire and crashing cars.

Very similar to the Tarrytown disaster, this belongs to a series of railroad accidents which must be charged

to the shaving policy of the railroad magnates, who are wont to stint the number of employees, as well as their pay. .

W. S. R.

EDUCATIONAL.

—THERE are 379 students at Princeton.

—THE new chapel at Columbia College will cost \$125,000.

—THE girls at the University of Michigan are to have a gymnasium.

—THERE are about 46,000 volumes in the college library at the University of Virginia.

—EX-GOVERNOR BROWN, of Georgia, has given Richmond College, Virginia, \$3,000.

—MRS. A. T. STEWART'S new non-sectarian and coeducational college is to cost \$4,000,000.

—Emory and Henry College, Virginia, has an endowment mounting up towards \$100,000.

—THERE are 185 students in the South Carolina College. It is growing rapidly in popularity.

—THE University of Alabama is overrun with new students. Some have been refused admission.

—THE new year dawned on Wake Forest College with one hundred thousand dollars in the hands of her treasurer.

—CHAPEL HILL, University of North Carolina, opens the spring term with 207 students. The number shows no falling off from that of last year.

—THE University of Vermont has received \$100,000 from the Hon. Franklin Billings, for the erection of a new library building.

—COLUMBIA COLLEGE has received from one of its trustees, Mr. Lewis M. Rutherford, a welcome set of astronomical instruments, valued at \$12,000.

—CHICAGO has a new theological seminary. \$100,000 are given for building purposes, and \$100,000 more for endowment, by Mr. Solomon Wheeler.

—MR. MCIVER has resigned his position in the Durham graded school, and has accepted the position of assistant principal in the graded school at Winston.

—IT is reported that the Atlanta Women's Seminary is doing noble work, and can scarcely find accommodations for the rapidly increasing numbers of students.

—A STATE Agricultural College is to be established in Lake City, Florida. The Baptist State Convention is striving to establish a female seminary there, or elsewhere in the state.

—“THE college does not aim; it makes ready the gun to fire true when it is aimed.” Whatever particular vocation a man may adopt, he is better qualified to succeed in it because of his college education.

—CLASSES in Assyrian have been formed in Union Theological Seminary, in Harvard College, and in Johns Hopkins University.

—MRS. ROBERT L. STUART has given Princeton College \$150,000 to endow the Department of Philosophy, to pay the salaries of professors in Logic, Ethics, and Psychology.

—THERE is in the current *Princeton Review* an article most interesting and suggestive to college presidents and professors. It is headed "The College of To-day," written by R. R. Bowker.

—BAYLOR UNIVERSITY is making gigantic efforts to complete its endowment. Col. A. W. Dunn has given \$10,000, and about \$12,000 more have been secured. Waco University is trying also to complete its endowment fund.

—THE Columbus (Ga.) Female College was totally destroyed by fire on the 9th of December. All the inmates of the building escaped safely. The loss is estimated at \$30,000, nearly all of which is covered by insurance. The college had about 120 students.

—PROF. RODES MASSIE, A. M., D. L., formerly of Washington College, and more recently of Richmond College, has been elected to the chair of Modern Languages in the University of Tennessee at Knoxville. He is also chairman of the Faculty, and a thorough scholar.

—W. O. GROVER, of Boston, who has before given \$2,000 to Roanoke College, recently donated \$3,000 for the endowment of that institution. This college, in the last few years, has received considerable aid from Boston and other Northern cities.

PROF. EVANGELINUS SOPHOCLES, who had been connected with Harvard University as tutor and professor of Greek since 1842, died at Cambridge on Monday, the 17th of December. He was a native of Thessaly, came to America in 1829. He was the author of a "Greek Grammar" and of several Greek text-books.

—THE financial condition of Randolph-Macon College is better at present than it has been since the war, and the friends of the college are full of hope that it will soon be relieved of all embarrassment. The average number of students is in attendance this year, and it is said that more studious young men could hardly be found, and the moral tone of the institution is excellent.

—THE Faculty of Bowdoin College has established trial by jury as the best mode of enforcing college discipline. Each class elects a juryman, and each of the secret societies and the anti-secret society does the same. The president is the judge. We are anxious to see how this system will work. The most objectionable feature in the whole is, that the student, who is on trial, is compelled to criminate himself.

—MISS VALERIA STONE, a wealthy lady of Malden, Mass., who died recently, gave Wellesley College \$100,000; about \$150,000 to Andover Theological Seminary; \$50,000 to Drury College in Missouri; about \$50,000 to Chicago Theological Seminary; \$30,000 to Hamilton College, N. Y., and to Oberlin University and Amherst College she gave large amounts also. All given in the interests of Congregationalism.

—THE library of the late Dr. E. F. Hatfield has been given by his children to the Union Theological Seminary, N. Y. It contains about 6,850 volumes, and is said to be of great value.

—ALBERT E. KENT, of San Francisco, who graduated from Yale in 1853, and who a year ago presented Yale with \$50,000 for the erection of a chemical laboratory, has added \$25,000 to his original gift.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

—SINCE the holidays the book trade has been rather dull.

A NEW series is publishing by Crowell & Co., entitled "Chips from Standard Authors."

—ANOTHER instalment of the *Life of Queen Victoria in the Highlands* is said to be ready for the press.

—M. ALPHONSE DAUDET is at work upon a novel. It will be issued simultaneously in French and German.

—ONE of the most interesting books of the season will be the *Life of Frederick Denison Maurice*. The Scribner's have it in press.

—MR. DOBSON'S notes to the *Vicar of Wakefield*, soon to be issued by Messrs. Appleton, are considered very fine.

—GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA and Edmund Yates, eminent journalists of England, are contemplating writing their autobiographies.

—MATTHEW ARNOLD excited the ire of the Boston *Transcript* by an "ill-natured fling at Hawthorne" in a recent lecture at the "Hub."

—MRS. OLIPHANT is one of the most prolific of modern writers. She now resides in Venice, and will soon publish a work on that city.

—MRS. J. T. FILDS has in the January *Harper's* an article entitled Personal Reminiscences of Emerson.

—THE sixth thousand of Mr. Arthur Gilman's *History of the American People* is now issuing. Hitherto the demand has been greater than the supply.

—SO popular have Tourguenoff's works become in England since his death that some Englishmen are even studying the Russian language in order to read his writings in the original tongue.

—MATTHEW ARNOLD is at present the butt of criticism, both favorable and unfavorable. Mr. Mayo W. Hazeltine is giving the public the benefit of his views concerning him in the *New York Sun*.

—AN official report of the northern tribes of American Indians, giving a history of their languages and customs, is being compiled by Captain W. P. Clark, who is said to be well versed in Indian philology.

—PROFESSOR DUNTZER has a recent work, *A Life of Goethe*. It is said to be accurate, and a perfect compendium of facts, but no discrimination is made as to matters of importance and those of little note.

—PRESIDENT D. J. HILL, of Lewisburg, Pa., has recast the popular textbook on Logic by the late Prof. W. S. Jevons.

—THE *Fortnightly Review* confesses that contemporary fiction in England is in a bad way, and quotes approvingly the *Revue des Deux Mondes* thus: "It is to America, beyond all doubt, that we owe to-day the best novel written in English."

—*The Current* is a new literary paper published in Chicago and numbering among its contributors some of the best our country affords. From extracts and notices we judge it to be a valuable and permanent addition to our floating literature.

—AN English writer makes this discovery in regard to Shakespeare, that he "looked upon dogs all more or less as curs, snappish and cowardly. Sir Henry Holland once lost a bet of a guinea owing to his failure to find a dog spoken kindly of by Shakespeare."

—M. VAMBERG, before his twentieth year, was conversant with Latin, Greek, German, Hungarian, Slavonian, English, Danish, Swedish, and Turkish. And additions have since been made. He is among the greatest of living linguists.

—WE find it stated that Mrs. Augusta Evans Wilson, the novelist, gives much of her attention to the making of jams and jellies, and takes as much pleasure in her guests' praises of her art in this line as she once took in the popular craze about her novels.

—HENRY JAMES on Tourguenoff: "He was a delightful, mild, masculine figure. The combination of his deep,

soft, lovable spirit, in which one felt all the tender parts of genius, with his immense fair Russian physique, was one of most attractive things I have ever known. He had a frame which would have made it perfectly lawful, and even becoming, for him to be brutal, but there was not a grain of brutality in his composition. He was exceedingly tall, and broad and robust in proportion. His head was one of the finest, and his face was eminently of the Russian type—almost every thing in it was wide."

—AMONG the noteworthy novels of the season, *Arius the Libyan, An Idyl of the Primitive Church*, takes a high place. It is a historical novel of peculiar interest, giving an account of the early struggles between Christianity and idolatry. (D. Appleton & Co., \$1.50.)

—IN reviewing the art work of the year, the London *Times* says: "Our painters have found it necessary to learn the elements of their business, and to put more of themselves into their art than many of them did of old. Their drawing has improved, their landscapes and their figures are more sincere, and that, after all, is something."

—THE sumptuous work which is being prepared at the expense of the Russian government to commemorate the coronation of the Czar is making rapid progress. It is to contain about fifty plates, from the designs of the Academician M. Zichy, which depict the most striking scenes during the ceremonies and festivities at Moscow, and in which numerous portraits will be introduced.—*Eclectic*.

—“THERE should be a tenth muse to personify that essentially modern flower of the human brain—the novel.”

—WE should say that many of our readers could make their homes more healthful, attractive, and happy by reading Appleton’s series of “Home Books.”

—*Gesta Christi; or a History of Human Progress under Christianity*, by Chas. L. Brace, is published by A. C. Armstrong, N. Y. The work confines itself to the various forms of philanthropy in which the influence of Christ is directly traceable.

—WE have read several chapters of Mr. George W. Cable’s *Dr. Sevier*, now publishing in *The Century*, and are better prepared to understand his growing popularity in the northern cities. His style is clear and natural; his descriptions vivid to the life. He is the most prominent of living Southern writers.

—A NEW volume of *Choice Literature* is begun with the January issue. It contains a number of valuable articles, and it would be well to begin your subscription for it with that issue. The writer of this considers that the dollar he pays for this magazine is well invested. It may be had by addressing J. B. Alden, 18 Vesey street, New York.

—THERE occurs in a late issue of *The Examiner* a leading article which aims some rough blows at Edwin Arnold, the author of *The Light of Asia*. The writer betrays some impatience because Buddhism is too favorably presented in that poem, so much so that the reader half concludes that the writer’s universal condemnation of the

poetry is inspired by his impatience to find paganism so clothed. To our mind there are many passages in that poem which show the true poetic genius.

—THE contents of *The Princeton Review* for January are “Agnosticism in American Fiction,” by Julian Hawthorne; “On the Education of Statesmen,” by Prof. Henry C. Adams; “The Railway Problem,” by C. Stuart Patterson; “A Study of the Mind’s Chambers of Imagery,” by President McCosh and Prof. Henry F. Osborn; “The Morrow of the Gladstone Administration,” by Canon Rawlinson, University of Oxford, and “The College of To-day,” by R. R. Bowker.

—*The Middle Kingdom: A Survey of the Geography, Government, Literature, Social Life, etc., of the Chinese Empire and its Inhabitants*, by S. Wells Williams, Professor of Chinese Language and Literature at Yale College, has been many years before the public, but Charles Scribner’s Sons have issued a revised and much improved edition in two 8vo. volumes. It is described as a rich and magnificent production, and we should judge it to be the chief source of information about this vast and interesting empire.

—WHAT a delightful sketch of the French Academy and some of its members have we in the article, “The Forty Immortals,” which occurs in *The Century* for January. It is illustrated by engravings from photographs of Alexandre Dumas, the younger, Ernest Renan, Henri Martin, Jules Simon, Emile Augier, Louis Pasteur, and others. The Academy dates from Louis XIV. and Richelieu, and from the be-

ginning has been a little republic of letters composed of forty members. It now contains four dukes, one of whom is royal and a soldier, two counts, one bishop, two scientists (Louis Pasteur and J. B. Dumas, the chemist), two political lawyers, and many literary men, some of whom are famous the world over, Victor Hugo and Taine, for example. Alphonse Daudet and Edmond About are competing for the chair of Sandeau.

—THAT Frederick the Great had any particular views about books is not generally known. But a Swiss attendant named Catte used to read to him, and Frederick would intersperse the readings with original remarks. These were carefully jotted down by the attendant. At length the manuscript was found in the Prussian state archives and has been taken out for publication.

—MR. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, our minister at London, received the unprecedented honor of election to the Lord-Rectorship of the University of St. Andrews; but, inasmuch as the authorities after his election were puzzled as to the eligibility of a foreign minister, he relieved them of the necessity of deciding the embarrassing question by resigning, which he could well afford, having received the honor.

—MR. JOHN B. ALDEN, 18 Vesey street, New York, puts the writings of Washington Irving, the father of American prose literature, in the reach of every one. For example *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow* may be had for three cents, *Sketch Book* for twenty cents, and his *Choice Works* in cloth or half Russia binding, at prices vary-

ing from thirty to forty-five cents. Other standard works at similar prices are published by this man of the "Literary Revolution."

—BRITISH AUTHORS IN AMERICA.

—The *Hartford Times* closes an article on international copyright, *a propos* of our remarks in the last *Bulletin* on payments made to Mr. Trollope by American publishers, as follows:

"When the discussion of this international copyright business comes up again, it is to be hoped that there will be a full exposition of the benefits which British publishers have derived, and are deriving constantly, by their 'piracy' of American publications. The books of every American author, from Emerson and Hawthorne to Petroleum V. Nasby and Josh Billings, are pirated and printed, and can be bought in cheap editions, from sixpence to a shilling a volume, at every railway-station in Great Britain. It would be a good showing, too, if a careful statement were made of the benefits bestowed upon British authors by the American publication of their works, not only in the consequent greater fame of the writer, but in the actual payment of money, in many instances, directly to the author. The first complete corrected edition of DeQuincey's writings was published in Boston. Carlyle owes his very introduction to American readers to Ralph Waldo Emerson. Far larger editions of Herbert Spencer's books have been printed and circulated in this country than were possible in Great Britain, and his American publishers, the Appletons, have paid him more money than he ever received from his English publish-

ers. In some instances, the sheets of Spencer's works printed in New York have been sent across the Atlantic to supply the more limited London market. These are but items in a list that might be much swelled. When

both sides of the international copyright question come to be fully written up, it may readily be believed that the balance will not be wholly against the United States."—Appleton's *Literary Bulletin*.

SCIENCE NOTES.

By Alumni Editor.

A GREAT WORK.—S. E. Cassino & Co., of Boston, have undertaken the publication of *The Standard Natural History*, a popular, but thoroughly accurate account of the whole animal kingdom by the best American authors. Dr. Elliot Coues and Prof. J. S. Kingsley are chief editors. It is to be fully illustrated and will make six imperial octavo volumes. The staff of writers consists of forty-two names, all of repute. The sight of the specimen pages in the prospectus has made us eager for the whole work. It is to be issued in sixty parts, at fifty cents each. .

BEAUFORT, N. C., has been a favorite place of resort not only for seekers of health and pleasure, but ever since 1860 for seekers of new and interesting forms of marine life. A high authority declares that no better place could be selected for the study of the forms of life in southern waters. The same is shown by the fact that in 1880 the Marine Laboratory of Johns Hopkins University, under the directorship of Dr. W. K. Brooks, was located at Beaufort, and remained there for three years. Though the naturalist and specimen hunter have been visiting

that coast for twenty-five years, it is believed that the variety and abundance of its fauna have in no degree been exhausted.

THE SNOW BIRD.—The opinion is not uncommon that this sprightly little bird, which appears in our fields and yards in the late fall, is only the common sparrow with a different dress on for winter. They are, indeed, about the same size, are generally seen in flocks together, have similar habits, and really belong to the same family, viz., the finch family. But they are of different species. The slate color of the snow bird's back is somewhat deeper in winter, but he retains the same markings all the year round. There is also some peculiarity in his constitution which unfits him for residence even in New England during the summer; but he must needs go to the fur countries of the Arctic Circle to build his nest. The nest is made on the ground, with the entrance concealed. The flesh is said to be sweet, and it is often sold in the New Orleans market. Wilson says, "I cannot but consider this bird the most numerous of its tribe of any within the United States." It is found at the appropriate

seasons from Louisiana to the Arctic Circle, and from the Atlantic to the Missouri and the Black Hills of the west.

THE TOBACCO WORM.—Farmers in tobacco sections are quite familiar with this pest. It feeds also on the leaves of the tomato and the potato, and is sometimes called the tomato worm and the potato worm. It is in reality not a worm at all, but a caterpillar. It is green, with oblique whitish stripes on the sides, and has a kind of horn on the segment next to the last. It grows to the size of the fore-finger and about three inches in length. On reaching its full size the latter part of August, it crawls down the stem of the plant, and buries itself in the ground. In a few days it throws off its caterpillar skin, and becomes a light brown pupa or crysalis. In this condition it remains in the ground during the winter. In the following spring the skin of the crysalis bursts open and the large moth, called the Five-spotted Sphinx (*Sphinx quinque-maculata*), crawls out, and on coming to the surface of the ground crawls up some plant and waits till the evening, when for the first time it ventures out on its new wings in search of food. Its food is sucked up from the flowers by means of its tongue, which when not in use is carried rolled up like a watch-spring under the head. It is a night feeder, and is fond of the Jamestown weed which grows on neglected lots. During the day it keeps close under the leaves and branches. This magnificent moth measures about five inches across the wings, is of a grayish color, and has on each side of the body five orange-

colored spots encircled with black. The tongue when unrolled is five or six inches long.

THE ANIMAL WORLD.—The enormous advances made in the study of the animal kingdom are well represented in the comparison of its recently estimated numbers and those of years ago. Take Ray, for example. In the last decade of the seventeenth century he estimated the number of known mammals and reptiles at one hundred and fifty species, of birds at five hundred, of fishes at five hundred, and he thought that the whole number of beasts and birds would exceed those then known by one-third, and the whole number of fishes would exceed those then known by one-half, making a total of about sixteen hundred vertebrates. On the other hand, the number of mammals is now put down at twelve hundred, birds seventy-five hundred, reptiles two thousand, and fishes ten thousand, making a total of about twenty thousand vertebrates. But even this number is small when compared with that of the invertebrate animals, for it is believed that there are known more than one hundred thousand species of beetles alone, and that the whole number of insects is about half a million. In the entire animal kingdom there are supposed to exist about a million species.

M. LOUIS PASTEUR.—The name of this celebrated French scientist has occurred in these columns not a few times. The following interesting account of him is taken from the January *Century*. Pasteur is a Catholic and a reactionist. Outside of special studies Pasteur is narrow. It is erro-

neously supposed that he did not rise to eminence through the school of any faculty. What he did was to work his way into the great seats of learning. He began as an usher in the lyceum of Besancon, and set before himself the task of qualifying at the Normal School for the brevet of university professor. His mind was led to the lilliputian side of creation by an accident. The usher had a good-natured pupil, to whom a kind godfather sent a microscope for a birthday present. The boy had not time to amuse himself with the scientific plaything, and lent it to Pasteur, who studied with it, so far as he was able, the insect world and the organization of plants. He was then not quite twenty. The idea that animalcules were the origin of contagious diseases was suggested to him by an apothecary at Cole, who got it from Raspail, a quack of genius. The idea was often thought over, and dismissed, and then taken up again. Pasteur won his university gown. But he yielded to his vocation, and, instead of teaching in high schools, became a scientist and obtained a chair in the faculty of Strasburg. There he came in contact with German thinkers, and had almost a European reputation as a geologist and chemist, when he was appointed scientific director of the Ecole Normale by the Emperor Napoleon III., where he had formerly studied. Pasteur entered the institute when a controversy was going on there about spontaneous generation and the unity and origin of species. He fell back upon his microscope, which he had been neglecting, to elucidate the problems. He was thus brought round

again to his starting point—that of the effect of animalcules in giving rise to contagious disease. Swift's penetration into many things his generation did not understand was justified by Pasteur. The scientist proved that the Lilliputians could, and often did, get the better of Gulliver. In binding him down they took the name of small-pox, scarlatina, yellow-fever, cholera morbus, tuberculosis, glanders, murrain, hydrophobia, and other fell plagues. Lilliput transformed grape-juice into wine, and dough into leavened bread. Pasteur then studied the laws of existence of the infinitesimal creatures and the conditions most favorable to their reproduction or destruction. Could he modify their virulence, and turn those bred in specially arranged liquids into protecting agencies against the maladies which, in their natural state, they would cause? To use a Scriptural expression, he aimed at casting out Beelzebub by Beelzebub. It is certain that his "vaccines" are efficacious; but it is also to be feared that they break down health and weaken defences against other morbid agencies. The discoveries that fresh air, rich in oxygen, will consume microbes, and that animalcules cannot live in boiling water, are precious ones for the world. Pasteur may be known at the Academy by his absent air and eyes in which there is, to judge by their look, no visual power. They are too habituated to the microscope to have any ordinary human focus, and they see as through a fog. Pasteur is free from conceit, and loves what he thinks is true. He has been freed from the cares of life by his

country. The present Chamber of Deputies has doubled the yearly pension of 12,000 francs which the Versailles Assembly granted to him. He has a rugged temper and a crabbed

style as a writer. Perseverance is his dominant quality. He is undemonstrative. The face is not an expressive one; but the forehead and head are powerfully shaped.

IN AND ABOUT THE COLLEGE.

—NEW students not coming so numerously as in the beginning of the fall term; about twelve have registered up to this time.

—THE Anniversary tickets came out in due time. They are of very tasty design, and reflect credit on the committee; they speak for themselves, however.

—A NEW skeleton mounted in Philadelphia has just been added to the means of illustration in Natural History.

—FIRST student: "Are you safe on Junior Latin?" Second student: "No, I fell through." First student turning aside, addresses third student: "Did you get through on Junior Latin?" Third student: "I just scraped the bottom!"

—REV. C. DURHAM spent two days with us recently. He expresses himself as pleased with the improvement the College is making in every department. Rev. Mr. Durham was on his way to Baltimore, where, it is rumored, he has received a call to preach. We take this opportunity to say that this State can't spare him. Baltimore has already made too heavy drafts on us.

—WE regret to learn that Mr. J. L. White has been advised by his physician not to return to college this term, as he had hoped to do. We hear

he will travel over the State in the interest of Shelby Female College. We wish him success in winning many fair ones for—that college.

—WE return thanks for a pretty card from Rev. N. R. Pittman, Macon City, Mo., inviting us to be present at his marriage to Miss I. Annie Smith, at St. Joseph, Mo., January 22, 1884. We tender him our heartiest congratulations, and would at the same time express the wish that he may make as rapid progress in the work of his new field as he has made in winning a bride.

—THE fire of examination week has burnt out, and on the 15th we turned the corner of fall term and set our faces resolutely on the straight road for Commencement. The last term has been a quiet, progressive one, the machinery of the College running like clock-work. Let us hope and endeavor to render the spring term the most prosperous the old College has ever known.

—A COMMITTEE of the Faculty has presented a report on books to be purchased for the College Library at once. It will of course be several weeks before the new books can be ordered, classified, and put into the Library. Since this was in type it has been decided to defer the purchase of books till vacation.

—THE \$100,000 of the Endowment Fund, to the great joy of every friend of the College, was duly completed at about an hour before the entrance of the new year. Beyond doubt, it will be for Wake Forest College a turning point toward grander achievements, and with that great event Prof. Taylor's name will be most honorably and indissolubly associated. He has again taken his classes, and with a glad heart, no doubt.

—MUMPS! mumps! mumps! An epidemic of this disease has been among us nearly two months, and it has demanded entrance into nearly every room in College. Though it requires nearly two weeks of persistent effort to enter in some cases, those very cases, it seems, are most reluctant to part with it, after it takes its leave of one cheek, turning the other. The mumps had the effect of filling one victim with poetic inspiration, and the result was a choice little ode "To the Mumps."

—IT is generally agreed that Christmas vacation was a gala season for Wake Forest. There were parties, sociables, fireworks, and—the inevitable fire-snappers in untold quantities. The Christmas tree was a fine success. It was cumbered with the greatest abundance of fruit, and of the choicest kind, from a jumping-jack all the way to splendid silver-sets. The singing by the children was very entertaining, as were the speeches by our Pastor and Prof. Taylor. The audience was much amused at the profound trepidation produced among the children by the appearance of the mysterious Santa Claus. We especially welcomed

several young ladies from our sister institution at Oxford to help us enjoy the holidays. —

—IT is with pleasure we announce that the Senior class has received a letter from Rev. C. A. Stakely, pastor of the Citadel Square Baptist Church, Charleston, S. C., accepting their invitation to preach the baccalaureate sermon at next Commencement. The Rev. Mr. Stakely is perhaps not well known to North Carolina as yet, since he is quite a young preacher, having been preaching about three years only. But in that short time he has acquired a brilliant reputation as a pulpit orator in his native state, Georgia, and in South Carolina. It may be of interest to note that he wrote a book of poetry before he was 20 years of age and made money by the sale of it. At 21, having studied law for a time, he became solicitor for the largest district in Georgia, and about two years later entered the ministry. He is said to be moving Charleston in religious matters for the Baptists as it scarcely ever has been moved before.

—JUST after the recent snow storm we witnessed a very interesting and exciting snow-fight in the middle of the campus. On one side was a bevy of Wake Forest's best daughters accoutred in full-fitting gossamers. The opposing force was a squad of seniors and juniors, looking alternately tender and warlike. At the command, charge! the onset began, and the air became filled with flying snow. For a long time the struggle waged hotly, and the sun *stood still*. The ladies' gossamers proved impervious to the swift snow bullets, in consequence of which the

boys sustained all the injuries. It was finally decided in favor of the ladies, who withdrew from the scene of action with faces wreathed with smiles of triumph.

—WAKE FOREST, it is true, has one hundred thousand dollars endowment, but a moment's thought will dissipate the expectation, which doubtless exists in many minds, that the College will be fully equipped at once; for none of this amount can be used for that purpose, but only the income which accrues from it in the form of interest. It is loaned out on security of first mortgages on real estate, and there must be six months at least before the additional amount lately obtained can yield anything.

—THE musicals that were found to be so pleasant last session were begun again with the new year, the first one taking place at the house of Mr. The. Dunn, on the evening of Thursday, January 3rd. The programme consisted of reading, recitation, and music, by various ladies and gentlemen. All the pieces were well rendered and made the moments fly with happy entertainment. We are glad to say they will be continued. The next one will occur at the residence of Rev. J. S. Purefoy, February 7th.

—AT the meeting for January the Wake Forest Sunday-school Missionary Society collected over eleven dollars. The system of collecting money known as the "Little Leader plan" is still in operation, and as will be seen, from the last collection, works well. Interest in the Society has increased since it was decided to announce beforehand and consider at each meeting some

special topic connected with the work. Last meeting China was presented, and it is to be continued at the next meeting in essays dealing particularly with Dr. Yates' work these.

—THE school of Mrs. A. F. Purefoy is larger than ever before. She has several partial assistants. We doubt if the discipline of a school could be better.

—REV. R. T. VANN spent two weeks, Jan. 15th—26th, in Norfolk aiding Dr. J. L. Burrows in special services in his church. Prof. C. E. Taylor supplied his pulpit here Sunday morning, Jan. 20th, and Rev. Mr. Maynard at night.

—WE are pleased to see the statement that Mr. W. B. Oliver, a former student at Wake Forest, has been licensed to preach by the Baptist church at Mt. Olive. He is now teaching not far from Wilmington.

—MR. J. C. CADDELL opens the fourth session of his school for boys with a larger number of pupils than usual. We can testify to the thorough training he imparts from our knowledge of the students he has prepared for college.

—*The Asheville Register*, referring to Dr. Royall's article on "Teaching" in our last issue, remarked that it was in his best style, and added the regret that so gifted a writer had not made more extensive additions to literature.

—OUR Phi. senior editor had the good fortune lately to make a trip to Washington and Baltimore, and, it seems, was kindly treated wherever he went. We are sure he enjoyed it, and must insist upon his making atone-

ment for leaving us behind by writing for THE STUDENT his impressions of the principal things he saw and heard.

—THE Phi. sen. editor returns thanks to Prof. Henry A. Wise, Superintendent of the Public Schools of Baltimore, for courtesies shown him when in that city, and for valuable statistics, records, etc., of the schools of Baltimore. His thanks are also due Prof. Basil Sollers, who so kindly showed him through the Maryland Historical Society Building, of which he is one of the directors, and the Peabody Institute. He is under obligations to Mr. P. R. Uhler, Librarian of the Peabody Institute, for printed reports of the Institute, and for the privilege of examining the rare and valuable books and photographs which are kept in this building. He was presented by Mr. A. C. Meyer with a volume of *The Continental Magazine* for 1883, which is very interesting. This gentleman also showed him through his immense manufacturing establishment, which was quite a treat. To Messrs. Knight and Carroll, former students of this College, who are attending lectures at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, his thanks are mainly due for the pleasant time he had in Baltimore. Senator Vance and Representative Cox were kind to him in Washington, for which he desires here to thank them.

—THE exercises of "Wake Forest Institute" were first opened on the first Monday in February, 1834, just fifty years ago. That an event so interesting and important should be commemorated cannot but meet universal approval. It is hoped that it will be worthily celebrated. The programme, which we subjoin, is an attractive one, and we hope to see many of the friends of the College present;

**Semi-Centennial of Wake Forest College,
Monday, Feb. 4, 1884, 11 a. m.**

PROGRAMME:

1. Her Birth, Rev. James S. Purefoy, Wake Forest.
2. Her Early Struggles, Geo. W. Thompson, Forestville.
3. Manual Labor Days, Rev. T. E. Skinner, D. D., Raleigh.
4. The Days of Wait, White, and Owen, Rev. T. H. Pritchard, D. D., Wilmington.
5. Wingate and his Administration, Rev. J. D. Hufham, D. D., Scotland Neck.
6. Her Alumni, C. M. Cooke, Esq., Louisburg.
7. What She has done for North Carolina, W. H. Pace, Esq., and Rev. C. T. Bailey, Raleigh.
8. The Wake Forest of 1834, Rev. C. Durham, Durham.

L. R. MILLS,
W. B. ROYALL,
W. L. POTEAT,
Committee.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

—'54. Mr. J. H. Mills, at the late meeting of the Grand Lodge of Masons, resigned his position as Superintendent of the Oxford Orphan Asylum, though some of the friends of the Asylum seem not to be without hope that he may be induced to reconsider and remain. Mr. Mills has been at the head of the institution ever since its organization, and has made it what it is; it will be difficult in thought to dissociate the man and the great work of benevolence in which he has been engaged now about ten years. The tears of the children, on being told that Mr. Mills would not be with them another year, told, as no words could tell, of his successful and fatherly management.

—'74. We were pleased to see on the Hill a few days ago Dr. Geo. W. Purefoy, of Chapel Hill.

—'74. We regret to chronicle the departure of Rev. F. R. Underwood from North Carolina to a pastorate in Maryland.

—'75. Prof. L. W. Bagley, the teacher, and L. W. Bagley, the merchant, didn't agree. On the first of January he withdrew from mercantile life, and decided to resume the duties of a teacher. He was after his graduation tutor in the College, and since then has been principal of the Vine Hill Academy, Scotland Neck, and professor in Murfreesboro Female College. He has lately moved to Wake Forest, and, as stated elsewhere, will open an academy for boys next September.

—'77. This is how Rev. C. W. Scarborough, now professor in Chowan Baptist Female Institute, expressed himself in a private letter: "On this the last day of the old year I struggle with hope and fear as to the Endowment of the old College. There is more in it than any of us have imagined. As I think of it, the desire to talk for it and to work for it is as a fire burning in my bones." Another thing from the same letter is worth quoting in this place: "If girls are inferior to boys, I have not yet found it out." Two sentiments altogether worthy of his warm, just, and generous nature.

—'79. A chance acquaintance on the cars a few weeks since, on being asked how trade was in Hillsboro, remarked that Dr. C. A. Rominger seemed to be making more money than any one else there. Dr. Rominger has been practising dentistry several months in that town.

—'79. Rev. J. F. McMillan has resigned the church at Marion, S. C., and though after his resignation he was unanimously elected again, and for every Sunday, he felt that he ought to leave. He has not yet decided upon his new field.

—'80. We are sorry to learn that Mr. M. A. Jones, of Apex, is ill.

—'81. On the 18th of January, at Mt. Holly Baptist Church, in Pender county, Rev. L. T. Carroll was ordained to the full work of the Gospel ministry. Dr. Pritchard, of Wilmington, preached the sermon, and presented

the Bible. Rev. W. M. Kennedy delivered the charge, and Rev. J. B. Barlow led the ordaining prayer.

—'81. Rev. N. R. Pittman, of Macon City, Mo., was married on the 22nd of January, at any rate, that was the day mentioned on the ticket, and knowing the man, we judge the happy event occurred then. I. Annie Smith is the name of the life-stream which henceforth flows close alongside his. May both those streams be strong, clear, and sweet! Since the above was written, *The Daily Gazette*, of St. Joseph, Mo., where the marriage was celebrated, has come under our eye. It devotes about two columns to what we judge was a brilliant occasion.

—'82. It was on the 2nd of January that Mr. Charles A. Smith, of Timmonsville, S. C., was married in that town. The lady who captured him (and, from all we can gather, the capture is complete) was Miss Fannie L. Bird. We wish them a pleasant and useful life-journey together. But we rather think North Carolina is the state for them.

—'83. Mr. T. J. Simmons, formerly teacher in the graded school at Fayetteville, is now connected with the graded school in Durham.

—'83. Mr. Thomas Dixon has left Baltimore for New York, where he expects to remain until next September. He has entered the School of Oratory there. During the latter part of his stay in Baltimore he was dramatic critic to one of the city papers.

—'83. Mr. H. B. Folk has become principal of an important school in New Orleans. He has eight teachers under his superintendence. •We are

glad to announce that he has consented to present our readers with some facts about Mr. George W. Cable, of that city.

—'83. We are glad to hear that Mr. G. C. Briggs, professor of Greek and Modern Languages in Judson College, is doing good and satisfactory work.

—'83. Mr. W. H. Osborne is associated with Mr. S. C. Herren in the publication of the *Weekly Register*, of Asheville. He is fitted for that work, and his paper shows it. We are pleased to learn that he is recovering from his three weeks' attack of typho-malarial fever.

—'83. Mr. L. L. Jenkins, of Charlotte, made a flying visit to Wake Forest Christmas.

RAILROAD DIRECTORY.

Office Superintendent Transportation, SEABOARD AND ROANOKE RAILROAD,

Portsmouth, Va., Dec. 3, 1883.

Trains of this Road will leave Portsmouth daily, except Sundays, as follows:

Mail Train.....	10:00 a. m.
Raleigh Through Freight.....	7:00 p. m.
Way Freight, Tri-Weekly.....	8:20 a. m.

Trains Arrive at Weldon daily, except Sundays, as follows:

Mail Train.....	2:00 p. m.
Raleigh Through Freight.....	12:24 a. m.
Way Train.....	4:30 p. m.

Trains of this Road will leave Weldon daily, except Sundays, as follows:

Mail Train.....	3:00 p. m.
Raleigh Through Freight leaves Weldon for Portsmouth daily, except Monday mornings.....	2:30 a. m.
Way Freight.....	7:00 a. m.

Trains Arrive at Portsmouth daily, except Sundays, as follows:

Mail Train.....	6:10 p. m.
Raleigh Through Freight.....	8:30 a. m.
Way Freight.....	3:10 p. m.

Mail Train stops at all Stations.
Steamer leaves Franklin Mondays, Wednesdays
and Fridays, for Edenton, Plymouth and landings
on Blackwater and Chowan Rivers.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

RAILROAD DIRECTORY.

RALEIGH & GASTON RAILROAD,
SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE,
RALEIGH, N. C., Nov. 18, 1883.

MAIL TRAIN.

Leaves Raleigh..... 9:45 a. m.
Arrives at Weldon 2:15 p. m.
Leaves Weldon 3:05 p. m.
Arrives at Raleigh 7:25 p. m.

FAST THROUGH FREIGHT,

(FOR PORTSMOUTH.)

Leaves Raleigh 7:00 p. m.
Arrives at Weldon 2:05 a. m.
Leaves Weldon 4:05 a. m.
Arrives at Raleigh 8:05 a. m.

LOCAL FREIGHT.

Leaves Raleigh 6:15 a. m.
Arrives at Weldon 5:45 p. m.
Leaves Weldon 6:00 a. m.
Arrives at Raleigh 6:00 p. m.

Mail trains make close connections at Weldon with the Seaboard and Roanoke Railroad and Bay Line Steamers via Baltimore, to and from all points North, West, and Northwest and with Petersburg Railroad via Petersburg, Richmond and Washington City, to and from all points North and Northwest. At Raleigh with the North Carolina Railroad to and from all points South and Southwest, and with the Raleigh and Augusta Air Line to Fayetteville, Hamlet, Charlotte and the South.

WM. SMITH, Supt.

JOHN C. WINDER, General Manager.

WILMINGTON & WELDON RAILROAD.

OFFICE GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT,
WILMINGTON, NOV. 18, 1883.

Trains of this Road will leave Wilmington as follows:

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

Passenger and Mail train daily 8:53 a. m.
Fast Through Mail daily 8:00 p. m.
Passenger Accommodation 12:30 a. m.
Way Freight 6:55 a. m.
Express Through Freight 2:40 p. m.

ARRIVE AT WELDON.

Passenger and Mail daily 2:31 p. m.
Fast Through Mail 2:20 a. m.
Passenger Accommodation 6:30 a. m.
Way Freight 5:50 p. m.
Express Through Freight 3:35 a. m.

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

Trains of this Road will leave Weldon as follows:
Passenger and Mail daily 3:00 p. m.
Fast Through Mail daily 5:50 p. m.
Express, Passenger and Mail 1:05 a. m.
Way Freight 7:30 a. m.
Express through Freight 7:00 a. m.

ARRIVE AT WILMINGTON.

Passenger and Mail 8:40 p. m.
Fast Through Mail daily 10:25 p. m.
Express, Passenger and Mail 6:55 a. m.
Way Freight 10:25 a. m.
Express Through Freight 4:30 p. m.
Train No. 43, North will stop only at Rocky Point, Burgaw, Magnolia, Warsaw, Mount Olive, Dudley, Goldsboro, Wilson, Rocky Mount, Enfield and Halifax.

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THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

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NO. 7.

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OUR COLLEGE.

[Begun in February Number.]

The records of the first meeting of the Board of Trustees, held May 3, 1834, show: That Rev. Samuel Wait, A. M., was elect President and Professor of Moral Philosophy and General Literature; Rev. Thomas Meredith, A. M., Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy; Rev. John Armstrong, A. M., Professor of Ancient Languages; Charles Merriam, Tutor of Husbandry. The salary of Elder Wait was one thousand dollars, board of himself and family, and house rent. The salaries of the other Professors were eight hundred dollars each. The Tutor of Husbandry was to receive two hundred dollars.

Elder Meredith did not occupy his chair, but sent in his resignation July, 1835.

Elder John Armstrong graduated from Columbian College. He was a man of fine personal appearance, and very considerable ability. He travelled as agent for the College during the year 1834. He discharged the

duties of his chair very acceptably from January, 1835, to July, 1837, when he was given leave of absence for two years to travel in Europe. At the expiration of his leave of absence he sent in his resignation.

March 10, 1836, the Board of Trustees passed the following: "*Resolved* that the Secretary give notice in the *Biblical Recorder* that the Wake Forest Institute is now full of students, and therefore can take no more at present." The number on the rolls was one hundred and forty-two—the largest number ever reached till the session of 1879-'80.

During 1836 J. T. Graves was employed at a salary of six hundred dollars. He was afterwards President of Baylor University, Texas, for a number of years. H. A. Wilcox, of Brown University, was employed at the same time. Both of these retired at the close of 1837.

In 1836 Mr. John Blount, of Edenton, willed his estate, subject to a life

interest on the part of his wife, to the Institute, to be used in the education of young ministers. It consisted of real estate and slaves, and was estimated at from ten to eleven thousand dollars. Comparatively little was ever realized from this bequest.

The Board of Trustees enacted a large number of regulations for the government of the students. I select the following as a fair specimen:

"No article shall be purchased for any student at the Institute unless an order be received from the parent or guardian definitely limiting the amount of money to be laid out, and also defining the article to be purchased." "No student is allowed to go to a store unless accompanied by some member of the Faculty." It will be remembered that this was before the days of "moral suasion, sugar-plums and candy."

November 27, 1837, John B. White, A. M., was appointed Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, at a salary of eight hundred dollars and board; Daniel F. Richardson, A. M., Professor of Ancient Languages, at a salary of seven hundred dollars and board.

November 29, 1838, Stephen Morse was appointed Principal of the Preparatory Department, at a salary of eight hundred dollars. And on the 19th of December following George W. Thompson, of Wake, was made Tutor in the same department, at a salary of six hundred dollars. It seems probable that he remained till the close of the spring term of 1839, when he retired and his place was filled by the appointment of Elder W. T. Brooks. Prof. D. F. Richardson

resigned during the latter part of the year 1839.

June, 1841, Prof. Morse resigned, and June 13, 1843, William Hayes Owen was elected Professor of Ancient Languages, with a salary of eight hundred dollars.

At the June meeting in 1844, nineteen vacancies in the Board of Trustees were filled by the election of new members.

Dr. Samuel Wait resigned November 26, 1844. Elder William Hooper, LL. D., was elected President of the College, October 17, 1845. He resigned June, 1848. Then there was an "interregnum" of one year—Prof. J. B. White being President *pro tem.* June, 1849, he was made President.

November 10, 1849, Elder W. T. Walters was appointed Tutor of Mathematics, with a salary of three hundred dollars. June, 1850, B. W. Justice was appointed Tutor with the same salary.

In 1850 Elder W. H. Merritt, of Orange County, willed the College six hundred and sixteen acres of land, which was sold for two thousand dollars.

October 22, 1852, J. B. White resigned the presidency of the College, but not his chair of Mathematics. J. J. Brantley was elected President. He declined to serve, and in December, 1852, Elder T. W. Tobey was elected President. He declined; and on October 14, 1853, Elder W. T. Brantley was elected President, the committee to correspond with him being instructed, in case he declined, to tender the position to Elder T. G. Jones. Both declined. At the same time Prof. J. B. White resigned

his chair. Prof. W. H. Owen was President *pro tem.* from October 14, 1853, to June, 1854.

In June, 1850, the Board of Trustees took steps for raising an endowment. After various futile efforts to secure an agent for that object, Elder J. S. Purefoy agreed, October 19, 1850, to serve. During 1851 and the first six months of 1852 he received subscriptions to the amount of eight thousand dollars.

October 8, 1852, Elder Washington Manly Wingate was appointed a general agent. At the June meeting of the Board in 1854, he reported that he had collected in cash, \$2,641.85, and secured in subscriptions \$29,230, making, with the subscriptions secured by Elder J. S. Purefoy, \$39,873.85. At that time it was in contemplation to raise only \$50,000. Dr. Wingate was then made Professor of Moral Philosophy and President of the College *pro tem.* Elder P. S. Henson, at that time teaching in Chowan Female Institute, was elected Professor of Chemistry, Mineralogy, and Geology. He declined to accept the position.

At the same meeting, Elder T. H. Pritchard, who had just graduated from the College, was appointed general agent. He served ten and a half months, and secured in subscriptions and cash about \$9,000, and collected on subscriptions previously given \$2,777.

Dr. P. H. Mell, of Penfield, Georgia, was elected President of the College, and offered a salary of \$2,000. Thereupon the trustees and friends of the College determined to raise half of this salary by private subscription. Dr. Wingate, who had just been made

President of the College *pro tem.* and whose salary was only eight hundred dollars, subscribed one hundred. Dr. Mell did not accept.

Some time during the fall of 1854, the executive committee elected Dr. E. A. Crudup Professor of Chemistry, Mineralogy, and Geology. He failing to accept, they elected William Gaston Simmons to that chair, and he began the discharge of his duties the beginning of the spring term of 1855. Prof. Simmons graduated June, 1852, and was employed as tutor for the scholastic year 1852-'53. After that he read law and had just obtained his license when he was recalled to the College.

November 18, 1855, Elder John Mitchell was appointed general agent.

Elder W. M. Wingate was made President June, 1856.

At a meeting of the Board of Trustees held in the Baptist church in Raleigh, Friday, Nov. 7, 1856, "A committee, consisting of J. S. Purefoy, J. J. James, W. M. Wingate, and John Mitchell, was appointed to mature a plan for raising an unencumbered endowment" — without scholarships. Their plan being approved by the Board the morning of the 8th, the committee immediately brought the matter before the Baptist State Convention which was in session in the Commons Hall of the Capitol. "The amount proposed, independent of former subscriptions and scholarships, was to be \$50,000, to be taken in subscriptions of not less than \$100 which were to be paid if that amount could be raised within three years—otherwise to be null and void. Our readers will scarcely believe us when we say that about one-half (\$25,000) was sub-

scribed within the period of one hour.
 * * * Two brethren subscribed \$5,000 each; five \$1,000 each; five \$500 each; a few \$200 each; and a large number, perhaps thirty or forty, \$100 each." *
 * * A meeting was also held on Sunday night in aid of the effort now being made by the Baptist church of this city to build them a new house of worship. * * * The amount of the subscriptions made by the church and visitors reached \$13,000."

—*Biblical Recorder*, Nov. 13, 1856.

Elder John Mitchell continued his agency till June, 1858. He secured more than enough subscriptions to complete the \$50,000 mentioned above. The books of the Treasurer show that he made large collections of cash from the subscriptions given to him and other agents.

At the close of the year 1858, Professors W. H. Owen and W. T. Brooks retired from the Faculty. Their places were filled by the election of brethren S. P. Smith and R. H. Marsh, graduates of Chapel Hill.

At the end of the fall term of 1859, Messrs. Smith and Marsh retired, and Elder William Royall, of South Carolina, was elected Professor of Latin, and James H. Foote Professor of Greek.

The selection of tutors was generally referred by the Board of Trustees to a committee. The records of the next meeting of the Board would say: "The committee to select a tutor reported and report received." Hence I have been unable to mention the names of many of the tutors in the list of officers.

In the first number of this article, I stated upon what I thought reliable

information that the debt due the State for money borrowed from the Literary Fund was paid in 1849. The bulk of it was paid at that time. But a close examination of the Treasurer's books revealed the fact that the final payment amounting to \$3,103.01 was made June 20, 1860.

After the resignation of Elder John Mitchell no other general agent was appointed. Mr. W. M. Faulkner served two years as collecting agent. The Treasurer, too, made collections by correspondence and local agents.

Mrs. Rebekah Blount died in 1859, and the Blount estate came into the possession of the Board. The negroes were sold in 1860, and the bonds for the purchase money were due in 1861. On account of the Civil War, some of these bonds proved to be worthless. There was collected, however, in Confederate money the sum of \$8,710.13. The Blount estate, the Mims fund—\$500 in Confederate money, and the Merritt bequest were given for the purpose of paying the tuition of young ministers.

As early as October, 1852, the Board of Trustees had ordered all endowment funds to be invested in North Carolina State Bonds. The books of the Treasurer show that he invested the funds in State Bonds as fast as they were collected.

In view of the Civil War the Board of Trustees passed, May 27, 1861, the following resolutions:

1. "We will continue the exercises of the College unless, in the estimation of the Faculty, the number of students become too small.

2. We will give the Faculty all the income from the tuition and all the

interest arising from the endowment actually collected during the current year, except three per cent. of the same, which shall be used for the improvement of the College building and campus."

In May, 1862, the exercises of the College were suspended. The passage of the Confederate Conscription Bill made all the students except five liable to military duty.

On the first day of the following November the Board of Trustees resolved that:

1. "The relation between the Faculty and Board of Trustees is suspended, and that it would be inexpedient and improper to pay any salary at this time.

2. We recommend that our funds be invested in Confederate bonds, bearing 8 per cent., and that we procure them as soon as possible."

In accordance with the foregoing resolution, Elder J. S. Purefoy, Treasurer, invested the following funds in Confederate bonds:

State Bonds	\$35,600 00
Premium on the same	7,006 00
Merritt bequest	2,600 00
Blount estate, Confederate money	8,710 13
Mims fund, Confederate money	500 00
Interest Blount, Mims and Merritt funds, Confederate money	364 50
Interest from endowment, Confederate money	1,386 91

	\$56,167 54

Elder Purefoy was opposed to investing in Confederate bonds. So thoroughly convinced was he that it was bad policy to do so that in spite of positive instructions he held:

State bonds, known as Cape Fear and Deep River Navigation bonds	\$28,000 00
Craven County bonds	500 00

	\$28,500 00

About \$25,000 of the bonds of individuals, given for endowment, were not collected, and the most of them remain to the present day in the safe of the Treasurer.

From 1848 to 1858 a large number of schools of high grade sprang up among the Baptists all over our State. We may mention Oxford Female College, the Metropolitan Female Seminary in Raleigh, the Chowan High School at Reynoldson, the Beulah High School at Madison, the High School of the Eastern Association at Warsaw, the High Schools at Taylorsville and Franklinton. The file of the *Biblical Recorder* for those years shows year by year a surprising increase in the number of schools among the Baptists, and that they were schools of high order, having a large number of pupils and giving employment to many able and energetic teachers. How much of this was due to the crusade for education preached for ten years in our churches and from house to house by such agents as J. S. Purefoy, W. M. Wingate, T. H. Pritchard, and John Mitchell, we can not tell. If we could calculate and measure accurately so subtle a thing as influence, we would probably find that the crusade for endowment gave the cause of education a greater impetus and did more towards calling into existence the schools mentioned above than any other one thing. Of this we may be sure, that, notwithstanding nearly all of that endowment was lost in the terrible convulsions of our Civil War, the beneficial influences of those efforts remain till this day.

L. R. MILLS.

(To be concluded.)

DIRECTNESS OF SPEECH.

"Good morning Mac! where have you set off to?"

"How are you, Hall? I'm just going out to walk a bit. Come go with me, and have a real fine fellow for an escort."

Mac. Well, let's go down Horton Avenue.

Hall. No, that is just a little out of my way now. The post-office will close in ten minutes, and I must go directly there, or be too late for mail. A straight line is the shortest distance to any given point, whether in talking or walking.

M. I knew it was in walking, but had never thought of it much in talking. Glad you mentioned it that way. Besides, I have been wanting for some time to have a talk with you on *putting things*.

H. Sensible people, you notice, say a great deal in a few words, take the shortest way; that is why they always impress when they speak. The straight line is one, crooked lines are of infinite variety. The right way is one, wrong ways myriad. Therefore few there be that find the straight gate and the narrow way. But our lives cannot be better spent than in seeking the straight way in all things.

M. If I say bluntly and straightforwardly what I mean, how can I ever say anything beautiful or poetical? These are the things that strike and please and take by storm. I always have to deviate a little to find these things.

H. If that is it, Mac, you are surely laying the foundations of a vile hypocrisy and scoundrelism,—pretending to

be faithfully guiding your trustful hearers, while, really, in mockery you dally about the wayside to show off your studied smartness. As an interested friend, I command you to be ashamed of such falsehood. If you mean beautifully or poetically, then you can justly speak so, and with effect. Worthy thought demands and stimulates to worthy expression.

Directness in speech does not preclude the beautiful or poetical. The one single law of Latin composition is directness of expression. Carthage-ward the Roman turns his face, and strikes onward and straight to the end of his sentence, undeviating as the sun, resistless as the tread of his army. Yet the Latin is full of mountains white with snow, valleys green and growing, fountains plashing, groves a-singing, fields a-waving. The road to his goal lay right through these things, and the Roman couldn't help their presence. Had he loitered and lingered and brandished his torch to light you up his fine armor, when would its flames ever have licked the fretted Punic domes?

"When Moses led de Jews 'cross do waters ob de sea,

He had to keep agoin jes' as fas' as fas' could be.
Do you suppose dat he could ebber hab succeeded
in his wish,

An' reach' de promise lan' at last, ef he had stop'
to fish?"

M. Pshaw! Hall, you are trying to get off from that Latin business now. You display a woful ignorance of it, or I have studied the wrong language. The one that I studied for Latin was the most indirect thing

I ever tackled ; at least, it was full of “Indirect Discourse,” beyond comparison the most knotted and involved texture I ever tried to unravel.

H. Yes, I admit it is bounteously flavored with indirect discourse ; but the writer *meant* indirectly, and, in so expressing himself, always used the utmost directness of speech. I defy you to take the indirect discourse of your language and express anything to compare with the Latin in ease, grace, power, lucidness.

M. I have half a mind to resent your defiance by putting you to the test on that last proposition. However, though, I'll get you to tell when you think it best to use the direct and when the indirect discourse.

H. Well, I hadn't thought of that before, and would—but we have walked far enough and had better turn back—and would really like to think about it. We will talk about this on our way back, and see what rule we can find to guide us. The author of *Once there was a Man*, lately concluded in the *The Continent*, the author of *Myrtle Lawn*,—and many others too I judge,—have been criticised for being so unnatural as to put the most pure and refined diction in the mouths of servants and others who could not be supposed to speak so elegantly. I do not know whether the criticism is entirely just ; but if it is, the error in these authors is perhaps just this : the servants and common-folk are quoted directly instead of indirectly ; i. e., the language of the authors is quoted as coming from the people, whereas, the language, being the authors', ought to have represented indirectly the thought of the servants

and common-folk. Authors—and there are many such—whose style is too dignified and majestic to be spoiled by a direct quotation whose tone is not in keeping with their grave tide of expression *ought* by employing the proper degree of indirectness to mould the quoted thought into perfectly suitable language. Here directness is gained by aptly quoting indirectly.

Again : Thought to be quoted has been put into words once. Quite likely, it is either more poorly done, or better done than you could do it.—Let me use “you” for the sake of my argument.—If it has been expressed in a poorer way than you would express it, by all means improve it and quote indirectly ; but if expressed better than you could do it,—which is very probable, for people who originate thought can always put it more happily than we parasites who are always plundering, riding, quoting,—if expressed better than you could do it, then put aside, I pray you, yourself and be he, the originator ; let his thought and his way of putting his thought come straight and fresh and live from its fountain ; don't, I beseech you, mangle, blotch, stain a good thing with your inferior mouthing.

But yonder comes George MacDonall, the magic-toned, bless his old soul ! who has written so many sweet and holy thoughts in *Sir Gibbie*, *Warlock O'Glenwarlock*, and *Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood*. On strong-beating pinions his genius bears you ; now gracefully skimming over the crystal depths of a smiling lake, ever tempting and taunting and mocking you by stirring it into laughter by the daintiest dip of his wing, but never

letting you drink ; now sweeping over fields of virgin flowers teasing your life out of you by letting you kiss one gently now and then, but revel never ; now breaking out into a glorious magnificat of praise, now singing with his harp an Horatian ode to spring-time, now swelling into grand epic strains as some Christian saint passes by, now softening into sweetest wind-chanted lyric,—oh, if I could tell things as he does ! Good morning, Doctor ! We have been talking about the best manner of expressing ourselves, and would be so glad to have one of your experience and ability in this art to tell us something about it. Come, now, do ; you won't be genial as usual, if you don't help us.

Dr. MacD. Surely, I should be glad to help you some way, but do not know just how I could better do it than by telling you of a young man I once knew.

M. Yes, please tell us, I am anxious to hear anything you may have to say, since I have heard of you from your friend, Hall, here.

Dr. MacD. He was very fond of the word, and had an idea that all writers, to be of any account, must fashion their style after this or the other master. How the master got it, or whether it might not be well to go back to the seed and propagate no more by cutting, it never occurred to him to ask. In the prospect of one day reaching the bloom of humanity in the conservatory of the upper house, he already at odd moments cultivated his style by reading aloud the speeches of parliamentary orators.

H. "Oh, it's by long practice and careful cultivation, isn't it, Doctor ?"

Dr. MacD. But the thought never

came to him that there was no such thing *per se* as speaking-well, that there was no cause for its existence except thinking-well were the grandfather, and something-to-say, the father of it—something so well worth saying that it gave natural utterance to its now shape. If you had told him this, and he had, as he thought, perceived the truth of it, he would immediately have desired some fine thing to say, in order that he might say it well ! He could not have been persuaded that, if one has nothing worth saying, the best possible style for him is just the most halting utterance that ever issued from empty skull. But I am lingering too long, young men, for this time. I earnestly hope you will continue your studies in this subject.

M. I do believe that is the germ of it all. Before you go let us heartily thank you for saying so nutshellically what we had not before been able to get fairly into thought. Good morning, sir. We are exceedingly obliged to you for stopping with us. Now, Hall, before we leave our tracks, let's take down that pedigree, that we may never forget it. The grandfather is thinking-well ; the father, something-to-say ; the son, speaking-well. And besides I shall make a genealogical table of them :

Thinking-well,
|
Something-to-say,
|
Speaking-well.

All his words were sober and true. Here we are back where we started, and have to part. Glad you walked me. Come to see me, Hall.

H. Many thanks. Good morning, sir. *

W. F. M.

A BIT OF TRADITIONAL HISTORY.

Not far from the old historic town of Halifax, N. C., and near the head of the navigable waters of the Roanoke, is a spot which has witnessed much which goes to make up history. The river flows noiselessly by. On the one side the bank is a sloping curve, being made, doubtless, by centuries of aquatic pressure, the river endeavoring to straighten itself at this point; on the other is a corresponding advance of the bank into the river, making what is commonly known as the horse-shoe bend. Not the horse-shoe bend of historical renown, but one of less notoriety. It is, to all intents and purposes, as much a horse-shoe bend as the more famous, but history of tells nothing notorious having ever been done there, except that General LaFayette might have once looked on it during his tour of the Southern States in 1824. Its celebrity, however, matters not. On the north bank of the Roanoke, on the convex side of the curve, it commands a view of the river above and below. A steamer, making its way against the current of the stream for some point above is descried here some time before it comes in sight at points below; and above, the surface of the rippling water meets the eye for hundreds of yards. The Confederate States officially recognized its importance and established there a temporary navy yard and place for troops in the late war. At one time, when the cannon had been stationed, and the troops enrolled for the service, and every thing was as

prepared as the pickets in the army of Northern Virginia on the eventful night of the battle of Chancellorsville, nothing was needed but Yankees to immortalize the place by a heroic battle by land and sea. But the Yankees never came; and, while their absence saved blood, it ruined the anticipated glory of the little spot.

A short distance from the river is a house, which at first glance would remind one of O. W. Holmes' old gambrel roofed house, but a close examination would show that, while there are many hiding places for rats and other enemies of mankind, yet attics and dark underground stories, the abodes of ghosts and demons, are nowhere to be found in all the apartments of the splendid old building. It was once a beautiful building, but the heavy hand of decay and the tooth of time have robbed it of many attractions, and it stands to-day the ghostly reminder of better days. This was, no doubt, the prospective hospital for wounded soldiers, it being so near the contemplated battle ground.

Instead of a battle, however, one might have seen, during the closing years of the great war, men busily at work on two war vessels. These were designed to guard the mouth of the Roanoke and for the protection of Plymouth. The structure of these vessels was similar to that of the Ram, an iron-clad, which, when Plymouth was in possession of the Northern army, floated down the Roanoke in April, 1864, with the avowed purpose of cap-

turing it. As it floated downward, turning round and round, the Yankees felt that mischief was brewing, and prepared for the struggle. When it came under their guns at Plymouth, it lost not its whirl, but at every turn gave the works a broad-side; and a simultaneous attack from the land army soon hauled down the stars and stripes and raised instead the flag of the Southern Confederacy. This is what the Ram did, but the two which were being built on the wharves at Halifax had a destiny far different. The close of the great struggle found them still unfinished, and the torch ended them forever.

Just eighty-four years before civil strife converted that quiet spot into a camping ground and then again to a pasture, another scene from the drama of history was enacting. The presence of Cornwallis' army encamped on the outskirts of Halifax town excited the patriots of the surrounding country. He was on his way to Yorktown trying to escape the vigilance of General Greene. A hero, doubtless a trusty messenger carrying to the authorities important documents relative to the position of the enemy, was met by British red coats on a bridge leading from town, and at the same moment a squadron of cavalry came up behind. Seeing his danger at once and no hope of escape, the hero made his steed leap the railings, and down fifty feet below went rider and horse headlong. The red coats gazed in astonishment at the heroic feat, perhaps remembering a similar act of the brave Putnam two years before. The rider reached the bottom in safety and made good his

escape, but his faithful charger was left dead. The spot is often pointed out to travellers, and one almost imagines he can discern in the mud and leaves of the creek the remains of this martyred horse. The story of the Briton was short, and he soon moved northward to meet his doom at Yorktown.

When General LaFayette visited the United States in 1824, he was right royally entertained at Halifax. He wished to visit every section of the great country for which he had fought forty-five years before. During his stay it was a matter of great astonishment to curious old women that he had black hair, while his son, who accompanied him, had a head white with the snows of age. Doubtless many branded him with the atrocious crime of using invigorators and hair renewers; but the whole mystery was cleared up to the satisfaction of all, when it was ascertained that the General wore a wig. His whole stay was a triumph more glorious than any Roman ever saw.

After the late war had ended and quiet once more reigned along the lines, a radical change was effected in the character of our little spot. Where had been the rendezvous of soldiers, and where cannon had been hauled from place to place, now ripened the grain of the husbandman. The excavations for the storage of ammunition furnished lodgings for toads and the wild creatures of the brambles. Nearly nineteen years have passed, and hardly a trace of the warlike preparations of 1864 remains. They are only remembered.

W. C. A.

EDGAR ALLEN POE.

Men of letters even now are subject to criticism from which those in other lines of work are exempt. If this is true now, how much more must it have been true in the early part of this century, when our country had just emerged from a long and bloody revolution! But it is to be hoped that the day is not far distant when all true literary workers will be encouraged by honest praise rather than discouraged by severe and often uncalled-for criticisms.

Most of our great poets were reared and nourished in the cradle of misfortune; and this feature in their lives may be seen standing out prominent in all their works. It seems as if misfortune inspired them and quickened their imaginations so that the touch of their pens electrifies all who read them. So it was with the subject of this sketch.

Edgar Allen Poe was born in the early part of the nineteenth century, at a time when this country was in a deplorable condition. But little interest was taken in literature, art, and science, and men of genius were looked upon with indifference, if not suspicion. He was not born of a wealthy, aristocratic family. His parents were poor, and had to resort to the stage as a means of acquiring a support. He had not attained to the age of more than three years when he became an orphan, and was left to the mercies of strangers. His forefathers came originally from Ireland, but his grandfather denied all claims to citizenship

in any other than his adopted country, America. After the death of his parents young Poe was adopted by a Mr. Allen, of Richmond, whose wife took great interest in the child. From this adoption Poe received his middle name, and by the aid of his adopted father received a limited education.

As a student he was only ordinary, but energetic and persevering. From his early childhood he was passionately fond of making verse, and was rather above the average; nay, he was seldom excelled in making certain words and lines of Latin quotations rhyme, these quotations being given by the teacher to the student as a mental exercise in rhythm. As long as he lived he was also passionately fond of athletic sports, and was seldom excelled by any of his host of competitors. He often engaged in these sports in order to dispel his troubles and gain "respite and nepenthe" for his weary spirit. Though seemingly of a proud and haughty disposition, he was kind-hearted, generous, and obliging, being always ready to do everything in his power for his friends; and so he was loved and respected by most of his school-fellows and teachers.

He was of a restless disposition, and therefore, could not bear confinement such as was the custom in the schools in the days of his early training, and more especially in the military schools such as he was sent to in order that he might not be dependent upon his god-father. He loved to wander away alone to the forests, upon the

mountains, and in the dark valleys, and there meditate upon his lonely and unhappy condition. It is upon such occasions and at such places that some of the most beautiful and sublime poems have been written, their authors inspired by the aspect of surrounding objects.

After leaving school he was advised by some of his friends, on account of his literary talents, to adopt a literary pursuit. He readily took their advice because it seemed to suit his fancy and to be the quickest way of obtaining the chief desire of his whole life. He was not the author of elaborate volumes, but his writings were mostly confined to magazines and periodicals ; and in this department he has few rivals. But here he had not favorable opportunity for developing his poetical genius. Every magazine with which he had any connection rose rapidly into favor, and its subscription list was greatly increased ; but by his writings for these magazines he gained many enemies as well as many admiring friends, and from these acquired enemies he received many anonymous and highly insulting letters.

He was not only distinguished as a writer of verse, but also as a writer of fiction ; often was the public awed by the seeming realities which he so vividly portrayed in his fictitious writings. Never had any writer, previous to the time of Edgar Poe, blended together, in the same narrative, realities, science, mathematics, and fiction, as did this man of wonderful genius. He gained most of his bitter and inveterate enemies by criticising other authors, and he often indulged in controversies with them which resulted in great

injury to his ever cherished design, and caused him and his family many bitter pangs.

As a critic he was severe, but always just, not fearing any rank or station, not showing partiality to any. This is better presented in the words of one of his contemporaries, which run thus :

“ Neither rank nor station heeding, with his foes around him bleeding,
Sternly, singly, and alone, his course he kept upon that floor ;
While the countless foes attacking, neither strength nor valor lacking,
On his goodly armor hacking, wrought no change his visage o'er :
As with high and honest aims he still his falchion proudly bore,
Resisting error evermore.”

His poems are short, but quite long enough to show his genius, for it is in short and well studied essays that the genius of a writer is better seen. If all others of his works were blotted out, *The Raven* is sufficient to establish his claims as a poet, and to call forth the praise and sympathy of all coming generations ; for in this piece are portrayed profound thought and sublimest feeling, marking the man of genius.

His career was short, but his fame had widely spread not only in his native country, but also in most of the countries of Europe ; for it is said that of the many authors of America, he was the only one whose writings had gained popularity in the old world.

He has often been charged by his infatuated enemies with being unkind and disrespectful to his wife and to ladies in general, but the statements of his fair wife's mother, who ever watched over him through all life's temptations with only a mother's love, and of those who were inti-

mately, or rather personally acquainted with him, for no one was very intimately acquainted with him, go to prove the falsity of the accusations. Says one writer: "As a husband and son he was kind, affectionate, and obedient; nothing ever gave him more pain than when he saw his darling Virginia's health failing." "As a friend he was true, kind-hearted, and obliging, and he was especially so towards his lady friends; he was never heard to speak disrespectfully of but one lady, and then in defence of one of his most intimate friends, who severely reprimanded him for the act."

He possessed, in addition to these other qualities, uncommon oratorical powers, as was shown during the latter part of his life by some of the speeches delivered by him while travelling for the purpose of raising money and obtaining subscribers for a magazine of his own.

But alas for such a genius! his disappointments and misfortunes drove him into dissipation, and he died at an early age, a miserable man. With his death America lost from her literary firmament one of its brightest stars. For a long time the grave of this unhappy poet remained unknown to all save friends, but at length this generation has made atonement for the neglect of the past, and a monument to his memory marks his final resting place. The places where he lived and to which he used to retire for refreshment and consolation when weary with labor or burdened with sorrow, are now hallowed, and travellers from every clime now visit his grave, and in the presence of his ashes, uncover their heads in token of respect for the memory of departed genius.

W. E. W.

MEMORIES OF A VISIT TO THE NATURAL BRIDGE TWO YEARS AGO.

At an early hour in the morning, with a pleasant company, we left Goshen Depot. Our route lay through the North river gap, better known as Goshen pass. The scenery is wildly picturesque and grand beyond description. We reached our journey's end at half past 3 p. m., and, though tired with the long ride, made our way at once to the wonderful bridge which we had come so far to see. I had heard of it all my life, and seen many a picture of it, and yet was not prepared for the stupendous, awe-inspiring grandeur which was disclosed from

every point of observation. As a wonder of nature, it is unique and unparalleled. We were standing on the bridge before being aware of it. The chasm below is completely hidden from casual view by the natural parapets of trees and rocks. With dizzy sensations I leaned over them and gazed down the deep abyss to the beautiful stream, Cedar Creek, which was gleaming like a line of silver. On either side of the yawning gorge are impending cliffs of rugged rock, covered with trees and shrubs. After looking down from several points of

view on each side, and at the ends, we went below by a winding route to get other and better views. Till this is done you have not seen the Natural Bridge in all its glory. Having gone down this circuitous path, we walked along the side of the stream to the spot where the first view from below is had. Lifting my gaze upward I was thrilled with a sight such as I had never before beheld. There was the eternal arch! immense and massive, yet appearing light and slender because of the tremendous height. With a marvellous combination of delicate gracefulness and solid strength the ancient rock bridge grandly towers far above in mid air, seeming to rest lightly, but in calm repose, upon its enormous buttresses. In silent amazement you look, and still the wonder grows.

Moving on, till a point immediately under the arch was reached we looked

up at the figures formed by the mosses. There is nothing specially interesting about these, except that they have from time immemorial been thought to resemble a lion, a bear, an eagle, etc. We passed on up the stream and crossing it on the rocks, took a position above the bridge, where the view is perhaps finer and more impressive than any.

Rapidly the hours sped by, and too soon the shades of evening gathering around forced us to leave the enchanting scene. I came away rejoicing that it had been my privilege to see this sublime sight, and feeling that I could never describe, in a fitting way, its matchless grace and majesty.

From an official statement hanging in a porch of the hotel, I learned that the main height of the bridge is $21\frac{1}{2}$ feet, the average width is 80 feet, length 93 feet, and thickness 55 feet.

JAMES B. TAYLOR.

STRAY GLEAMS FROM "THE LIGHT OF ASIA."

Edwin Arnold! With what pleasure, amounting to almost enthusiasm, is this name uttered by all who have read this truly beautiful and vigorous poem! From amid the bustle and confusion of an active London life have these flowers of poesy sprung into existence, exhaling an oriental fragrance upon literature; while the magician who bade them bloom is editor in chief of *The Daily Telegraph*, a paper having a circulation of many thousand copies.

Edwin Arnold was trained at Oxford, where he gained a prize for poetry. After some little poetical

work, Mr. Arnold, then quite a young man, went to Hindooostan, and became Principal of the Deccan College at Poona. Living in India many years, he conceived a deep and fervent love for the country and its people, and in his *Indian Song of Songs* and *The Light of Asia*, he has brought this land of his affection before the world in a graceful and fascinating manner. While reading *The Light of Asia*, I have been much impressed by the beauty and purity of the thoughts which the author has strung together like beads of pearl on a cord of gold, and the picturesque language of the

Orient, in which these thoughts are robed, adds a charm fresh and entrancing to the history of the Great Prince Siddartha, Lord Buddha.

Goethe says, "Before passing judgment on a book, a work of art, a scheme of doctrine, or a person, first give yourself up to a sympathetic appreciation of them." Arnold has fully understood the grand old German, and has put his poem in the mouth of a Buddhist devotee.

So let us, for a little time, follow the life and listen reverently to the teachings of Prince Siddartha, better known as Lord Buddha, the founder and teacher of Buddhism, at whose shrine bow and worship over four hundred millions of our race.

Siddartha, reared as a king, with absolute power, yet shows from his earliest years a tender sympathy for all creatures; and though hemmed in by pleasures the most enjoyable, by the watchful care of an ambitious father, he nobly forsakes his wealth, his throne, his beautiful wife and loving friends, dons the yellow robe of a mendicant, and passes out from ease and warmth to poverty—searching for the Light that is to save all mankind.

Just here I will quote from the poet, as he relates Prince Siddartha's grief and horror at learning, for the first time, how all mankind grow old and fear to die, how suffering and sorrow go hand in hand from the cradle to the grave:

"So passed they through the gate, a joyous crowd,
Thronging about the wheels, whereof some ran
Before the oxen, throwing wreaths, some stroked
Their silken flanks, some brought them rice and
cakes,

All crying 'jai! jai! for our noble Prince.'

Thus all the path was kept with gladsome looks,
And filled with fair sights—for the King's word
was

That such should be—when midway in the road,
Slow tottering from the hovel where he hid,
Crept forth a wretch in rags, haggard and foul,
An old, old man, whose shrivelled skin, sun-tanned,
Clung like a beast's hide to his fleshless bones.
Bent was his back with load of many days.

* * * * One skinny hand

Clutched a worn staff to prop his quavering limbs,
And one was pressed upon the ridge of ribs
Whence came in gasps, the heavy painful breath,
'Alms!' moaned he; 'give, good people! for I
die

To-morrow or the next day!' then the cough
Choked him, but still he stretched his palm, and
stood

Blinking and groaning 'mid his spasms—'Alms!'
Then those around had wrench'd his feeble feet
Aside, and thrust him from the road again
Saying, 'The Prince! dost see! get to thy lair!
But that Siddartha cried, 'Let be! let be!

Channa! what thing is this who seems a man,
Yet surely only seems, being so bowed,
So miserable, so horrible, so sad?

Are men born sometimes thus? What meaneth he
Moaning to-morrow or next day I die?

Finds he no food that so his bones jut forth?

What woe hath happened to this piteous one?

Then answer made the charioteer: 'Sweet Prince!
This is no other than an aged man,
Some four score years ago his back was straight,
His eye bright, and his body goodly; now
The thievish years have sucked his sap away,
Pillaged his strength and filched his will and wit.
Such is age—why should your Highness heed?'
Then spake Prince: 'But shall this come to others
or to all,

Or is it rare that one should be as he?'

'Most noble,' answered Channa, 'even as he
Will all these grow, if they shall live as long.'

'But,' quoth the Prince, 'if I shall live as long
Shall I be thus; and if Yasodhara

Live four-score years, is this old age for her?'

'Yea, great Sir!' the Charioteer replied.

Then spake the Prince: 'Turn back and drive me
to my house again!

I have seen that I did not think to see.'

Returned to his beauteous court, the
Prince was sad and sorrowful, musing
upon the painful sight of the aged
man, and trying to solve the dark rid-

dle of time. His lovely wife approached and asked him if he had not comfort in her love, to which he made answer thus:

" 'Ah sweet !' he said, 'such comfort that my soul
Aches, thinking it must end, for it will end.
And we shall both grow old, Yasodhara !
Loveless, unlovely, weak, and old, and bowed ;
Nay, though we locked up love and life with lips
So close, that night and day our breaths grew one,
Time would thrust in between to filch away
My passion and thy grace ; as black night steals
The rose gleams from yon peak, which fade to
gray

And are not seen to fade. This have I found,
And all my heart is darkened with its dread,
And all my soul is fixed, to think how love
Might save its sweetness from the slayer, Time,
Who makes men old !'"

During days and weeks, aye even months, the shadow of fear and trembling of despair and pity enveloped Siddartha's soul, until he went forth again, from his palace, through the city; this time taking only Channa with him. Once more he saw agony and death, and his heart was wrung with pain, and he longed for knowledge, whereby he could give relief to his suffering people; his wealth, his grandeur, his luxurious life became well nigh intolerable while the divine pity grew and strengthened until

" 'I will depart,' he speaks, 'the hour is come,
Oh ! summoning stars ! I come ! Oh ! mournful
earth !

For thee and thine, I lay aside my youth, my
throne,

My joys, my golden days, my palace, and thine
arms, sweet Queen !

Harder to put aside than all the rest !

Yet thee too, I shall save, saving this earth !

Wife ! child ! father ! and people ! ye must share,
A little while, the anguish of this hour.

That light may break and all flesh learn the law !
Now am I fixed, and now I will depart, never to
come again,

Till what I seek be found, if fervent search and
strife avail !'"

Seven long, weary years did Siddartha wander, fasting, praying, performing acts of tender kindness, making earnest search for the law that was to save mankind; and if you would know where the light broke at last upon this saintly man, go north-westward from the Thousand Gardens,

" By Gunga's valley, till thy steps be set
On the green hills, where those twin streamlets
spring,
Nilajan and Mohana ; follow the winding course
of these streams
Until upon the plain the shining sisters meet in
Phalgu's bed."

Near this river the village of Senani "reared its roofs of grass, nestled amid the palms, peaceful with simple folk and pastoral toils"; here in the silvan solitudes Lord Buddha lived, musing the trials of man, the doctrines of the books and the ways of fate. " Moon after moon our Lord sat in the wood, so meditating these that he forgot " to care for his body, neglected to eat, and grew wan and feeble. A shepherd boy passing saw the needs of the rapt man, brought him goat's milk to drink, and drew the boughs of the trees together in such a way as to protect him from the burning sun, but being so humble, deemed himself not worthy to wait upon the saint ; when the world honored spake :

" 'Pity and need
Make all flesh kin, there is no caste in blood,
Which runneth of one hue, nor caste in tears
Which trickle salt with all. * * * Who doth
right deeds

Is twice born, and who doth ill deeds vile.
Give me to drink, my brother ; when I come
Unto my quest, it shall be good for thee !'
Thereat the peasant's heart was glad and gave."

Again upon another day there passed that way a band of tinselled girls, the Nautch-dancers of Indra's temple.

"Gaily they tripped from ledge to ledge," through the shaded woodland to some festival, "the silver bells chiming soft peals about their little feet." One raised her voice in song as they passed near the spot where the weary Prince mused, seeing them, but concealed from their view. Thus sang she :

"The string o'er-stretched breaks, and the music flies;
The string o'er-slack is dumb, and music dies.
Tune us the sitar neither low nor high."

Little dreamed this Nautch-girl, as like a "painted butterfly she fluttered away," that her idle song echoed in the ear of the suffering saint, as he sat "under the fig tree by the path;" but "Buddha lifted his great brow and spake":

"The foolish oftentimes teach the wise ;
I strain too much this string of life, belike,
Meaning to make such music as shall save.
Mine eyes are dim now that they see the truth,
My strength is waned now that my need is most.
Would that I had such help as man must have,
For I shall die, whose life was all men's hope !"

Near the village of Senáni there dwelt a man of wealth, whose wife was a noble, beautiful woman. Her prayers had been answered by the gods; and going one day, with a bowl of richest milk in which rice had been cooked, to the shrine of the wood-god, she saw sitting there a man of wondrous beauty, whose brow was god-like. Supposing it to be the god she had worshipped, she knelt at his feet, offering the basin of savory food and praying him to partake of it, thus showing favor unto his servant. Lord Buddha—for 'twas he—drank the milk. Instantly new life flowed in his veins, strength and vigor were his once more, and laying his hands on the woman's head he blessed her.

After telling her who he was, not a god, only a "brother and a wanderer searching for the light," he asked this question,

"Yet dost thou truly find it sweet enough only to live,
Can life and love suffice?"

She answered thus :

"Worshipful ! my heart is little, and a little rain will fill

The lily's cup, which hardly moists the field.

It is enough for me to feel life's sun

Shine in my lord's grace and my baby's smile,

Making the loving summer of our home."

She speaks of her household duties, her duty to the gods, and then—

"Also I think that good must come of good, and ill of evil, surely unto all

In every place and time, seeing sweet fruit Groweth from wholesome roots, and bitter things from poison stocks,

Yea, seeing, too, how *s spite breeds hate*, and kindness friends,

And patience peace even while we live ; and when we die

Shall there not be as good a '*Then as Now'* ?

What good I see humbly I seek to do, and live obedient to the law

In trust that what *will* come and must come, shall come well !"

Then spake our Lord, "Thou teachest them who teach,

Wiser than wisdom in thy simple lore.

Thou who hast worshipped me, I worship thee !

As thou accomplishest, may I achieve,

He whom thou thoughtest God bids thee wish this."

"May'st thou achieve," she said, with earnest tender eyes

Bent on her babe.

Then passed Lord Buddha away unto the tree, where the perfect Light was to be revealed to him as it had been foreordained.

Here follows an account of Buddha's final triumph, unrivalled for splendor of description, beauty, and wonderful thought. How the "World Honored" wrestled with the powers of darkness, with sin, with temptations, both beautiful and repulsive, resisting every

allurement, and passed safely through this last terrible ordeal—coming forth clothed in holiness, meekness, divineness! his soul longing to lead his fellow creatures into the realms of peace and gladness.

Still wearing the yellow robe of the beggar and carrying a little bowl in his hand, which he held out for food, Lord Buddha journeyed from city to city, from village to village, teaching and preaching the way of "Light and Life" to all; coming at last to his father's kingdom, who when he heard that his well beloved son was returning went forth to meet him, clad in all the paraphernalia of royalty, with the beautiful Yasodhara decked in queenly robes. Imagine the old king's wrath when he saw his son approaching in his menial dress, followed by two others similarly robed; but along the wayside men and women worshipped this God-like man, whose brow seemed more than human!

The poem closes with a description of Lord Buddha's teachings in the land of his birth; he remained the humble priest, and lived the life of humility, though a kingdom was within his grasp, and his fame spread far and near, until all India,

aye, even Asia itself knelt at his shrine and called him Holy!

The laws, laid down by Buddha are peculiarly wise and plain, and it is no wonder that he should have conquered the hearts and minds of his hearers by his simple eloquence and logical truths.

To quote from Dr. Ripley, "The great doctrine of renunciation so earnestly insisted on by Goethe and Carlyle is in fact the key-note of the poem; and the evolution of character from an exclusive devotion to self, to a tender charity for our kind, which is so lucidly set forth in the philosophy of Herbert Spencer, is illustrated with all the charms of a fascinating narrative, and the enchantment of melodious verse."

In the life of Prince Siddartha Guatama, Lord Buddha, Arnold has shadowed forth some of the mysteries of a human life, and has given us the opportunity of looking deep into the secrets of a soul. As a poet, he must take a foremost place in the world of letters, and many a weary brain and tired heart will feel the pure, sweet peace that floweth from "The Light of Asia."

MAGGIE L. HICKS.

THE STRUGGLES OF THE IRISH.

The primeval history of Ireland is wrapt in the mystery of ages. Tradition tells of an ancient people that came from the shores of Asia, and touching along the coasts of Africa, pushed their way westward to Erin's fruitful fields. The round towers, which stand like lone sentinels of the

past, seem to confirm this belief. Be that as it may, one thing is certain, that beyond the pale of history a powerful race, whether Celt or not, flourished on this beautiful island. Ere long came that holy man, St. Patrick, who, gathering the simple-hearted islanders around him in an open field

under the clear blue sky, or under the shade of an oak, wooed and won them to the Gospel. Now the church bell is heard across the dale, where before savages roamed and wild beasts hunted their prey.

She soon outstripped her sister island in learning, so that Alfred the Great was found seeking in her seminaries that knowledge which could not be obtained at home. What a striking illustration of the remorseless changes of time is here afforded! What a future hers might have been had she been allowed to work out her own destiny! Open-hearted and true themselves, their religion was bound to be so too. Often has it been thrown in their teeth that the cause of their misfortunes is the fact that they did not accept the principles of the Reformation. But who can blame them for their course? If Henry VIII. was to be the apostle of Protestantism, is it any wonder that they decided to remain true to the old faith? Nor did the treatment they received at the hand of his successors give a very favorable recommendation to the new religion. Had the art of persuasion, instead of compulsion, been brought into requisition, the result might have been different. I dwell on this because it gives a clue to the cause of the long catalogue of maltreatment, oppression, and misgovernment, on the one hand, and of revolt, rebellion, crimes, conspiracies, and Nihilism on the other.

They acted correctly according to the light which they had before them. And yet because of this decision there has followed a train of evils and calamities too wonderful to believe, too horrible to tell. It became unlawful for

a Protestant to marry a Catholic, thus stamping degradation upon three-fourths of the nation. More than that, a Catholic could not hold any public office of trust, either civil or military. He was not permitted to purchase land. Even the privilege of high education was denied him. Was ever a war of extermination so mercilessly waged? Statesmen should learn a lesson from Irish history: never to trample upon men's consciences. But the half of her oppressions has not been told, and never can be. Go and see the blood of her heroes sprinkled on every hill top and in every vale, if you would know how much Ireland has been abused, misjudged, and trodden under foot of the oppressor. Once she was happy and prosperous. Cheerful toil brought forth a bountiful harvest. There was plenty and to spare. The song of the peasant vied with that of his lord in praise of their common country. But famine has spread a ghastly pall over this unfortunate land. They had been tried to the extent of human patience. Could that proud chivalric race remain in slavery forever?

There were already signs of a coming storm when the struggle for liberty began across the waters. There was many a heart in the Emerald Isle which inwardly prayed for the success of the American arms, and which gathered a new inspiration when that success was achieved. When once the match had been applied it was impossible to extinguish it. The fire once started was soon fanned into a flame by the wind of passion, at last burst forth with force the more terrific because so long accumulating. The Irish

volunteers mustered eighty thousand patriots, eager to strike a blow for their country's independence. They demanded that their trade should be free and their Parliament no longer under the English yoke. "I shall never be satisfied," cried the eloquent Grattan, "so long as the meanest cottager in Ireland has one link of the British chain clinging to his rags; he may be in rags, but he shall not be in iron." Victory delights to perch upon the banner of such a leader as Grattan. One glance of his piercing eye cowed the parasites of the court into submission. Curran also joined his efforts for the relief of his suffering country. He hesitated not in the presence of enemies and of the potentates of England to raise his clear voice in behalf of his oppressed fellow-countrymen.

Ireland can justly boast of her orators. To them is largely due the fact that any concessions at all were wrenched from the English. The fiery impulsive oratory of Ireland is far superior to the dry, particular, precise speeches of the English. Hers is as resistless as the mountain torrent. Wit and pathos are happily combined.

Now the greatest political reformer that Ireland has ever produced comes upon the stage of action. Theobald Wolfe Tone, though a Protestant himself, recognized the justice of the claims of the Catholics. He rose superior to the passion and prejudice of the moment, and boldly espoused the cause of the people. By his exertions the United Irishmen are banded together to gain equal rights for all. Being suspected of a conspiracy with France, he flees to America. Still he is unremitting in his devotion to the

old country. He soon went to France and persuaded the French to man a fleet for the invasion of Ireland. His compatriots at home were waiting. At last the long looked for ships stood off the coast of Ireland. That night the wind blew a gale. The waves tossed them to and fro, and before morning they were borne out of sight of land, and with them Ireland's hope. All help from abroad seemed gone. They were driven almost to desperation. The best blood in the land was poured out like water. The purest characters were arraigned before a mock tribunal of justice, and relentlessly executed. It was Ireland's "Reign of Terror." Annihilation stared her in the face.

In 1798 the people rallied once more. They struggled long and manfully, and at last the green flag waved on Gorey's Hill. Lord Fitzgerald, the leader of the rebellion, fell into the hands of the enemy. But for this misfortune, their arms might have been victorious. As it was, desolation and destruction followed in the wake of the rebellion. And yet the Irish patriot recounts with manifest pride the heroism displayed by his countrymen in this eventful contest. It was over, and the finishing stroke was given when a motion was made and carried to join the Irish Parliament to that of England. It was done by bribery and corruption, and to this day Ireland has not been satisfied. Henceforth the Irish nation ceases. All future outbursts are momentary and spasmodic. True, in 1803 Robert Emmet made one last desperate struggle as if in despair. He could have escaped, but there was

one he loved, for whose sake he had made the hopeless attempt. It is said that by this means he hoped to appear more worthy of her. He longed for a last kiss before his exile. That longing cost him his life. Now his real character appears. Twelve hours the trial lasted, and the prisoner arose with form erect and flashing eyes, and in ringing tones spoke that speech that has made him immortal. It is sad that such a fate should befall one so pure and true. But what history is so sad as that of Ireland? What cause more worthy of success? Their hopes seemed blasted forever. Some, who had done their best at their country's call, could stand it no longer. Everything around was suggestive of sadness. Their kindred lay on many battle fields. They resolved to seek new scenes and new associations to start life over again. To what asylum could they go but to America? There at least they could breathe the air of freemen, if not in their own unfortunate country. This has been the result of England's Irish policy.

We should not complain that so many Irishmen have flocked to our shores. She has given us some of her best. They have been found at the post of duty in every station of life. To be sure, among so many there will be found some of questionable character; yet on the whole they have been a gain to the United States. England has at last found this out; now, when the life-blood has been sucked from the nation, she is trying to staunch the wound and keep the people at home.

Has England profited by these years of trouble? It would seem not, if we

are to judge by the continuous outbursts like the mutterings of the coming storm. The Parnellites now hold the balance of power in Parliament. If their demands are not granted, who can tell what the result will be? So persistently have they been maltreated that now, even if an Englishman assays to do them a kindness, they believe that he is trying to play some trick on them. It is a perplexing question to solve. No class of mankind calls for our pity so strongly as the Irish peasant. Having no interest in the land itself, he feels little or none in its improvement. Even when any is made his rent is but increased. While the landleagues are not to be approved, is there not some palliation for their present crimes in view of what they have suffered? What a change time has wrought! Her barns once overflowed with plenty. Now misery and want stalk through the land. Where harmony and peace once reigned, now anarchy and ruin hold high carnival. The rightful sovereigns of the soil have become the slaves of foreign landlords. Will it always be thus? Until England shall learn to rule by justice, and not by hatred, there is little prospect of a desirable end. Let us leave the result with a merciful Providence. Surely the wronged cannot be wronged forever. "When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written," were the parting words of Robert Emmet. She may yet assume her proper position before the world. Let us not condemn her frantic efforts too harshly.

"The nations have fallen, and thou art still young;
Thy sun is but rising, when others are set;
And though slavery's cloud o'er thy morning hath
hung,
The full noon of freedom shall beam round
thee yet.
Erin! oh, Erin! though long in the shade,
Thy star will shine out when the proudest shall
fade."

A. T. R.

ON THE WING.

The arduous labors of the fall term were over, the crucial test, examinations, had been applied, and recreation was needed. Ten days were at my disposal, and the important question presented itself, Where can this limited time be most profitably and enjoyably spent? The "Monumental City" possessed many attractions which I had never seen; Congress was in session at Washington, and there I might get a look at America's greatest statesmen. On the first ballot, therefore, those places were selected. Thursday night, Jan. 10, I bade adieu to Wake Forest College, and entered the cars for Portsmouth, arriving there at 7 o'clock the next morning. Friday was spent in Norfolk and Portsmouth. The principal attractions of the former city were seeing cotton compressed for shipment and the ships arriving and departing. The United States Navy Yard is the principal attraction of Portsmouth. At 6:30 p.m., Friday, I took passage on the magnificent steamer Virginia for Baltimore. In a few minutes she moves from her dock and glides rapidly over the smooth water. Standing on deck I watch the ships as they pass us and enter Norfolk harbor. Soon the lights of the city are beyond my vision, and turning I see that we are in sight of Old Point. Fortress Monroe, lashed by the billows on every side, with its firm walls surmounted by grim cannon, standing a faithful sentinel to protect our national interest, is soon passed. In a short time the cap-

tain orders one of the crew to throw out the bow line and the ship touches at Old Point. Here the passengers have an opportunity of seeing the Hygeia hotel, which is the principal one of this famous summer resort. Saturday at 7 a. m. the steamer arrived at Canton wharf. Here we take a street car, and are soon in

BALTIMORE.

After reaching *terra firma*, my first thought, on seeing the ice-covered sidewalks and becoming chilled by the cold, was that this place was a few degrees nearer the region of eternal snow than North Carolina. The following are sketches of a few of the many interesting things a student saw, and the thoughts which they suggested.

Washington Monument, the most magnificent of all the monuments in the "Monumental City," stands in the centre of a beautiful square near the centre of the city. It was erected by the state of Maryland. It stands a fit testimonial of Washington's manifold virtues, and inspires the beholder with veneration for patriotic heroism. The majestic statue of Washington crowns the summit, and with head in the clouds, but with eyes fixed on the earth, he seems to say, "My children, I have left you a noble heritage; beware that you do not abuse your privileges." From the summit one sees the city lying beneath him, a vast panorama. Hundreds of church spires lift their silent forms into the sky. Standing here between earth and sky,

as the chimes of the bells fall upon the enraptured ear, one can imagine himself in a better land. Looking below he sees the people hurrying to and fro, the newsboys with their papers, the street cars rattling by, smoke rising from the engines of hundreds of factories, ships ploughing the waters in the distance, and the snow and ice on housetop and pavement, over which the sun throws his beams imparting to them the colors of the rainbow, and forming such a magnificent scene as to beggar description.

The Peabody Institute, one of the most interesting places in the city, is opposite this monument. The building is of white marble, two stories high with basement, and cost \$517,000. The world-renowned philanthropist, George Peabody, of London, founded it, February 12, 1857. It has now an endowment of about \$927,000 besides grounds, buildings, etc. The following facts are gathered from the Provost's report. The Institute consists of the following departments: A free reference library in which the books do not circulate; a lecture department for which a small admission fee is charged; a conservatory of music for concerts and instruction in music, for which a moderate charge is made; a gallery of art to which free admission is given. The library contains 80,000 volumes, and there is room for 1,000,000 volumes. Large additions are made annually, and in a few years this will be one of the most complete and valuable libraries in the world. Here may be seen many rare, valuable, and historic books and photographs. Some of the photographs of scenes in Palestine and Greece are especially inter-

esting to students of ancient history. A large and comfortable reading room is connected with the library, and any one can go there and consult books and periodicals without cost. To the students of the city this privilege cannot be over-estimated. The lecture room and concert hall are well arranged. Distinguished lecturers are engaged every winter, and season tickets can be secured at a very small cost. The gallery of art contains a magnificent collection of paintings, statues, busts, friezes and bas-reliefs. A number of these works are from the old masters, and admirers of art who visit Baltimore should not fail to see them. Some idea of the size of the building may be had from the fact that it requires two hundred and thirty tons of coal to heat it during one winter.

The Roman Catholic Cathedral is the finest church edifice in the city. The magnificence of the interior corresponds with the outward grandeur. The walls are adorned with rare and costly paintings. Two of which, a picture of *St. Louis, of France*, and *The Descent from the Cross*, were presented to this Cathedral by Louis XVIII., of France. The chandeliers and altar are beautiful. While here I was forcibly reminded of these lines by Longfellow:

"Oft have I seen, at some cathedral door,
A laborer pausing in the dust and heat,
Lay down his burden, and with reverent feet
Enter, and cross himself, and on the floor
Kneel to repeat his paternoster o'er;
Far off the noises of the world retreat,
The loud vociferations of the street
Become an undistinguishable roar."

Devout Catholics were coming in and offering up their petitions, women were counting their beads, and one

poor deluded soul was prostrate before the altar crying and praying. A basin of holy water is at the door, and every Catholic dips his finger in the water and makes the sign of the cross on entering and departing.

Did you ever attend services at a Romish church? If not, you have missed an interesting spectacle. There are several handsome Roman Catholic churches in this city. In the vestibule of one of them there is a marble figure of Christ and the Virgin Mary, and after services quite a number prostrate themselves before it and pray. Christ is represented crowned with thorns and Mary, with a halo surrounding her head, bending over him. They pray to the Virgin to intercede with Christ in their behalf. Is there anywhere a worse species of idolatry than this? This evil is becoming more noticeable every year. The Catholic element exerts a great influence in politics, especially in the Northern cities. They have under their control about one-third of the orphan asylums in the United States. Their convent schools are largely attended by all denominations, and many proselytes are made. This subtle influence is making gradual but sure headway in America, and it is the duty of all Protestant denominations to wage war with this, one of the greatest of religious, political, and social evils. There are more Roman Catholics in Baltimore than any other denomination.

The Maryland Historical Society has many objects of great historical interest. Their collection of portraits and statues of the celebrated men of

that state is very valuable. Pulaski's banner is in the museum. The history of this beautiful banner is known to all, and the sight of it recalls the virtues of the gallant hero whose name it bears. The library contains books which relate to the history of Maryland. In its fine and large building the Society collects and exhibits whatever pertains to the history of the state. Would that North Carolina would organize and carry forward a work of this kind! In the galaxy of states there is not one that has a more glorious history than North Carolina, and not a fragment of this history should be lost. If the history of our great men were better known, state pride would be rekindled and our youth incited to nobler aims.

To students, John Hopkins University is one of Baltimore's chief attractions. This is one of the most complete universities in America, and is noted for the high standard of scholarship it maintains. It has three well equipped scientific laboratories. A special building is devoted to Chemistry, and it is adapted to all kinds of chemical and mineralogical work. The Laboratory of the Physical Department is furnished with the most approved apparatus, "selected with special reference to investigations, and especially valuable for researches in respect to electricity, magnetism, light, and heat." A large building has been recently fitted up as a Biological Laboratory, in which all kinds of physiological and morphological work are prosecuted. The scientific apparatus for these departments cost over \$48,000, and connected with each is a valuable

library of French, German, and English scientific books. This University publishes six scientific journals.

The University museum contains many objects of interest. There are 38 free University scholarships open to students from North Carolina, Virginia, and Maryland.

Every student who visits the city should spend at least a day or two in the Public Schools to learn how they are conducted, and to see the order maintained. The happiness and prosperity of every community depend largely on the intelligence of the people. Baltimore recognizes this, and has opened free fountains of knowledge to all within her limits. The system of these schools corresponds very nearly to that of our graded schools, and the curricula of their Grammar Schools equal those of many of our Southern colleges. Baltimore City College is well equipped and has a fine corps of professors. Tuition is free, and the poorest may have the advantage of a collegiate education. The school buildings are constructed with a special view to the comfort and health of the pupils. Some of these edifices are imposing and beautiful. In viewing these educational facilities, I could but wish that North Carolina might soon wake from her long sleep, and make an effort to rival her more northern sisters in advancing the cause of free education. It will require much money to do this, but can money be invested more safely or more profitably than in the cause of education?

The building of the Young Men's Christian Association is one of the finest in the city. Here the Association has a complete gymnasium, a

well stocked library, a comfortable reading room supplied with all the leading periodicals, a commodious hall for lectures and concerts, and a beautiful chapel in which daily religious exercises are held. It would seem that there is everything here to attract young men and keep them from the numerous places of evil found in all cities. This Association not only aids in elevating the moral character of the young men, but is also doing a noble charity in relieving the wants of the poor of the city.

What North Carolinian can visit this city and fail to hear the gifted and eloquent young divine, Rev. A. C. Dixon, pastor of Immanuel Baptist Church? It is said that he is one of the finest pulpit orators in Baltimore, and judging from the size of his congregations it must be true. He has a flourishing Sunday-school in connection with his church which is largely attended by young men. While listening to him preach, was it wrong in me to feel proud that he is from North Carolina and an alumnus of Wake Forest College? The church, or rather chapel, for the church has not yet been built, is a beautiful stone structure, attractive without and cosily furnished within.

The places of amusement, parks, factories, and public buildings, especially the City Hall, are all interesting to the visitor, but it would make this article too long even to give a passing notice of them; so this sketch of Baltimore's places of interest will be closed with a short description of

DRUID HILL PARK.

It is said that this is one of the finest natural parks in the United States.

Here nature unfolds her beauties, making a scene worthy an artist's study. Beautiful flowers, majestic trees, and silver brooks, whose music harmonizes with the wind as it sighs in the tree tops, and which glide with snakelike forms through the valleys, all combine to form one of nature's most charming pictures. But while nature has been lavish in bestowing beauty, art has added touches which intensify this beauty. The jets and sprays of fountains are constantly glittering in the sunlight. Hundreds of fishes, variously colored, sport in these fountains, and it is interesting to watch their graceful movements as they dart hither and thither. Picturesque lakes reflect the surrounding scenery. In summer gaily painted pleasure boats glide with the swans over their placid surfaces, and in winter their ice-covered surfaces afford excellent opportunities for skating; thus furnishing endless amusement to lovers of those sports. The weary can drink at limpid springs, and rest on easy rustics under the shade of the trees. "Silver Spring" is a beautiful place, and the elixir naturæ, as it gushes forth pure from the mouth of the fountain, equals the nectar of the gods.

Squirrels frolic among the branches of the trees, and a herd of deer gambol on the hills and in the valleys. A colony of prairie dogs have their burrows here, but one must be exceedingly quiet to see the little fellows above ground. Some beavers have a home in one of the streams, and they and their houses attract much attention. Ostriches, toucans, pelicans, wolves, bears, alligators, monkeys, and many other animals are especially

interesting to students of Zoology, and afford excellent opportunities for examining some of the most interesting species of the animal kingdom. No student of Natural History should visit this Park and fail to see the celebrated museum which was exhibited by the State of Maryland at the Philadelphia Centennial in 1876. The building and collection were afterwards purchased and placed here. The collection of birds rivals that of the National Museum in Washington, and the collection of fishes, seals, weasels, etc., is especially interesting. These animals are mounted in the highest style of the taxidermist's art. In the Anthropological department may be seen many curious, wonderful, and interesting relics of man's handiwork. Indian relics are the most numerous, and, to those acquainted with the history of this people and interested in their fate, this is one of the most attractive departments. In this department there is a case of rare and valuable coins gathered from every country. The cabinet of minerals is large and complete. A beautiful and well arranged collection of shells attracts much attention; and a section of the Atlantic Cable and a piece of marble from the Temple of Jupiter Olympus are among the curiosities.

The Park contains several hundred acres. To make a complete tour of the grounds and see its numerous objects of interest would require several days. It is laid out in beautiful walks and drives. To the business men and poor of the city, this is a retreat to be appreciated and enjoyed. Here they can spend their holidays and Sunday afternoons, inhale the

pure air, and have their vital powers renewed. Parks are among the chief luxuries of civilization, and are examples of our progress.

The beauties of Druid Hill Park delight the eye, and afford food for the imagination. It is a source of knowledge to the student, an elysium for the weary, and gives pleasure to all who visit it.

Many and pleasant are my recollections of Baltimore. Her citizens are generous and enterprising, and her young ladies are bewitching and fair.

I next visited Washington, and in a future issue of *THE STUDENT* will give my recollections of that city.

C. L. S.

February, 1884.

AN ACROSTIC.

Welcome, thrice welcome, to lore-loving hearts,
Are the grand old truths which thy genius imparts.
Kind feelings for thee we'll cherish with zeal ;
Evermore grateful to thee shall we feel.

Forward thy watchword, and upward thy way,
O'er all thy affairs true wisdom display ;
Rise over each wave that fate may oppose,
Eternally silence by merit thy foes.
Stand boldly for right ; all error disdain ;
Truth ever uphold ; from boasting refrain.

Could we but be gifted with prophecy's eye
On the future to gaze, events to descry,
Long lines of true heroes methinks we should see
Like sunbeams from heaven proceeding from thee.
Each year may thy labors more fully be blest !
Go on : may no fortune thy progress arrest !
Ever may virtue thy value attest !

C. B. J.

EDITORIAL.

"WE HAVE ALL AND ABOUND."

Now that the College has attained the end toward which it has been struggling these years, it is, from some points of view, not unnatural that some who have the interests of the College close to their hearts should conclude that it has all the money it needs, that more would be hurtful rather than helpful; and so some have concluded. They, therefore, would oppose any effort to increase the endowment; would, indeed, return with thanks the richest gifts of the friends of higher education.

There is no solver of the mysteries of opinion so universal and successful in its application as the point of view. Given a man's standpoint and the object observed, it is not hard to state or explain his opinion. This same key unlocks the most widely divergent estimates. Mendelssohn or Coleridge or Byron in the vale of Chamouni grows sublime as the surroundings; but the Irish grazier's son on his first tour writes back: "Dear Father: The Alps is a very high mountain, and bullocks bears no price here."

Those who believe our College has all things and abounds have an inadequate idea of what is required to make a first-class college in these later days. Buildings for dormitories, for museum, for chemical and physiological laboratories, for infirmary, for gymnasium; well equipped library; mathematical, astronomical, physical, chemical appliances and apparatus by the

thousand dollars' worth; beautified and well kept grounds; the requisite number of adequately paid professorships, because adequately paid professorships mean efficient and first-class professors,—these with a score of other demands of the times cannot be met, it hardly need be said, by the few thousand dollars income from tuition and our present endowment. Nor do we prize too lightly that endowment. Without it the College made out to exist; with it there is hope for some few of the comforts of existence. But the full measure of wide-spread and powerful influence which it is possible for it to wield could never be realized, if its guardians should strangely declare one hundred thousand dollars to be the limit beyond which it should acquire no more. Limit the means, limit the end. Set definite and inexorable bounds to the money of a college; not only will its growth be likewise bounded, but the checking of its natural expansion on all sides will have a reflex and paralyzing effect upon the vigor already accumulated.

Furthermore, these well-meaning friends have an inadequate conception of the position of Wake Forest as the one college for the 116,000 white Baptists of North Carolina. Is it probable that one out of every 650 will continue to be the proportion in which the Baptists of the State will educate their sons? Is it likely that the number of Baptists has already reached the maximum? Wise men

have remarked that no college has a more inviting field or a better chance for a bright future. We submit that its position, the times, its constituency, the affectionate regard in which it is held, all point to magnificent possibilities which, if kindly fostered and wisely developed by liberal minded directors, will make it the pride of the whole State, and put it in the front rank of Christian institutions of learning in this country.

W. L. P.

N. C. BAPTISTS AND FEMALE EDUCATION.

It is interesting to find that so long ago as 1836 the North Carolina Baptist State Convention appreciated and formally considered the education of women. This becomes doubly interesting when the late development of female high schools and seminaries is remembered. Even in the city of Boston it was only in 1826, after a discussion of three years, that a high school for girls was established on the model of that for boys. But that, after a trial of eighteen months, was closed altogether, in 1828.

Away down in North Carolina, as a Bostonian would say, only eight years after this signal dishonor of female education at the very centre of enlightenment, the Baptist State Convention, assembled at County Line Church, near Yanceyville, Caswell county, adopted, November 14, 1836, the following, presented as a part of the report of the "committee on a female institute"—William Hooper, chairman:

"At the same time your committee deem it proper and seasonable to ex-

press their views of the great importance of female education, as well on account of the direct improvement of one-half of our species, as on account of the indirect influence which educated women exert on the welfare of the whole community. They, therefore, would urge on the Baptist public generally, to avail themselves, as far as their circumstances will allow, of the facilities now in existence for cultivating the minds of their daughters, in order to raise up a generation of women who shall employ all that influence and control which are conceded to them in every civilized and Christian country, on the side of liberal sentiments, and to sway the minds of men in behalf of virtue and religion."

That would not seem dull or over-conservative in the proceedings of 1884, when higher institutions of learning for women rank with those for men, and when women are knocking vigorously at the doors of the foremost universities, and are already admitted to some.

W. L. P.

PRESENT OR PAST—WHICH?

The reading of the published proceedings of one of the largest and most important meetings in the State suggested this question. The record of such a meeting is sometimes in the past tense, sometimes in the present, and not infrequently in both. Of course the secretary should be consistent throughout: if he start with the past, let him keep it up to the close, and so with the present; but by no means say on one page, "The President announced" and on another,

"Mr. Jones moves." Is there no principle which would settle the right tense to be employed? The record is dated, say, March 10th, the supposition being that it is contemporaneous with what is done: the secretary reports what is at the time passing under his observation. There seems therefore to be some analogy between the report of proceedings and a letter. For illustration: "Mar. 10th. Dear Friend, I *seat* myself," etc.,—not "*I seated* myself," unless an occasion previous to the date given is referred to. The Roman letter-writer often adopted the point of view of the receiver, and, though speaking of what was present to him at the time of writing, used the past tense because the matter would be past to the receiver of the letter. With us, however, there is no such usage in letters. Why the past tense should be so commonly employed in reported proceedings can be readily explained. Ordinarily things are done more rapidly than they can be recorded. The secretary is therefore left to take notes in the meeting and write them up in full after the meeting. What was present to him in the meeting is now past to him, and, unless he has in mind the fact that his report is of the same date with the meeting, he is quite likely to say, "The committee *presented* the report, and the report *was adopted*."

No objection can be made to the past tense in the record, provided its date be subsequent to that of the actual proceedings; but, so long as they are contemporaneous, we insist that the present tense should be employed.

W. L. P.

GENERAL GORDON.

Major-General Gordon, familiarly known as Chinese Gordon, though for a long time prominent in the service of the English army, has but recently won the world's attention. When, about two weeks ago, the British government wanted some one to take hold of Egyptian affairs to straighten them in some way, Gen'l Gordon, by reason of his peculiar qualifications for that office, notwithstanding the fact that he had recently lost his commission in the English army for taking service with an association on the Congo, appeared to be the most fitting man for the undertaking. The history of Gen'l Gordon, public and private, is eloquent of not only greatness, but goodness also. The undertaking of an enterprise so perilous and precarious convinces us at once of the intrepidity of the man. He spent the greater part of his life in service in China and Central Africa. His work, it would seem, has been that of the general and the missionary combined, and he has accomplished much good, especially in Africa, where he has won his way into the hearts of the natives and chiefs as probably no other man could do. And his agreeable policy with this influence over the natives gives strong hope of his success in the settlement of Egypt's complicated affairs. His characteristics, besides those which go to make up the great general, are of a noble type. He is represented as having always been marked by deep personal piety, and seeking only to be used as an instrument in the hands of the Almighty for the furtherance of Christian civilization.

ization among heathen races. Judging from all we read of the man, he seems to be a duplicate of the noble Prince of Orange, and the tenor of his life's work not unlike that for which that great Prince devoted his life and blood. With the sternness and inflexibility of the general, he is said to possess all the tender graces which enter into the formation of a full rounded, exemplary character. And what is remarkable in a public man, he entertains a strong aversion to publicity and praise, reminding us much in this respect of our own Washington.

Gen'l Gordon's character and career are full of useful lessons to all who reverence the true, the beautiful, and the good, as far as they can exist in a mortal. His bold enterprise will be watched with eager interest for many reasons, and none the less for our interest in his own personal safety.

W. S. R.

PLAGIARISM.

It is a curious fact that Sir Isaac Newton and the German philosopher, Leibnitz, discovered the system of calculus at the same time, each independently of the other, and widely separated. It might seem to suggest that somewhere in the world two minds might possibly be found that have the same operations, yet such has never been known to be a fact.

The young writer who seeks to be a premature author has great temptations to appropriate the elegant thoughts

of others. He excuses himself for this by persuading himself that the pilfered gems are, after all, parallel with his own, and fancies that they had already been suggested to his mind. This habit of purloining and gathering the pearls of others differs in no degree from the action of the petty thief who steals his neighbor's goods—and it has been well termed by one the literary theft.

As a rule those who are most addicted to plagiarism are the ones who ride through the fields of literature with high heads, gathering only smattering notions of what they read. In producing what ideas they have they endeavor to conceal themselves behind a multitude of words.

It has been said that thoughts grow better when they are developed in minds other than that in which they originated. Whether it be that the weeds in one will blossom into a flower in another, or conversely that the flowers in one will become weeds in another, it is better to be original and face the frowns of critics for being dry and uninteresting, than to ride a moment in a glittering chariot at the expense of another. An original article on the pine tree is much better than a long, crude narrative of the Greenland whale, where the thoughts of the writer are mere compilations from other men.

It is a pity to note that plagiarism is on the increase, for it was only about a year ago that certain prominent lecturers were accused by Dr. Talmage of using his famous lectures.

CURRENT TOPICS.

THE NEW CABLE.—A marked feature of the age is impatience of delay. This impatience on the part of business men especially has recently given rise to the project of laying another cable across the ocean. And all the arrangements have been made necessary to make a success of the new cable, to be known as the Mackay-Bennett Cable. It was in 1857 that Cyrus W. Field began the great enterprise of connecting Europe and America by the telegraphic cable. It is found that with the present cables, three in number, frequent delays are caused by accidents from storms and various other sources. For the new cable double wires will be laid and will connect points on the coast of New York and Massachusetts directly with foreign ports. When the present cables were laid the rates of *cablegrams* were almost prohibitory, but with the growth of foreign trade rates have been brought within easy reach of the press and business houses; and doubtless with the completion of the new cable, *cablegrams* will become as cheap as telegrams.

THE JEANNETTE'S DEAD.—The 22d of February was a memorable day in the history of New York. Besides the annual celebration of Washington's birthday, it was the solemn occasion of the reception of the dead bodies of the arctic heroes, which was made with great "military pomp and civic display." After reposing two years in northern snows, the bodies of the brave explorers have been brought

back to their native land to receive popular testimony of respect for their heroic exploit and melancholy fate in the interest of science. The history of the Jeannette enterprise is familiar to all; and those who kept up with her course toward the North Pole, and saw her imprisoned for twenty months between mountains of ice felt deeply for the unhappy crew under the brave Captain DeLong, in their excruciating suffering and death. Their fate is all the sadder because their efforts only met absolute failure. Although, however, nothing was gained for science, their crownless heroism may serve to inspire a nation with heroic examples, which after all may be as good as "to instruct the geographers."

EGYPTIAN TROUBLES.—Important events are occurring in the history of the Dark Continent, and the affairs of that country continue to be complicated and in a critical state. During the past month El Mahdi, the Arab leader, with his host of wild fanatics, following up his headlong course, has met with several signal successes. The important post Sinket, which held out for a long time so gallantly, has fallen into his hands, its heroic guard of 600 soldiers perishing to a man at the edge of the sword. Khartoum and other noted places are threatened, and it would seem as if Egypt will be inundated by this resistless horde of fanatic Islamites. It is quite evident, however, that the False Prophet would never have reached the confines of the Soudan,

were it not for the oppressed condition in which Egypt has been for ages. Egyptians don't know what home rule means. Rigorous foreign rule has crushed their spirits and engendered in them discontent and contempt for foreign nations. Thus she stands today a comparatively easy prey to attacking forces. At this juncture, however, Major-General Gordon, acting for the British government, has undertaken a bold mission, which, if successful, may give the tide of Egyptian affairs a permanent favorable turn. His policy is to effect a compromise with El Mahdi and establish

a home government for the subjects of Egypt. It is certainly a crisis in Egyptian affairs. If he fail in his plans, her future is dark indeed; if success attend him, better days are coming for her. Though the British government has hitherto pursued an uncompromising policy, there has been much questioning recently as to what her future course will be. Indications are that she will favor the establishment of home rule in Egypt with the provision that her bondholders do not suffer loss thereby. At all events the outcome will be watched with interest by all the world.

EDUCATIONAL.

—THE Indian Training School at Carlisle, Pa., has now in charge 468 pupils.

—UNION COLLEGE has conferred the degree of LL. D. on President Arthur.—*Ex.*

—THE Central Methodist University for the South was located, February 7th, at Chattanooga. \$80,000 will be spent on it this year.

—“To become a good merchant a boy must not go to college, but begin by sweeping out the store”—an old notion that dies hard; and the more's the pity!

—AFTER nearly two hundred years of service, the old William and Mary College of Virginia has finally closed its doors. Only one student was enrolled as a member at the beginning of the present year. It was chartered in 1693, and next to Harvard, is the oldest college in the country.

—REV. J. N. STALLINGS, aided by his two daughters, has charge of the graded school at Magnolia, Duplin county. Though lately opened, it now has 113 pupils.

—THE school at Hamilton, of which Mr. John Duckett is principal, opened with fifty-two pupils. He has two assistants in the literary department, and a music teacher.

—PROF. ROBERT OSCAR HOLT, of Oak Ridge Institute, has been recently elected President of Yadkin College. Prof. Holt is a graduate of the University of class '81.—*N. C. Teacher.*

—PROF. G. C. BRIGGS, of Judson College, reports it to be in a flourishing condition. The number of matriculates, not counting the twenty Indian girls, is seventy; and it is believed the number will be swelled to one hundred before June.

—THE public hall now erecting at Chapel Hill will be, it is said, the best audience room south of New York.

—GREENSBORO FEMALE COLLEGE has one hundred and sixteen boarding pupils and several day scholars.

—A NUMBER of resident ladies and the Chaplain at the University of Virginia unite in an appeal to all Christians to assist in the erection there of a suitable building for religious worship. The present chapel is considered unfit for that purpose in location, ventilation, and appearance.

—THE following is the number of volumes of some of the largest college libraries in the country: Harvard, 185,000; Yale, 93,000; Dartmouth, 60,000; Brown, 52,000; Princeton, 49,000; Cornell, 40,000; Columbia, 38,000; University of Michigan, 29,000; Williams, 19,000; Colby, 18,000.—*Ex.*

THERE is some talk about a sort of Chataqua for teachers at some point in Western North Carolina during the coming summer. *The Teacher* thinks Col. Parker, of Ill., could be secured then. Col. Parker is certainly a famous man among the teachers of primary schools in this country, and his services would be invaluable. We cast our vote for the N. C. Chataqua and the Colonel.

—THE remark is not uncommon that education increases a bad man's means to do evil, and the inference sometimes drawn is, that we would better not have too much of a thing which may become so dangerous, and a college training is looked upon with suspicion. "But are we thus to slap civilization in the face, and because animals can run into evil courses, become vegetables which cannot?"

—TRINITY COLLEGE has seventy-two students, besides the twenty Indian boys who are at school there. Some of its friends, notably Mr. Julian S. Carr, of Durham, are interested in its endowment.

—OUT of 38,054 alumni from fifty-eight American colleges and universities since 1852, 3,577, or about nine per cent., are recorded as physicians; 9,991, or twenty-one per cent., as clergymen, and 6,105, or ten per cent., as lawyers.—*Ex.*

—THE SCHOOLMASTER OF OUR REPUBLIC.—"When our Republic rose, Noah Webster became its schoolmaster. There had never been a great nation with a universal language without dialects. The Yorkshireman can not now talk with a man from Cornwall. The peasant of the Ligurian Appenines drives his goats home in the evening over hills that look down on six provinces, none of whose dialects he can speak. Here, five thousand miles change not the sound of a word. Around every fireside, and from every tribune, in every field of labor and every factory of toil, is heard the same tongue. We owe it to Noah Webster's Spelling Book and Dictionaries. He has done for us more than Alfred did for England, or Caenius for Greece. His books have educated three generations. They are forever multiplying the innumerable army of thinkers, who will transmit his name from age to age. Only two men have stood on the New World, whose fame is so sure to last—Columbus, its discoverer, and Washington, its saviour. Webster is and will be its great teacher; and these three make our trinity of fame."

—THERE will probably be seven full graduates this year at the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary. Six young preachers who hold Wake Forest diplomas are there now.

—THE Charlotte Graded School receives this year from the Peabody fund \$1,300. The total allowance this year for North Carolina graded schools is \$2,700—much less than heretofore. The normal schools will receive \$800. The fund also allows North Carolina twelve scholarships of \$200 each in the Normal College at Nashville—which will carry up the total allowance for all purposes to \$5,900.

—ON the recent occasion of the day of prayer for colleges, a Baptist minister was invited to conduct the service at Princeton. A Baptist had not been seen in the Princeton pulpit for many years. Dr. A. J. Gordon, of Boston, was chosen for this service, and so impressed the students that unusual religious interest was manifested among them. He preached there several days.

—NATIONAL AID TO EDUCATION. The reasons for this are the obvious inability of many of these states to furnish even the elementary training needful to the coming generation; the

fact that the whole South has done enough in the past ten years to deserve this help; that it is in the direct line of public policy from the beginning; that administered on the sole condition of self help, for elementary schools alone, supervised by state authority, it can do no harm, but great good, and humiliates nobody who does not abuse it. My observation is that the vast majority of the Southern people desire it as soon as they understand it, and that the nation will bestow it as soon as this desire is distinctly made known. I know of no way to unite our country and dry up the sources of every sort of folly and wickedness than God's original method—to put a wise, good man in the place of every foolish, bad man; a good mother in every family; a good minister in every church; a good teacher in every school. I believe the American people are quietly getting out of the hands of the little statesmen with their little patent-right contrivances for saving the country, and concentrating upon the true aristocracy and only real democracy, the majority of mind and heart and work and worth that will build the new Republic by building for the children.—A. D. Mayo.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

—CHAPMAN & HALL, of London, paid Anthony Trollope \$15,000 for the manuscript of *Orley Farm*. That was \$12.50 per manuscript page of 250 words, and Trollope, when at regular work, wrote 250 words each quarter of an hour by the clock.

—ALTHOUGH Henry George has aroused the ire of some of the English landlords, his *Progress and Poverty* is meeting with very rapid sale. The sixth edition is now out, while 50,000 copies of the shilling edition have already been sold.

—A. WILLIAMS & Co., Raleigh, are publishing the 4th edition of Moore's *History of North Carolina*.

—THE bill to appropriate \$3,360,000 to the building for the Congressional Library at Washington has been passed.

—READERS of Theodore Winthrop will be pleased to learn that his *Life and Poems* is soon to appear, edited by his sister.

—A NEW edition of Hawthorne's works has been added to the Bohn Library. His writings seem to be growing more and more popular in England.

—HERE is a good description of a great many novels now flooding the country,—“puppet shows with some one turning the handle outside.”

—THACKERAY and Balzac approach nearest to perfection of any novelists of their time; at least, so thinks Mr. Julian Hawthorne, and he says furthermore that it is commonly admitted.

—“ESCOT HOLT,” the able Washington correspondent of *The Examiner*, is Major-General William Birney. He is now engaged on some contribution to the history of abolition movements in the United States.

—MR. HERBERT SPENCER has written jointly for *The Contemporary Review* and *Science Monthly* a series of articles on some of the political tendencies of the times.

—“THE author of *Mrs. Lorimer*, which on its publication last year attracted much attention from the better class of readers, is now declared to be Mrs. Harrison, a daughter of Charles Kingsley.”

—AGNOSTICISM: The human mind, in the course of its long journey, is passing through a dark place, and is, as it were, whistling to keep up its courage.—*Julian Hawthorne*.

—THE fourth volume of the new revised edition of Bancroft's *History of the United States*, will be published early in the year. The work, it is expected, will be completed during 1884.

—THE author of *The Bread Winners* gives in *The Century* as the reason for writing anonymously that he is engaged in a business in which his standing would be compromised, if it were known that he had written a novel.

—“THIS is pretty good. The sapient editor of a recently published Cyclopaedia of Quotations, put under the head of ‘Angling’ the words of Pistol in Henry V.,—‘Trail’st thou the puisant pike?’”

—HON. JOSIAH TURNER will soon begin the publication of a monthly historical journal, *The Truth*, at Durham, N. C. Mr. Turner was one of the most prominent and popular politicians in the reconstruction period of North Carolina, and while editor of *The Sentinel* he wielded a power that influenced to a great extent the politics of the State. He is therefore eminently qualified for the work in which he proposes to engage. He has not interested himself in the events of recent years, “and now he comes almost as a spectre out of that time already becoming dim enough to be called historic, to tell the tale of his own deeds with the flavor of a contemporaneous narrative after years of reflection have really made it historic.”

—GEO. W. CABLE was the guest of Mark Twain during his illness. He caught cold as well as fame during his lecture tour.

—THOUGH there are only 8,000 volumes in the circulating library of New York, last year there was a circulation of 81,000.

—CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS' late Harvard address has at least called forth an expression of opinion on the part of many advocates of the classics. The address and these comments are now printed in the same volume.

—A NEGATIVE attitude of mind is not favorable for the production of works of art. The best periods of art have also been periods of spiritual or philosophical convictions. The more a man doubts, the more he disintegrates and the less he constructs.—*Julian Hawthorne.*

—THE study of Anglo-Saxon is coming into prominence very rapidly. The second volume of the "Library of Anglo-Saxon Poetry" is something of which Americans may be proud. It is said that Prof. Hunt, of Princeton, has done the work admirably.

—*Darwinism Stated by Darwin Himself*, will soon be issued from the press of D. Appleton & Co. We expect that it will be highly appreciated by those interested in Darwinism, since the volume is made up of characteristic passages from his writings, selected and arranged by Prof. Nathan Shepard.

—“THE discoverer of *Uncle Remus* has lately shown gifts which may, by and by, raise him to an eminence among us which would astonish no one except himself; and the biographer of *The Grandissimes* has made Louisiana one of the most charming states in literature.”

—OF the work of Henry James, Mr. Julian Hawthorne thus speaks in *The Princeton Review*: “In the dearth of commanding traits and stirring events, there is a continual temptation to magnify those which are petty and insignificant. Instead of a telescope to sweep the heavens, we are furnished with a microscope to detect infusoria. We want a description of a mountain; and instead of receiving an outline, naked and severe perhaps, but true and impressive, we are introduced to a tiny field on its immeasurable side, and go to botanizing and insect-hunting there. This is realism; but it is the realism of texture, not of form and relation. It encourages our glance to be near-sighted, instead of comprehensive.”

—HOW crushing! “As for the ladies who have honored our literature by their contributions, it will perhaps be well to adopt, regarding them, a course analogous to that which Napoleon is said to have pursued with the letters sent to him while in Italy. He left them unread until a certain time had elapsed, and then found that most of them no longer needed attention.”

SCIENCE NOTES.

By Alumni Editor.

AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL.—Near the close of last year, Dr. Charles W. Dabney, of Raleigh, N. C., director of the State Agricultural Experiment Station, issued a circular urging the necessity of a strictly scientific agricultural journal in this country. That suggestion has met with unexpected support, and, without a special effort for subscribers, several hundred have been obtained for the proposed journal. At the invitation of the Commissioner of Agriculture, a meeting to organize this enterprise was held in Washington, at the Department of Agriculture, on the 27th of February.

CIGARETTE-SMOKING.—A bill to prohibit the sale of cigarettes and tobacco to minors under sixteen years of age has been introduced into the New York Assembly. New Jersey already has a law to that effect. But why should individual privileges be thus interfered with? Plainly because youth should not be allowed to indulge in habits which are prejudicial to proper physical development and healthfulness. Physicians have for some time been observing the effects of cigarette-smoking. Some of these effects may be mentioned for the benefit of our young friends who have contracted the habit. It affects seriously the functions of the stomach, especially in the young, causes palpitation of the heart, indigestion, catarrh of the head, and asthma. A much larger percentage of smoke enters the

air-passages than in case of the cigar, because the cigarette is much shorter and not so compact. It invites pneumonia and bronchitis, and is in the highest degree pernicious to the nervous system. It destroys the appetite for food, and, by its excessive demands upon the salivary glands in frequent spitting, leads to a morbid thirst for drink. Injury and destruction of the nerves of the eyes have been said to be produced by it. Ought so dangerous and—it must be said—ugly habit to be longer indulged?

GOLD IN NORTH CAROLINA.—At a recent meeting of the Academy of Natural Sciences, Professor H. Carvill Lewis exhibited some remarkable gold nuggets found in Montgomery county, N. C., forty miles east of Charlotte and two miles from Yadkin river. Some of the nuggets were of great size. One of them weighed over four pounds, and contained nearly \$1,000 worth of gold. It was finer than any specimen in the collection at the U. S. Mint, and was probably one of the largest nuggets ever found in eastern America. Many of the specimens exhibited were of nearly pure gold, of a crystalline structure, and of a fine golden yellow color. It was stated that in the district of North Carolina whence these nuggets were taken gold is very abundant. The larger nuggets were found in the gulleys, where they had been washed out of the decomposed rock, and it had been stated that

a shovelful of dirt dug out of the hill-sides anywhere in the district would pan out traces of gold. Some years ago one man took out of a hole sixteen feet square \$30,000 worth of the precious metal. The quartzite containing the gold occurs in a white clay or decomposed schist.—*Sci. American.*

TINSTONE IN NORTH CAROLINA.—Mr. Robert Claywell, a student at King's Mountain High School, picked up in the streets of the village a dark mineral and sent it to Dr. Dabney, at Raleigh, for determination. "It turned out to be massive cassiterite, the first found in this State." Dr. Dabney afterwards conducted some explorations in the village and neighborhood which were finally rewarded with the discovery of the main vein of quartz and quartzite bearing the tinstone. He states the composition as from 46 per cent. to 74.4 per cent. of tin, the other ingredients being silica and oxide of iron.

THE WHITE ELEPHANT.—Arrived at the London Zoological Gardens a few weeks ago the white elephant purchased for \$200,000 by that enterprising showman, Mr. P. T. Barnum. The interesting creature is expected in New York in May, when no doubt he will create a greater sensation than Jumbo. But is he white? that is the question. The Siamese themselves never speak of a *white* elephant, but of a *strange-colored* elephant. The color is described by one who has seen them in the country where they are held in so great reverence, as varying from dull yellow to rose, and resembling more nearly than anything else the color of the nose of a white horse.

These elephants are albinos and generally have a pink iris and white rimmed eyes. They are of ordinary size and shape. The color is a freak of nature and not necessarily hereditary. The great esteem in which the white elephant is held is said to be due to the belief that Gautama appeared on the earth as an elephant before he was born as Buddha. Mr. Frank Vincent thus speaks of the honor paid the sacred elephants in Siam: "Their large, airy stables are within the palace enclosure, and close to the royal abode. Beneath embroidered canopies they stand or lie, a fetter on the fore-leg being the only symbol of captivity. The stable floor is net-worked with silver or even with gold. The Apis of the Buddhists—for so has the white elephant been called—relieves its thirst and hunger from water jars and eating troughs of silver and of gold. Fresh cut grass and bananas are its staple diet. The water it drinks is perfumed with flowers, or tinctured with palm wine."

AN ELECTRIC MICROSCOPE.—The invention may be described in a few words as being the application of electric light to the microscope, and the result, so far as the spectacle is concerned, is a sort of improved and enlarged magic-lantern. Every one is familiar with the former exhibitions at the Polytechnic and elsewhere of the animalcules in a drop of water, magnified and thrown, by the aid of the lime light, on to a white screen. Precisely the same sort of effect is produced, with this difference, that the magnifying power was enormously in excess of that attained in the old

magic-lantern entertainments. The electric microscope has, in fact, made it possible to exhibit in a most attractive form the appearance presented by minute natural objects when placed under the most powerful magnifying glass. Indeed the difficulty with which the agent had to contend in the exhibition of it was the smallness of the screen upon which his pictures were thrown. For instance, only a small section of a butterfly's wing could be shown at a time, although the screen was as large as the size of the entertainment court would permit, while the living organisms in a spot of

water and the mites in a small piece of cheese were enlarged until they presented a perfectly appalling spectacle to a timid mind. The capabilities of the apparatus may be imagined from the fact that the eye of a fly was presented in a form no less than four million times its natural size. The electric microscope, which is worked by an ordinary primary battery, may be said to have extended almost indefinitely the possibilities of presenting in an attractive and instructive manner the wonderful facts of natural science.—*Sci. American.*

IN AND ABOUT THE COLLEGE.

—ALL the Wake Forest stores close at 7 p. m.

—REV. R. T. VANN spent the last two weeks of February preaching in Durham.

—THE Faculty have determined to do what they can between now and Commencement for the improvement of the campus.

—IN the same year in which the Old Building was begun, 1835, the students themselves erected "a comfortable house with four commodious rooms."

—THE business men of Raleigh appreciate THE STUDENT as an advertising medium. We have recently received a letter from R. B. Andrews & Co., authorizing us to continue their page ad., and stating that their buyer will visit the northern cities in a few days to purchase spring and summer clothing.

—THE Philomathesian and Euzelian Societies have recently purchased new regalia, which is said to be the prettiest and finest ever used at a North Carolina college. Their thanks are due Messrs. Sisco Bros., Baltimore, for the handsome style in which it is got up.

—WAKE FOREST now sends out monthly reports, each Professor writing in words on the blank report the standing of each student in his classes. This system of reports does not interfere with the term reports in which the scholarship is given in numbers.

—AT a meeting of the Board of Managers of the Baptist State Convention, in Raleigh, September 25, 1838, they resolved that the institution lately founded should be called "Wake Forest Institute." In 1838 a new charter was obtained in which its name was changed to Wake Forest College.

—The backbone of winter is broken, the flowers are peeping out, and the grass is trying to look green once more.

—The jumping mania has pervaded the College for some time, and all, from prep. to senior, have yielded to its influence; and it is not even necessary to pull a string to start a half dozen jumping at the same time.

—The late cyclone passed Wake Forest close enough to allow us to feel some of its strength. We are persuaded, however, that it would take something like volcanic force to shake the old College Building.

—At a recent meeting of the Eu. Society, six of its members were elected in the following order to contend for the Society essay medal to be decided in June, Messrs. W. S. Royall, D. M. Austin, W. B. Morton, I. G. Riddick, W. V. Savage, A. M. Redfearn.

—The mumps have, during the past month, invaded the ranks of the Faculty and captured two of its members, Messrs. Beckwith and Marshall. We are glad to record, however, that with the exhaustion of material, this disease must soon relinquish its hold upon Wake Forest, and seek victims elsewhere.

—WE are glad to announce that the Literary Societies have secured as their orator at Commencement, Rev. J. B. Thomas, D. D., of Brooklyn, N. Y. Dr. Thomas is considered a very fine speaker, and will doubtless give us a treat in his oration. He is also engaged to deliver the baccalaureate sermon before the graduating class of Brown University, on Sunday following our Commencement.

—AN Anniversary ticket was recently sent to "the prettiest girl at Murfreesboro Female Seminary," with the compliments of the Anniversary marshals. We have since learned that it was awarded by a vote of the school to Miss Sophia Spence. We tender to Miss Spence our congratulations.

—The last Musicale was held at the house of Rev. J. S. Purefoy and was very largely attended. The exercises, consisting of reading, music, vocal and instrumental, were highly enjoyed and the evening, as usual on these occasions, passed most pleasantly. The next will occur at the house of Prof. Royall March 13th.

ANNIVERSARY.—The 15th of February, the Anniversary of the Societies, was celebrated with the usual exercises, consisting of the debate at 2:30 p. m., and orations at 7:30 p. m. The day opened with cold, and a little snow fell about nine o'clock, in consequence of which but few visitors came on the morning train. At 2:30 p. m., the President, Mr. C. L. Smith, called the house to order, and the Secretary, Mr. A. M. Redfearn, read the minutes of the last joint debate; he then read the question, "Do the signs of the times indicate long life for our Republic?" and announced the first debater on the affirmative, Mr. F. Dixon. The other debaters followed in order: Mr. W. B. Pope on the negative, Mr. E. Ward, second debater on affirmative, and Mr. W. B. Morton second on the negative. The arguments on the affirmative and negative were strong and at times waxed exciting, and elicited much applause. It is generally agreed that the speeches

on both sides were finely composed and not excelled by those of any previous year. After the debate the vote was put to the audience and resulted as follows: Affirmative 126, negative 31; upon which success was declared in favor of the affirmative.

The evening train, chartered by the Literary Societies, arrived at 6:30. At 7:30 p. m. Mr. W. C. Allen, Chief Marshal from the Euzelian Society, to a large audience introduced the orator from the Euzelian Society, Mr. D. M. Austin—subject, "Character." Mr. Austin held the attention of the audience forty minutes with a finely prepared and well delivered address. Mr. E. P. Ellington, Chief Marshal from the Philomathesian Society, introduced Mr. J. C. C. Dunford as the orator of that Society—subject, "The Tendencies of the Age." Mr. Dunford's oration was solid and showed care of preparation. The gist of his speech was that the age was tending toward the false, the superficial and the extreme.

At the close of the speeches the audience withdrew to the Literary Halls, where the usual routine of pleasure was enjoyed until the wee sma' hours of morning drew on. Our young lady visitors were especially pretty and attractive, and no student had any excuse for making a wall-flower of himself. Despite the cool temperature of the weather, beautiful silks and spring attire characterized the occasion. The music was furnished by the Durham band.

SEMI-CENTENNIAL.—Monday, the 4th of February, was a memorable day in the history of the College. The morning train from Raleigh brought a

number of visitors to help us celebrate the fiftieth birthday of the College, although the weather was bleak and uninviting. It was to be regretted, however, that Monday was the day of the Semi-centennial, since several of the speakers were prevented from being present on account of failure in making railroad connection so as to reach us on that day. At 11 o'clock a. m. an audience had assembled which quite filled the chapel. On the rostrum were Hon. Paul C. Cameron, Mr. Geo. W. Thompson, Mr. P. A. Dunn, Rev. Messrs. J. S. Purefoy, W. R. Gwaltney, R. R. Savage, C. T. Bailey, R. T. Vann, C. Durham, and Profs. W. B. Royall, and L. R. Mills. Our pastor opened the exercises with the reading of a passage of Scripture, following which the audience united in singing

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow." After a prayer by Dr. Skinner, Rev. J. S. Purefoy was introduced as the first speaker; his subject, "The College—Its Birth." The speaker told us that eighty years ago all this college precinct was a farm, and related how the farm passed through the hands of individuals into the possession of the Baptist State Convention, which was organized largely for founding a Baptist institution to educate needy but worthy young ministers. The first year twenty-five students matriculated, the second session seventy were entered. This address and the most of the other speeches were published in the *Raleigh Observer* and *Biblical Recorder* where, no doubt, most of our readers have read them in full.

Mr. Geo. W. Thompson was the next speaker on the programme, and although present, he was unable to

deliver his speech on account of physical infirmity. It was our fortune, however, to have with us Hon. Paul C. Cameron, of Hillsboro, who was prevailed on to speak in the place of Mr. Thompson. Mr. Cameron, a prominent patron of the State University, and a member of its Board of Trustees, spoke in very high terms of the work of our College in the past. He said that many thought Wake Forest would injure the University, but the field of education, he thought, was like that of agriculture, affording room enough for all. Mr. Cameron's address was inspiring to all who heard it.

Dr. Skinner, the next speaker on the programme, delighted the audience with a witty speech on "Manual Labor Days." He also represented Dr. Pritchard on the "Days of Wait, White, and Owen."

Rev. W. R. Gwaltney consented to speak of "Dr. Wingate and His Administration," the subject assigned to Dr. Hufham. The speaker made some very feeling remarks on the twenty-five years struggle of Dr. Wingate in sustaining the College in its most criti-

cal period. He said during the late war the College Building was a hospital. Dr. Wingate carried the College through its supreme struggle, and he lived to see the daylight, when it should be established on a firm basis.

Hon. J. C. Scarborough then followed—filling the place of W. H. Pace, Esq.—with one of his characteristic speeches on "What the College has Done for North Carolina."

Rev. C. T. Bailey followed Mr. Scarborough with a short but pointed speech on the same subject.

The last speaker, Rev. C. Durham, on account of the lateness of the hour, delivered but a short address on "The Wake Forest of 1934."

At 2:30 the audience was dismissed with appetites whetted for semi-centennial dinners. The exercises of the day were highly enjoyed by all—visitors and students. As the day was drawing to a close many a sanguine young heart transported itself fifty years into the future, when the College would give another holiday to celebrate her centennial birthday, and when he might be present with his gray locks.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

—'54. Mr. J. H. Mills has positively refused to remain in the position of superintendent of the Orphan Asylum at Oxford, and has announced that on the first Monday in March he will begin in Thomasville a preparatory school for boys. Now, boys of the State, if you want thorough training and wholesome preparatory instruction, seek it in Thomasville.

—'69. W. H. Pace, Esq., stands among the most successful lawyers of Raleigh. He is, at the same time, one of the best and most efficient friends of the College. He is secretary of the Board of Trustees and chairman of its Executive committee.

—'70. Mr. Robert E. Royall, formerly of Georgia, is now permanently a citizen of Wake Forest. He is a member of the firm of W. C. Powell & Co.

—'71. Rev. C. Durham, of Durham, received a call to a church in Baltimore a few days ago, but we are glad to say he declined. North Carolina can ill afford to lose such men as he.

—'75. Rev. Thomas Carrick, pastor of the Baptist church at Greenville, is pushing the work on the new house of worship there, to be known as the Memorial Church in commemoration of the organization in that town of the Baptist State Convention in March, 1830.

—'76. Dr. J. B. Powers, of Wake Forest, keeps up with the progress

which the medical world is making. He has promised for an early issue of THE STUDENT an article setting forth one of the most vital phases of this progress.

—'77. E. B. Jones, Esq., is practising law in Taylorsville, N. C.

—'78. Rev. W. T. Jordan has been again at his regular work in Lumberton for several months. He attended the Anniversary on the 15th of February, and a few days after was in Norfolk. There seems to be a demand for our North Carolina preachers.

—'78. We are sorry to hear that J. G. Bunch, Esq., who is practising law in Edenton, is not in good health.

—'78. Rev. W. J. R. Ford seems to be doing a good work at Blenheim, S. C. In January he moved into a new parsonage and was pounded.

—'80. We are pleased to learn that Mr. J. T. Alderman has a flourishing school at Fork Academy, Davie county. He has proved himself an efficient educator.

—'83. Prof. G. C. Briggs, of Judson College, Hendersonville, is secretary and treasurer of the Western N. C. Convention.

—'83. Mr. Thos. Dixon will remain in New York city until September. He is attending a school of oratory. We hope he will send us his impressions of men and things in the metropolis.

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OUR COLLEGE.

[Begun in February Number.]

Nov. 2, 1862, the Board of Trustees re-considered its action declaring its connection with the Faculty of the College suspended, and resolved to pay one-third the salaries of the professors provided they would hold themselves in readiness to resume their chairs whenever, in the judgment of the Board, it should be expedient to begin again the exercises of the College. The officers were paid one-third of their salaries in Confederate money from that time till the close of the War. But no salaries were paid from the close of the War till the Board thought it expedient to resume the exercises of the College.

In Feb., 1863, Prof. W. G. Simmons and Dr. William Royall opened a school for girls in the College Building. They obtained a liberal amount of patronage, but the price of all kinds of provisions rose so rapidly on account of the depreciation of the Confederate money that charges for board

and tuition, which seemed to be reasonable at the beginning of the session, when taken for five months, yielded no pay at all. The school was discontinued at the end of the first session.

The Confederate States authorities took possession of the College Building in June, 1864, and used it as a hospital till the close of the War.

In the preceding article we were led into an error from the way in which the Treasurer's report was recorded. The statement should have been thus:

Whole amount of Endowment collected, together with the Blount, Merritt, and Mims estates, and interest and premium received in Confederate money, \$56,167.54. Amount invested in Confederate Bonds, \$27,667.54. Leaving in Cape Fear & Deep River State Bonds and Craven county Bonds, \$28,500. Of the amount invested in Confederate Bonds it seems that only \$17,500 had been in State securities,

and that the remainder was Confederate money received as interest, and from the Blount, Merritt, and Mims funds. In other words, the Trustees invested only \$17,500 of good money in Confederate securities.

Elder J. S. Purefoy says that we are mistaken in saying that he disobeyed the order of the Trustees requiring him to invest in Confederate securities; but that when he found they would invest in Confederate securities, he persuaded them to modify their action, and invest only a part.

The Board of Trustees met at Forestville, Nov. 4, 1865. They resolved, "that the thanks of the Board are due the Treasurer (J. S. Purefoy) for the faithful manner in which he has preserved the funds of the College during the War."

The outlook was very gloomy. The part of the endowment saved from the wreck of the War was invested in State bonds, and it seemed probable that the State would not be able to pay them. The College Building was out of repair, our people were reduced to abject poverty, and there was no money in the country. The Trustees adjourned without taking any steps towards re-opening the College.

In September, 1865, Profs. W. G. Simmons and J. H. Foote opened a private school for boys in the College Building. In January, 1866, Prof. Foote retired from the school, and Dr. William Royall and Prof. W. B. Royall came to the assistance of Prof. Simmons.

At the next meeting of the Board of Trustees held May, 1866, the Treasurer was ordered to sell the State bonds and invest the proceeds in stock

of the Raleigh & Gaston Railroad, provided it could be done "dollar for dollar or nearly so."

The Trustees met at the College October 11, 1866. Prof. Foote sent in his resignation. The country had made a large cotton crop which was selling for 35 to 40 cents per pound. The people were very much encouraged by the large receipts for their crops, and it seemed as if they would speedily restore their wasted fortunes. Elder R. B. Jones was appointed agent to raise an endowment for the College. Dr. Wingate, Dr. Royall, and Prof. Simmons were requested to resume their chairs, and W. B. Royall and L. R. Mills were elected tutors.

Elder R. B. Jones, though feeble and almost incapacitated for work by consumption, pressed his agency with remarkable success. In a little more than six months he secured upwards of twenty thousand dollars in pledges.

A great many friends of the College felt that they could surely give one or two hundred dollars for its endowment, as cotton was worth 35 cts. per pound. But 1867 was the most disastrous year to the farmers ever known. The cost of making the crops was very great, and the yield was not one-half the average. Side-meat was 30 to 40 cents per pound, and cotton netted about 10 cents. Probably two-thirds of the subscriptions made to Elder Jones were never paid. The Faculty subscribed \$1750, and paid it after a long struggle. Three citizens of the College Hill gave \$1750. Elder Walters paid \$500 in wood to the members of the Faculty, Elder Brooks sold land to pay his subscription of \$500, and Elder J. S. Purefoy paid

\$750 in goods to the Faculty as his subscription.

At least one member of the present Faculty has a very vivid recollection of the year 1867. Had he purchased side-meat at wholesale, his salary would probably have bought 2000 pounds. He gave Elder Jones 867 pounds of this imaginary meat, and tried to live on the remainder, 1133 pounds. Well, he made out somehow, but he had to borrow money when he went home to see his mother in vacation.

Elder Jones died in December, 1867, and Elder R. R. Overby was appointed agent. He pressed his work with great energy, and, if we take into account the condition of the country and other unfavorable circumstances under which he labored, his success was remarkable. He reported in June, 1869: "I have taken notes amounting to \$16,625. Cash collected \$2,597.74." With this report, he handed in his resignation as agent.

The condition of the College during these years was very critical. The number of students varied from 60 to 80. The Trustees were under obligations to furnish tuition gratis to young ministers. Many scholarships sold before the war, the money for which had been lost, were in the hands of guardians and administrators, and they were asking that the tuition for these be furnished, or the money returned. The return of the money would have produced bankruptcy. Ministers and students on scholarships made about one-fourth of the whole number of students in College. The income from the endowment did not amount to probably more than one-half the tui-

tion of these students taught gratis. The cost of living was high and the salaries of the Faculty small and paid very irregularly. "*Non unquam gravis aere domum mihi extra redibat.*"

In August, 1869, J. C. Scarborough was appointed tutor. He served two years. Dr. William Royall resigned his chair June, 1870, and August 12th following, C. E. Taylor was elected to the chair of Latin.

Elder John Mitchell served as agent for the endowment during 1872. Diligent search has failed to find the exact amount of his work in cash and pledges, but it is evident from the books of the Treasurer that his work placed far more money in the treasury than Elder Jones' or Elder Overby's agency. Our people had recovered to some extent from the losses of 1867, and seemed better able to pay.

In the fall of 1872, C. H. Martin was appointed tutor, and served two years. Elder J. S. Purefoy resigned as Treasurer of the College, and Elder W. T. Walters was elected to that position.

In 1873, Dr. Wingate and Elder F. H. Ivey made a vigorous canvass of the whole State with a view of raising the endowment to \$100,000 during that year. The pledges were conditional—to be null and void unless the whole amount required was pledged. A large amount was subscribed, but not enough to complete the \$100,000, and the movement was a failure.

A railroad depot was built at the College in 1873. The citizens paid one half the expense and the College the other half. The College has been more than reimbursed the money it paid by the rise in price of real estate which it has sold.

In May, 1874, Elder J. S. Purefoy went North, and, after a hard struggle laboring off and on for two years without pay, he put into the endowment about \$9,200. This following after the failure of 1873, encouraged the hearts of the friends of the Institution and probably saved it from suspension.

In the fall of 1875, L. W. Bagley was appointed tutor. He served two years.

Prof. C. E. Taylor was agent for the College during 1876. He put into the endowment about \$8,000.

At the close of 1870 Elder W. T. Walters died. He left the College \$1,000 in his will. Prof. W. G. Simmons was appointed Treasurer in his stead.

In the first half of 1878, Elder J. D. Hufham labored as agent in the Chowan Association. He secured about \$12,000 in pledges, and doubtless would have raised \$20,000 for the endowment of the Chowan Chair had not sickness in his family made it necessary for him to resign.

W. L. Poteat and N. Y. Gulley were appointed tutors for the fall term of 1878. The latter served until June, 1879.

In 1878, Col. J. M. Heck and John G. Williams, of Raleigh, erected the Library Building at a cost of about \$10,000. The erection of this building gave new life to the Institution and started it on the road to success. It is doubtful whether the same amount of money given it in any other direction would have produced as great results.

In January, 1879, Dr. Wingate called a meeting of the executive committee and laid before them the importance of building a suitable chapel

for the College. The committee requested Elder J. S. Purefoy to begin canvassing at once for the money to put up such a chapel. Dr. Wingate died a few weeks afterwards, and when the corner stone was laid in the summer of 1879, the building was named the "Wingate Memorial Chapel." It cost about \$12,500.

At the annual meeting of the Board of Trustees in 1879, Dr. E. T. Winkler was elected President of the College. He declining to serve, Dr. T. H. Pritchard was elected.

Elder C. W. Scarborough was appointed tutor at the beginning of the fall term of the same year. During the scholastic year 1879-'80, Dr. Pritchard spent the greater part of his time canvassing for students. The Catalogue for 1880-'81 shows the results of his labors in this direction—181 students, the largest number ever entered at the Institution.

In June, 1880, Dr. William Royall was elected Professor of Modern Languages.

Dr. Pritchard resigned June, 1882, and Elder A. C. Dixon was elected President of the College. He declined to serve, and Prof. W. B. Royall was made Chairman of the Faculty.

During the year 1881, Elder J. A. Speight was agent for the endowment in the Chowan Association. He secured in cash and pledges about \$6,500.

In October, 1882, the feasibility of raising the endowment, amounting then to about \$54,000, to \$100,000 was impressed on the heart of Prof. Taylor. After talking the matter over with the members of the Faculty and other friends of the Institution, he decided to go on a tour of observation about the

first of November. At the meeting of Board the of Trustees held during the session of the Baptist State Convention, he was appointed general agent for the endowment with authority to appoint sub-agents and to dispose of all old notes secured by former agents as he might deem best.

His plan was to secure the amount necessary, \$46,000 in cash and pledges payable on or before the last day of December, 1883,—all pledges to be null and void, and the money paid to be returned, if the whole amount was not paid in by the close of that day.

During the year 1883, he travelled over the greater part of the State and made two short trips North, where he received generous aid. It has been a matter of surprise to us that a man of his physical strength should have been able to perform the amount of work that he did in fourteen months. The sum of money raised by him was more than the whole amount of endowment paid in before the War.

The whole amount was raised and the agency closed up at 11 p.m., Dec. 31, 1883. The report of the Treasurer at next Commencement will show a little over one hundred thousand dollars in the endowment fund.

"November, 1871, the railroad stock was sold at \$45 per share, and the en-

dowment fund was, in cash, \$13,140. This amount was immediately invested in Raleigh City Bonds at \$90, and the endowment thereby became nominally \$14,600.

In June, 1872, the Treasurer reported the total endowment fund of the College as follows:

Raleigh City Bonds, worth par,	\$16,250
W. & W. Railroad Stock,	1,000

Total productive fund, ... \$17,250

The slow but steady growth of the endowment may be seen from the following statement:

June 1, 1875,-----	\$23,204.18
1876,-----	27,954.18
1877,-----	31,554.18
1878,-----	39,718.06
1879,-----	42,871.88
1880,-----	46,458.88
1881,-----	48,113.88
1882,-----	50,678.27
1883,-----	59,806.65."

In the foregoing sketch we have tried to state bare facts and to leave inferences to be drawn by the reader. As often as we have felt tempted to compliment the Trustees, the members of the Faculty, and agents for the endowment, we have been restrained by the thought that their works praise them better than any words of ours could.

L. R. MILLS.

GLIMPSES OF CHARLESTON HARBOR.

Charleston, otherwise happily known as the "City by the sea," sits on a tongue of land standing at the confluence of the two rivers, Ashley and Cooper, which here meet and form a

beautiful and spacious bay. From its proximity to the ocean, commodious harbor, and connection with the interior by river and railroad, constituting as it were the front door of South

Carolina, Charleston has for many years maintained a prominent position in the catalogue of Southern cities. As a resort it possesses unrivalled attractions. First and foremost among these is the climate, which is not surpassed by that of the world renowned resorts on the Riviera being less exposed to cold winds and sudden changes of temperature. Its harbor, with a single notable exception, namely, the Golden Gate of San Francisco, is admitted to be the most beautiful which the disposition of the earth's waters has formed on the American coast; and it is the only harbor on our coast in which the open sea is in view of the port. In winter the skies are soft and blue, the mornings bright and sunny, and invalids retrieve vigor from the salt breeze that comes up laden with healing from the sea. Summer here affords rare aquatic sports to the pleasure seekers. But why should I go further? Charleston harbor lives and will ever live enshrined in the Nation's history. Excelling in the abundance and quality of her poetical and romantic reminiscence, she will continue to furnish musing for the poet and philosophy for the historian.

With the month of roses, the weather has become mild and clear. Embark, dear reader, with a pleasant party of several ladies and gentlemen who have fixed upon one of those bright May days to explore the beauties of this renowned harbor. We leave our pillows at the first peep of day, and when the party is assembled on the wharf for departure, the sunrise glow in the east is brightening, and rosy-fingered Morn is lifting the veil of darkness from the

earth. Oh, what exhilarating feelings permeate one inhaling this pure, bracing, early air, accompanied too with the consciousness of a certain triumph over laziness. The spirit is induced to a calm by the almost solemn quiet of the hour. The city which in less than an hour will throb with activity, is still lying in repose, with scarce a stir. After a few minutes of waiting the stillness is suddenly broken with a hearty "aye, aye, sir, all aboard," issuing from the direction of the hardy captain of the Fleetwing. In a very few minutes the ladies are handed down, and we find ourselves seated in pairs on cushions, in one of the most comfortable and charming little yachts that ever floated. Besides the captain, the crew consisted of an old darkey, who bore marked traces of having lived an amphibious life from his cradle days. The captain is a man whose whole appearance is suggestive of a sea-faring life, and with rather a smell of the ocean about him. How much is his heart centred in his little yacht! With what paternal care has he made its morning toilet, getting everything ship-shape! How tenderly he handles the tiller and watches her every movement as we pass out of the dock and head for the open harbor.

As we emerge from under the lee of the city her sail is gradually swollen by a soft land-breeze, to whose influence she responds with a quickened pace. Scarce ten minutes have fled, and we find ourselves fairly out and in the midst of a perfect fleet of fishing boats, which, with their sails set wing-and-wing, are making for the open ocean. But our yacht, true to the significance of her name, soon puts

them all astern; and ere we have gone half way down the harbor the shades of darkness have dispersed from the bosom of the water.

At this moment a coup d'œil of the harbor, and its entire surrounding constitutes a beautiful picture. In our wake the eye first catches the city itself as it appears to rise out of the broad bed of water. It is right-angled at White Point Garden, one side facing the rising sun, and the other running parallel with its diurnal course. Past the water front on the east side the flood sweeps on up into the mouth of the Cooper river and twists its way into the interior of the rice growing country. On the west it flows into the Ashley which winds along almost parallel with the Cooper. These two rivers inclose Charleston very much as North and East rivers do New York City.

Directly opposite White Point Garden, at a distance of several hundred yards, old Castle Pickney is squatted on a miniature island of mud and marsh. Opposite the city, and toward the east and the village of Mt. Pleasant is a broad stretch of salt water marsh, which at this season possesses a lively green color, and presents to one beholding it for the first time the picture of a boundless rice field. Mount Pleasant, a charming summer retreat, occupies the eastern shore of the harbor. With its houses set in among oaks and cedars, and perched on the brows of steep bluffs along the water-front, together with the breakwaters projecting out at certain intervals on its long beach, it contributes much of beauty to the harbor scenery. Sullivan's Island, one of the most

famous summer resort, on the coasts stands right at the mouth of the harbor and skirts the edge of the Atlantic a distance of four miles. About a mile across the mouth, facing Sullivan's Island, is Morris Island, on which is located the lofty and splendid coast light-house. Further in James Island extends its shore along the western side of the harbor as far as the mouth of the Ashley. Besides the forts and batteries situated on Sullivan's Island, Morris Island, and James Island, two forts Sumter and Ripley—of historical fame sit on the crests of diminutive islands reared in the harbor itself. Thus the view takes in a sheet of water landlocked on every side and apparently rather elliptical in shape.

While we are thus taking a first hasty glance at the surroundings, the breeze is growing fresher, much to the delight of our spirited little yacht, which prances over the rippling wavelets with accelerated pace. The air is an elixir in its buoyancy and brightness. The harbor water is of a pale green. Exactly an hour has elapsed since leaving the wharf, and we are already at the bar, a distance of eight miles from the city. Pursuing the course of the winding channel marked out by buoys, it isn't long before the pale green water assumes the color of a blue rivaling the azure sky above, and a lucidness approaching the waters of Lake George, both indications of great depth. We are on the edge of the Atlantic. Oh, what a gladsome hour! The king of day is just raising his golden head out of the depths of the ocean, his slanting rays reflected in bright prismatic tints from each rippling swell, while the bell-buoy,

buoy, anchored out in ship-channel, rocked by the waves, is pealing out its matin chimes of welcome. Truly it is an event in the life of one who at such a moment faces the ocean for the first time. There it lay broad and glittering, heaving and settling with its eternal breathings which always resemble the respirations of some huge monster. As far as the view extends along the edge of the ocean, the foam-crested surf breaks on a flat hard beach, girted by a continuous stretch of arid undulating white sand hills, which in turn is fringed (on the side inland) with a ceaseless growth of the myrtle and palmetto. Glancing seaward, the surface of the water appears to swell in elevation with the distance until it touches the sky itself; while turning toward the land the eye seems to follow a decline; hence the significance of the language of the old Greeks when speaking of going up to sea and down to land.

We have come where the waves follow each other in long regular surfaces, when one of the ladies complains of a strange indefinable sensation stealing through her system; and with a unanimous voice, before the dreaded sea-sickness could fairly invade our ranks, our faithful little craft is rounded up and headed for a calm spot under the lee of the Sullivan's Island shore, near where the line of rocks for the jetties juts out toward the channel. An anchorage is secured near the centre of this quiet place; the sail is furled and awning spread, to defend precious complexions from a warm sun.

The spot commands a good view of the jetties in course of erection;

and it is interesting to watch the operations in progress. Huge lighters loaded with stones are anchored alongside of large mattresses which are constructed of bushes compactly put together and secured on log rafts. When steadied over the line of the jetty, the stone are precipitated on the mattresses causing them to sink to the bottom. Thus with successive layers the jetty lines are formed, one from the Sullivan's Island beach bearing S. E. and seaward, toward another projecting N. E. from the Morris Island shore. The two making the figure of a funnel, leave an aperture at their point of convergence about 2,000 feet in width. It is believed that the tides being violently compressed between these shoulders of rock will scour out and keep open a permanent channel of at least twenty-six feet depth. In this same way the mouth of the great Mississippi is to be deepened. It is a herculean task. The work on the Charleston jetties has been in progress, with a few interruptions, five years, and has already cost something over a million dollars; and it is estimated that it will require \$755,000 more for its completion. If prosecuted to the end successfully, brighter days are in store for Charleston. With the present shoal condition of the bar and its shifting sand-reefs, navigation is perplexing and entrance to the harbor, except during the high spring-tides, which only occur at long intervals, is denied larger sized ships, thus seriously affecting the commerce of the port.

After our attention has for some time been thus profitably employed, it is suddenly turned in another direction. Out in the offing the eye at

first scarcely detects a speck on the horizon. A few minutes elapse, and it enlarges and takes shape. First we see the top-riggings of a ship, then her waist, and finally her whole figure rises massively against the sky. Two pilot boats are making for her with all their speed. The race is close. Suddenly one is observed to shoot ahead, and launch her jolly-boat, which is quickly pulled to the side of the vessel. The pilot ascends the side of the ship and assumes charge for her conduct into the harbor, and the little boat returns to the pilot-boat, which then branches off in her cruise for other new-comers.

* As the sun approaches the meridian the breeze grows feebler and gently subsides; and the eternal roll of the surf on the beach changes its hoarse tune to one which distance softens into a plaintive murmur, that brings response from the soul. There is something delightful in standing at the edge of the ocean in a calm, when it lies like a huge monster asleep, with scarcely an indication of life, its surface gleaming in the noon-day sunshine like a silver mirror, placid and lovely. Its immense expanse and well known depth seem at once the embodiment of infinity and the symbol of God's boundless love. The senses are lulled, and the imagination sleeps; the tongue is hushed, and the soul is soothed with a sense of its majesty. But suddenly our musings are arrested by a sound as of rushing mighty waters. We turn and see, not more than twenty-five yards distant, a long school of porpoises darting through the water, and following each other in duck-like fashion. A great

dread seizes the ladies until they show no sign of approaching us nearer. Their fear is changed to admiration when one of the animals, no doubt too closely pressed in the race, springs out of file into the air, displaying a body of superb proportions, very closely resembling the whale. We can see them disporting in the distance, chasing each other, tumbling and lashing the surface with their tails. "Assure yourself," observes the captain, "there isn't a shark to be found within the radius of a half mile of that drove."

It is a pleasure to watch the numerous kinds of birds cruising around over the smooth water. There flits a shearwater, his mouth open and lower lip skimming the water for his luckless prey. There are fish-hawks poised in mid-air upon flapping pinions, on the eve of pouncing upon unsuspecting minnows; and sea-gulls wheeling and screaming in the air, and anon perched on bits of drift-wood. Occasionally a noisy curlew screams over head in its passage from shore to shore. Boats, too, with drooping sails lag lazily along in the mid-day calm; and now and then the boat horn is brought forth, and lusty lungs blow loud strains, as though there really were efficacy in this to arouse the sleeping winds. The whole scene makes a cheerful pastime indeed.

"Oh!" exclaims one of the young ladies, "wouldn't it be nice if we had lines and bait now; perhaps we could catch a lot of fish." "Just splendid!" adds another. I observed a good natured smile to sit on the face of the captain at their innocent bit of pleasure. "For my part," whispered a young ardent to the lady at his side,

making capital of his opportunity, "you have already caught a fish, and by a line something stronger than a fishing cord, and bait more tempting than was ever cast to one of the finny tribe." "Please tell me, John," she asked, in perfect innocence, "what line and bait and fish you can mean." In a tremulous, half distrustful tone, "It is the tender chord of love, and the bait, your——;" but I must betray no further a secret supposed to be locked in two hearts alone. While this is in progress below, Julia, the youngest of our party, a maiden of fourteen, fresh, innocent, and bright, is seated upon the quarter-deck, intensely interested in fascinating tales about mermaids which the old darkey is spinning for her young ears. Though strange, it is yet true, this half superstitious belief in the existence of mermaids is quite popular among the whole colored population of the coast. Doubtless their notion is the same as that which was prevalent among the ancients who had their naiads and oreads for fountain and ocean. Hans describes those he averred he saw as rising out of the water with long dishevelled hair, tender, liquid eyes, gleaming shoulders, and as possessing irresistibly magnetic presence, and declared that they had been known to succor persons on the water in distress. It is Tennyson who sings:

"Who would be
A mermaid fair,
Singing alone,
Combing her hair
Under the sea,
In a golden curl,
With a comb of pearl,
On a throne?"

It is noon, and we are convinced

that time and tide wait on no man when the water is heard gurgling under the bottom of our boat, indicating that the flood has set in. The aerial current of the morning is reversed, and the sea-breeze, for which we have been waiting, slowly rises and fans the cheek. Our sail is unfurled, anchor weighed, and soon we are scudding blithely through the great marine gateway toward the harbor, for we have engaged to spend the afternoon in viewing the forts.

Now we are abreast of old Fort Moultrie—old, yet new—for really the present solid fort, with its massive brick ramparts, was erected on the primitive foundation of palmetto logs which formed it in Revolution days. Wide-mouth cannon are pointing at us; but instead of the thunder tones of war, their hollow mouths respond to the breezes with the sweet music of peace. On the grass plots around the fort, great piles of cannon balls, arranged in various shapes—which the student of algebra would recognize—lay glistening in the peaceful sunshine. We regret that our visit to this brave, honored old veteran must be postponed for another day.

Turning our backs directly upon Moultrie, our eyes meet Fort Sumter, seated in the very middle of the channel. There she stands at her post like a true old warrior, grim and grey, her sides seamed with scars, which, dumb things, like Cæsar's wounds, possessed they tongues, would unfold tales of eloquence.

We reach the fort-landing, present our tickets for admission, and mount the stony ramparts. But tired and hungry, with a *viva voce* the decis-

ion is made to devote an hour or more to satisfying the demands of our sharpened appetites. The stubbornest of men bow subserviently to the voice of nature three times every day. But why dwell on the events of that hour?

The time has come to start our short tour. The first object of interest is the fort prison, which we reach through a dark winding passage. It is indeed a massive and cold department, with only a feeble light struggling in through loop-holes. Here the imagination conjures up scenes when this dungeon floor was covered with bleeding and dying braves, and its walls resounded with their sighs and groans; and the mind appreciates something of what the thousands must have suffered who bequeathed us this present peace and prosperity. Leaving the prison we ascend the walls and make a tour around the sides. Sumter is a five sided prison, and is rated one of the best built forts of the United States. We ascend the fort light-house, and standing out on the balcony the view takes in an extended sweep. To the north the eye glances over the city, into the interior of the State. Looking southeast and south the view strikes the endless beach along the edge of the ocean, on which the waves are curling their lips and dashing with a noisy impetuosity. The wind is blowing fresh outside and the billows of the ocean wear white caps—on a level view, appearing as a vast sheet of foam. In the distance a white Spanish bark looms up, and slowly enlarges on the view. It is always a sublime spectacle to watch a vessel coming into harbor. See her as she careers before the wind with

every stitch of canvas loosened, and her national ensign floating from the top-mast—her whole figure standing out in majestic symmetry against the clear horizon.

As we stand and gaze upon the harbor and see the merchant vessels, steam-boats, and busy little tugs with which it is alive; and then look at the staid old forts in the surrounding, standing as tombstones to great men and great deeds, what contrasts are forced upon the mind! Oh, those times when men's souls were tried and virtue shone out, have rolled into the past, but the memory of those gallant spirits will shed its fragrance over all succeeding ages! The dark clouds of war have rolled back and given place to the blue sky of peace. The whistle of bullets and rattle of cannon have been succeeded by the quick pulse of business. Could those brave spirits catch a glimpse of the present happiness and glory of their country, methinks it would richly repay the blood and life they so freely lavished in its defence.

Toward evening a light breeze is blowing in the harbor and the water is thickly dotted with crafts of all pretensions. Yonder come the squadron of yachts of the Carolina Yacht Club, and indeed they present a fine spectacle as they dance along over the rippling surface, with their mass of snowy canvas, and their pennons fluttering in the breeze. Anon they follow each other and tack and cross bows, while the ladies on their decks laugh gleefully and wave their handkerchiefs. Then there are a host of little sail-boats cleaving the water in the wake of the yachts. But a novel sight awaits the view when three shell-boats

with their lusty crews appear, glancing through the water with the speed of a railway train. They are under training for the annual shell-race in June. We see also girls in single-scull yawls, which dance on the waves like egg-shells. How their boats skim along, impelled by their delicate muscles! Verily they would rival a Grace Darling in their hardihood.

In the west the setting sun darts its golden rays through crevices of the cirro-cumulus clouds which curtain that part of the sky, gilding their wry edges. Did ever clouds fashion such phantastic figures? One minute a tremendous grim old elephant stands out in bold relief. But he is only allowed a breath, and then melts into an ugly formed dragoon, which in turn hisses and suddenly becomes an angel. We stand enraptured with the scene, until it all fades with the sinking sun.

Kissing adieu to the old Fort, we turn and see the silver face of the full moon rising slowly over the tree-tops of Mount Pleasant: twilight has melted into moonlight. One by one the stars gleam into sight like

"tremulous diamonds in the delicate sky," receiving beautiful reflection in the depths of the water. The night is balmy and delightful; our hearts are light and merry, and the wind is quietly wafting us to the city. The shores on all sides are dotted with lights, and the water-front of the city is one row of brilliancy. As we are passing an Italian vessel at anchor in the stream, strains of music fall upon the ear, and fill all the lustrous night with sweet-ness. The notes come from a violin, no doubt struck by a youth, whom the strains carry back to his fair dulcet, now separated from him by the broad ocean. The melodies come floating over the water and call out the tenderest emotions of the soul. Moonlight, music and—yes, the flowers are present, and who is he with his heart full that could repress an over-flow at such a moment?

As we near the city the clear tones of St. Michael chime eight. In a few minutes more we have reached the dock and disembarked. A pleasant day has passed, but its events will be embalmed in grateful memories.

PALMETTO.

EFFECTS OF INCREASED PROSPERITY UPON MORALITY.

Different persons hold different opinions as to the effects of an increase of prosperity upon morality. Some hold that as a nation advances in material wealth, it has a corresponding advance in morality; while others hold that as a nation advances in material wealth it decreases in morality. The question now is, which of these

opinions is right, and how are we to judge which is right and which is wrong? We have no other way of judging which is right than by reference to past history and our experience of the present.

Man is a moral being; created with moral powers capable of progressive improvement. We find ourselves in-

voluntarily pronouncing this act to be right, that to be wrong ; and we also observe the same in others. The child and the savage are not less indignant than the philosopher at sight of some flagrant injustice; nor is this a matter peculiar to our age and people. All ages agree in the principle, but differ in details. Our feelings often vary, but right and wrong do not. These are objective realities, and not subjective phenomena ; and these perceptions are also intuitive, and if not strictly innate, they are connate, the foundations being laid in our natures and constitutions.

Morality is a conformity to right ; and the standard of right is the expressed will of the Deity, and our informants of this will are natural and revealed religion and conscience. If now morality is a conformity to right, and its sources are precepts and motives of natural and revealed religion, what have been and what are the effects of an increase in material prosperity and intelligence upon morality ?

I will not presume to attempt to answer the question myself, but will give what I think are the meanings of the words "Prosperity," and "Morality," and also a few facts from history, and let the reader draw his own conclusions from the facts presented. Prosperity simply means success, attainment of wishes, and good fortune. A nation is prosperous when it is advancing in the arts and sciences, learning, wealth, trade, and the manufacturing interest. This is all that it takes to constitute prosperity, and I think no one will deny that this is prosperity in the true sense of the term.

On the other hand, the nature and

meaning of morality, taken in the general acceptation of the word, are, as I have before said, a conformity to right. It is the unwritten code by which men are bound together in reciprocal obligations ; it is our duty to man as man, and as a creature of God ; in short it is doing what is right and what we ought to do, and not doing what is wrong and what we ought not to do. We are taught in "Moral Science" that the moral quality of an action is not in the act itself but in the motive which prompts the action ; therefore, in order to cause an increase in morality you must first furnish new or additional motives to right, you must check the will, curb the sallies of passion, impress the deepest and most amicable reverence for God, a future state, rewards and punishments. But some will say, that, if an advancement in the arts and sciences, wealth, trade, and the manufacturing interests does not cause an increase in morality, an increase of knowledge does. I will admit that an increase in knowledge does have a greater tendency to cause an increase in morality than an increase in material prosperity does ; but can intellect, though it has progressed until it essayed to solve the mysteries of nature and "claim a kindred with the stars," and though mounted on a car of its own creative genius, it has explored the heavens until the "powdered belts of light" that gird the skies expand into vast systems of worlds like our own, all revolving in their own paths in beauty and harmony,—can intellect make us do right ?

Greece was the "land of scholars," and rose to as sublime a height of in-

tellectual eminence as any nation of antiquity. In her classic shades ardent votaries congregated to catch some of the Prometheian fire which illumined her theatre of action. Here Science, with her magic wand, unfolded the mysteries of nature; here Poesy, entertained by the spell of her own fascinations, lingered in gentle dalliance with her delighted worshippers. Here was evinced even higher æsthetic culture—while under the inspiration of art, she worshipped at the shrine of the beautiful, and sculpture and painting embalmed the products of her genius; yet she was immoral, and on account of her immorality she soon decayed and fell. In all ages of the world, high intellectual attainments, unrestrained by moral motives, have been accompanied by the grossest crimes. Men with towering intellects have most often been the victims of grovelling propensities. Pity weeps over god-given genius, lashing, like the caged bird, its proud pinions against the bars of earthly passions, when it might have bidden defiance to storm and tempest, winged its flight to empyrean regions, and bathed its plumage in the sunlight of its native heaven.

In Portugal, when the high tide of wealth flowed in from the conquest in Africa and the East, the effects of that great influx were visible in the augmented splendors of the Court, and the pride, vanity, and luxury of the higher ranks; and as a natural result there was a decline of morals. On the other hand, it was because the influence of Lycurgus banished from the country of his birth all means of sensuality, that the power of Sparta,

her domestic tranquillity, her good order and virtues lasted from the times of her law-giver until the Aechean league, and that she was paramount in Greece for five hundred years. It was in the days of Solon—or of virtue, that Athens laid the foundation of her future greatness; in the age of Miltiades, Themistocles, Aristides or of glory, that she reaped its fruits; in the age of Pericles, or of luxury, that her moral decline began; in the age of Phillip, or corruption, that her fall was completed. By the absence of luxury and effeminacy, Sweden long was happy; Russia, by following the rude Tartaric luxury, has left the path which nature intended her to follow; Poland, being more fertile and more luxurious than any of the nations which surrounded her, was more inconsiderate, more rash, and more prematurely unfortunate.

The muse of history in the faithful record of the past transactions of persons and peoples, inspired by a lofty justice, and touched by a fine sensibility, has not failed to record, in words that cannot be mistaken, the direful effects of prosperity upon morality; and if we look for a lamp to guide our feet in the feeble tapers that glimmer in the sepulchres of the Past, that lamp will not lead us to seek wealth to promote morality. In horticulture, when a vine is planted in good soil, there is danger of an excess of growth, and, unless this is carefully looked after, there will be an abundance of stem and foliage, and but very little fruit, which is the main object, both in this physical sense, and in the moral sense of the application.

The reader of history will at once recall that such men as Robespierre, Danton, Felix, Pilate, Croesus, Sulla, the Cæsars, the Pharaohs, and others, though the most powerful and prosperous, were soulless despots, and were most indifferent in their relations either to their Maker or their fellow men.

Think for a moment of the career and success of Alexander, and then remember that, after his success, after he had become sole ruler over the then known world, he sank so low in debauchery, and died in disgrace leaving his country and people in a worse condition than he found them. Some one has expressed his fame and success, and the consequences attendant upon them in the following lines :

"Proud Alexander's transient fame,
Was like the meteor's light,
Which darts across the vault of heaven.
Then sinks in rayless night."

The world beheld his grand success,
With mingled awe and fear,
To see his nation sunk in vice—
The end of his career."

Mark the career of Napoleon, and let the ocean storm tell the warning tale, as it lashed with angry waves the granite walls of his prison, and poured a death dirge into the ears of his once proud sprit.

At least nine-tenths of the instances of all those who have embarked upon the stormy sea of life with plenty of money, favor, and applause, have become, sooner or later, engulfed in the eddying currents of dissipation, gambling, or some other vicious habit.

The whole history of man has exhibited a constant tendency to moral deterioration ; and this is proved by the

fact, that every people, not enlightened by Revelation, consider the earliest period of their history as the time of their greatest moral purity. In the early part of their national existence when the population was small, when there was mutual fear and universal poverty, they were obliged to lay the foundation of society in principles of justice, in order to secure their existence. But as soon, under such a constitution, they have increased in wealth and population, and as progress in arts and arms has rendered them fearless, the anti-social tendencies of vice have shown themselves too powerful for the moral forces by which they have been opposed, and in consequence, the bonds of society have been gradually dissolved, and the community has become the prey of some war-like horde. Look at the fate of Babylon, that mighty city of old, with her towers, temples, palaces, and pleasure gardens hung with lanterns and torches, like a mountain of fire at midnight; with all the pride, glory, riches, and power the world could bestow, the greatest city the world had ever seen. Venice existed, a powerful and prosperous state, for thirteen hundred years ; her dominion was like herself proud and magnificent but founded on filth and without morals ; she passed from the stage of action without bequeathing to mankind the memory of a single great name or a single generous action.

The age of Louis XIV., of France, spanning so long a period of worldly magnificence, thronged by marshals bending under military laurels, enlivened by the unsurpassed comedy of Moliere, dignified by the tragic genius

of Corneille, and illumined by the splendors of Bossuet, is degraded by crimes that cannot be mentioned without a blush, by a heartlessness in comparison with which the icebergs of the north are warm, and a succession of deeds of injustice not to be washed out by the tears of all the recording angels in heaven.

History is full of such examples, even that book of books, the Bible, records the fates of several powerful and prosperous cities. Volumes might be written, nay, have been written upon the rise and fall of nations and the causes of their decline; but I will mention only one more, as I have not the space.

Let the reader turn his attention to the city of cities; to that nation of which it was so grand a thing to be a citizen, that, wherever one walked—in Spain, in Africa, even in once haughty Athens—he was followed, feasted, and flattered; to that city that had her Michael Angelo to build her St. Peters, and her Raphael to fresco the Vatican; that city that boasted of her arts and civilization that they had penetrated space beyond which mortals were forbidden to go; that city that had, in the strength and ardor of her youth, sustained the storms of war,

carried her victorious arms beyond seas and mountains, and brought triumphantly home laurels from all lands; that city that had her splendid Coliseum, aqueducts and magnificent theatres filled with three thousand dancers, three thousand singers, and the masters of the choruses; that city that had her poets, historians, philosophers, and orators to whom we still love to listen as their eloquence comes to us from the dead. It seems as though the heart of man could wish for and the mind conceived of, no greater prosperity, and that here, if prosperity causes them, we should find the highest moral virtues to which man can attain. But how different! It is here we find the most corrupt of all the corrupt. She went from virtuous industry to wealth, from wealth to luxury, from luxury to corruption in morals; and the Roman people became the serfs of slaves; her proud armies amalgamated with northern scum, and she plunged to an eternal overthrow when the Goths and Vandals were seated on her throne.

I think from what has been stated in this essay the reader can readily draw his conclusions as to the effects of increased prosperity upon morality.

W. E. W.

PICTURES FROM NATURE.

There is in every true man an innate appreciation of the beautiful. Nature possesses a subtle influence that causes him to admire the forest and plain, the rugged mountain and the placid lake, and the sky bedecked with ever-changing beauties.

Man's ingenuity may charm the fancy with imitations of nature, but it is only the reality that can satisfy the soul. The glowing canvas, portraying the raging billows, speak to the eye, but their sound must fall upon the ear before the mind realizes the full beauty and

grandeur. The most beautiful pen-picture of a ship in the moonlight, gliding over the calm waters of Chesapeake Bay, can convey to the imagination only a faint idea of her beauty, and the loveliness of the surrounding scenery. The stars mirrored in the water, the white foam which the graceful ship leaves in her wake, and lighthouses in the distance form a scene that charms every one who is capable of appreciating the truly beautiful. Sitting on the ship's deck and watching the wavelets, tipped with the moon's silver light, as they rise and fall, you exclaim, "How beautiful!" On passing Old Point Comfort you see numerous small craft, with snow-white sails, gliding over the calm surface as gracefully as swans. As they playfully dart by each other, coming so near as to almost touch, they seem invested with life. How merrily the gaily-painted pleasure-boats dance over the white crested wavelets! The oars splash in the water, harmonizing with the breaking of the surf on the sandy beach. The moon floods the water-front with a tide of strong yet mellow radiance, transforming the entire eastern horizon into one sheet of shimmering silver, gleaming white and cold on the long facade of the hotel, blending yet contrasting with the ruddy glare of its many windows. The ship has steamed by, and the scene just witnessed lives only in memory.

The inhabitants of the deep sported by the side of the vessel. Occasionally they would leap above the water, glide along the surface, and then with the rapidity of lightning, dart into the depths beneath. Their lovely colors, graceful forms, and playful freaks, fur-

nished much amusement for the passengers.

The soothing breeze seems laden with the perfumes of the Orient, and this combined with the gentle rocking of the ship, lulls you into the land of shadows and reveries. Having been awakened by a sudden lurch of the ship, and then finding all calm again, in a semi-conscious state, gazing on the lovely scene, you cannot forbear, saying, "This region surely is not of the earth." Not until day unfolds to your vision the varied scenery on the shore, made beautiful by the sun as he rises timidly from the water, and with glowing beauty mounts on high, casting sheaves of golden light over the landscape, are you able to appreciate fully the panorama which you have witnessed from sunset till dawn. Again, turn from the land, and you behold a scene which ravishes the imagination.

*"Dreamily glimmer the sails of the ship on the distant horizon,
Like to the towers of a town built on the verge of
the sea,
Slowly and stately and still, they sail forth into
the ocean."*

Your eye follows them till they vanish away, and "with them sail your thoughts over the limitless deep." A ride over the Bay photographed the above picture on my memory.

Not less enjoyable was a trip by rail from Baltimore to Washington in the month of January. After leaving Baltimore we travelled for some time under ground, and it was a relief as well as a pleasure when the train glided into the light of the outer world. What a beautiful scene presents itself! The snow-covered ground glistened

with beauty. The branches of trees bending under their burdens of snow kissed the spotless ground. The fringing icicles hanging from the boughs, like diamonds in the sunlight, reflected the colors of the rainbow with pleasing effect. The old fashioned farmhouse on the hill, surrounded by quaint granaries and stables, added to the picturesqueness of the scene. Any artist would be made famous who could portray on canvas the beauties of this landscape. The heavens were beautiful. "The long slender bars of cloud floated like fishes in the sea of crimson light." Laborers were cutting ice from the frozen streams, and the huge blocks glittered like cubes of polished silver.

Is nature less beautiful when clothed in the sober garments of winter than when bedecked with the gorgeous tints of spring? To me they are only different kinds of beauty and each stands unrivaled. The landscape charms when adorned with fragrant flowers and trees covered with dense foliage, but it is not less lovely when a mantle of snow o'erpreads the ground, and the leafless ice-covered trees glitter with magic splendor. Poets sing of the majestic mountain, the terrible abyss, the gloomy cavern, and the rushing torrent, but few tune their lyres to the laughing brook, the gentle plain, the beautiful arbor, and the quiet nook. In the first named there is something grandly terrible which fascinates, but does not soothe the troubled spirit, and in the last there is a gentle harmony which calms and subdues the darkened and restless mind. Writers with poetic fervor have described the magnificence of a sun-

set viewed from the summit of some lofty mountain. As the sun sinks behind the cloud-capped peaks into his bed of crimson glory, how beautiful the picture! But is he not as beautiful in the east as in the west? As you stand in the midst of some lovely plain adorned with a beautiful carpet of grass and flowers, listening to the wind as it sings a lullaby in the waving boughs of the pines, watch him as he quietly glides behind their tops, shedding his resplendent beams through the branches and bathing the landscape in golden light. Does he not possess an infinitely greater charm when viewed thus, than when you watch him from the summit of some barren mountain and have your ears deafened with the roar of the furious torrent as it madly leaps down precipices?

We often hear the beauties of the western home pictured in glowing language, but to me the eastern possesses a greater loveliness. Let me picture to you a home in one of the eastern counties. The house is a two-story frame building with gable front and bay windows, containing eight rooms, and surrounded by a veranda trellised with honeysuckle. Time has changed its once white coat of paint to a dull gray, and the green window blinds have lost their freshness. Ivy has clambered up the corners, fastening itself to the edges of the roof, and hangs in graceful folds over the ends of the quaint old gables. The yard is laid off in beautiful walks bordered with beautiful shrubbery. The plats are adorned with geraniums, verbenas, roses, magnolias, and other lovely

flowers. In spring the odors of the pretty blossoms invite the bee and humming-bird. At this season the easy rustic under the trees seems a fit place for lovers only, for the poet says, "In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love," and surely in this Eden, as the perfumed zephyrs steal over the senses, only honeyed words can flow from the lips. On the right a dense forest of pines stand "like Druids of old." Near the edge of the forest, lying like a silver thread on a carpet of green, flows a quiet rivulet. The banks are lined with trees covered with beautiful southern moss, and with luxuriant vines dropping in festoons from the branches. It does not bear on its bosom the wealth of nations, but it is well stocked with fish, which causes it to possess a greater charm for those who live near its banks. On the left there is an immense cotton field. In front of the house a beautiful avenue leads through a magnificent grove of native growth to the yard. The long line of majestic trees which border the avenue tower like sentinels into the sky. In some portions the branches have interlaced overhead like the frilled roof of some vast cathedral. In the rear are situated the stables, and cribs filled with golden corn. All the surroundings are suggestive of happiness and plenty. In the fall when nature paints everything in matchless colors, the beauties of this sylvan home are most appreciated.

A visit there last fall is yet vivid in my memory. The large field on the left was white with cotton, and as the negroes wended their way along the rows picking it from the bolls, they made the air resound with their songs,

songs that only this race can sing with pathos and melody. The dreamy, beautiful days, and genial warmth of the Indian-summer made out-door sports agreeable, and when it was proposed one afternoon we go fishing, all expressed an eager desire to fathom the enjoyments of angling for the finny tribe. Our party, consisting of two ladies and two gentlemen, was soon ready. The necessary tackle and bait having been secured we set out, and in a few minutes were on the shady banks of the stream. As fishermen say, the wind was in the wrong direction; or else, the denizens of the river were not particularly anxious for the tempting viands we offered them; so we were not long in concluding fishing on land to be far preferable to Izaak Walton's method, and, indeed, we found it to be so. The air was filled with that delightful fragrance which is found only in the forests of our sunny southern clime. The pines seemed to echo our thoughts, and give courage to our youthful hearts. The mellow sunbeams were stealing gently through the boughs, the stream was murmuring softly at our feet, the birds were singing their vesper carols, and gentle breezes were stealing about us, all adding a magic charm to the scene.

Even now I can picture in my mind "the bashful maiden's sidelong looks of love," as I imagined I saw them reflected in the water on that eventful afternoon. Soon the shadows began to lengthen, a dreamy stillness pervaded the atmosphere, and then signs of night's approach reminded us that it was time to return to the house; so, having secured the neg-

lected rods and lines, we bade adieu to this pleasant retreat. As we entered the yard, the sweet tones of the farm bell pealed forth, summoning all to supper and rest.

"Then came the laborers home from the field,
and serenely the sun sank
Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed."

Beautiful was the scene! The sun slowly sinking behind the western horizon, gilding the clouds as they unite, then divide again, and float off with matchless grace in various directions, changing their forms from time to time as if by magic. In their united form we could imagine them a caravan crossing the desert; when divided, a herd of buffaloes roaming the western plains. This, together with the laborers coming in with their cotton baskets on their heads and the lowing cattle gathering in the barnyard, furnished all the elements for a beautiful picture.

After a delightful supper we adjourned to the veranda. There seemed to be some mystic influence that urged us to remain in the open air.

"Beautiful was the night. Behind the black wall
of the forest,
Tipping its summit with silver, arose the moon.
On the river
Fell here and there through the branches a tremu-
lous gleam of the moonlight,
Like the sweet thoughts of love on a darkened and
devious spirit."

The beautiful queen of night gradually made her way among the stars, now gliding peacefully onward, now resting on the bosom of a lovely cloud, which throws a mist over her loveliness until, at last, it quietly disappears, and leaves her the brightest jewel in the sky. The stars seem to vie with each other in splendor. The grove illuminated by this beautiful

light was a fit residence for fairies. The smooth ground, carpeted with green turf, seemed peculiarly fitted for their mysterious revels; and as the wind played in the treetops we imagined that their graceful figures could be outlined in the deep shadows that flitted hither and thither. The creaking of the limbs was their laughter, and the rustling of the dry leaves, as they were scattered on the ground by the wind, was their music. At that moment, if Queen Titania had sent one of her train to us with an invitation to join with them in their mystic revels, I doubt if it would have created any surprise.

The pines moaned incessantly, as if burdened with some dread secret. The almost impenetrable darkness with which the forest was enveloped made it a suitable home for hobgoblins, and the struggling moonbeams which occasionally made its way through branches, caused us to see in the gnarled trunk of some leafless tree the horrid form of an evil genie. The scene possessed an indescribable grandeur and solemnity. Conversation was forgotten and each one sat wrapped in his own thoughts. The unnatural silence possessed an indefinable charm which was not broken till some one, as if suddenly becoming conscious, exclaimed, "I have been dreaming." None felt in a humor to commence a conversation, and we were invited to retire. I sought my couch, closed my eyes, and tried to banish the bewildering fancies which filled my mind. Notwithstanding the occasional moan of the wood-owl, the gentle murmur of the crickets and katy-dids, and the croaking of the frogs in the neighbor-

ing marsh, my troubled brain soon yielded to blissful dreams. When I awoke the sun was high in the heavens, pouring a flood of light through the windows into the room. At the breakfast-table each recounted his experience of the past night. At an early hour I took leave of my kind entertainers, and left their hospitable

abode, but I assure them that the memories that cluster around this pleasant visit will never die.

Let the west boast of her homes surrounded by snow-covered and cloud-capped peaks, but give me the eastern home with its fragrant breezes and lovely flowers.

C. L. S.

AN AFTERNOON STROLL.

Sauntering leisurely along one balmy afternoon, I found myself in close proximity to an abrupt declivity. I was thinking, or rather half dreaming, as I listlessly strolled on, not caring which way I pursued, until suddenly coming to a halt on the brow of this break in the landscape, I paused. Standing there absent-minded for a few moments gazing around me at the rich yellow cast overspreading everything, at length I sat down on a projecting rock, the edges of whose surface were worn to marble smoothness by the alternate action of the rain and sunshine, the cold and warmth, which had acted on it for centuries perhaps. On this denuded remnant of some violent volcanic upheaval I rested and unreservedly surrendered myself to the exquisitely tranquil and awe-inspiring calm pervading the whole scene. Below me trickled over its pebbly bed a little rill whose crystal waters, after leaping a miniature cataract some distance further down, glided smoothly away into the adjoining meadow; where its banks, meandering here and there, suggested the sigmoidal path of some

huge serpent that dragged itself through the meadow, and entering disappeared in the opposite woods. The banks were thickly set with alders and willow, and through their interlaced branches little birds of varied hues flitted and chirped, as if each were rivalling the other in graceful movements and melody of song. All around as far as the eye cared to wander could be seen cows and sheep grazing and lazily strolling to and fro enjoying the rays of the declining sun. The combined effects of the whole imparted to the landscape a beauty indescribable, and converted it into one of those complete pastoral pictures on which the eye so fondly and admiringly dwells, where everything is in repose, and where peace and plenty reign, and like twin sisters go forth hand in hand, arrayed in the garb of good will to the whole world. In the distance, too, could be seen the pensive pig, self interred to his eyes, holding the even tenor of his way, pulverizing the soil to the depth of his nose and face, which he used for a subsoiler and with admirable effect too, for he seemed to relish in the

highest degree whatever edible thing he found. And omnivorous as he is in his habits of diet, almost anything was accepted as a fair reward for the efforts put forth. However that may be, he appeared perfectly oblivious to everything, and only drew himself out to contemplate the passing cars, which at that moment went dashing by, and in another disappeared around the curve. They went whizzing around under the brow of the hill, across tall trestle-work, through the glade and now parallel to the river's current, where the shadow of branches interwoven formed a continuous carpet of soft velvet, or where the overhanging trees composed aisles and arcades dim with the softened light that struggled through and scattered its rays along, diffusing everywhere a mellow and genial warmth, in which basked hundreds of butterflies, whose gaudy colors presented to the observer a rare and beautiful spectacle reflected in the sunlight.

There may be traced an analogy between the train as it goes speeding onward and the pilgrimage of life. The train dashes off with a shriek and a yell, speeding through fields of corn, running through hills and spanning the bridged chasm, rattling by the cottage of the peasant and the mansion of the wealthy; onward still with a roar and a crash breathing its dark, hot breath on all who come in its path, breasting alike the wind and light, the storm and sunshine. Onward, still onward, restless, impatient and headstrong. So is it with humanity, a living, breathing, pulsating mass stirred to the foundation, moving onward always, seeking, attaining, and

falling, in a constant perturbation of mind and body, consequent upon the rapidity of our advancement and the almost universal restlessness of the Anglo-American temperament. But, to leave off moralizing and return to our picture. In such a delightfully pleasant little nook as the one that surrounded me, you could hear the fall of the water over cascades and in the quiet of afternoon, the rustle of the branches imperceptibly swayed by the gentle zephyrs, and from that rapid bend just beyond the hill, you could see the young river so childlike in its innocence, in the early morn of its life, gliding playfully away among the trees undefiled by the pollutions that lay in wait for its approach. Such places are entirely free from the hum of human voices, and are filled only by the chant of birds, now stormy and boisterous as the surging multitude, now playful and serene as the dawn of a spring morn. How beautiful is nature seen under such auspicious circumstances! What emotions, of the sublime, of the grand bordering on awe, are awakened, at the silent contemplation of the vastness of her resources! What a vast storehouse of materials from which to produce picturesque variety and the different combinations of colors! With what ease and grace do such paintings, by nature's Artist, please and delight the eye, give zest to thought and scope to the imagination. Lulled by the balmy air and the rippling waters, the carolling of the birds and the rustle of leaves, vigorous and active thought was out of place, musings took undisputed possession of the soul. The imagination was left free to unlimited

flights and to picture to the mind, at pleasure, a delicious promenade under azure skies, by the side of enchanted waters, where the whole commonplace world was shut out, making way for another, lovelier and more beautiful, where spring is eternal, "showering flowers upon flowers and blessings upon blessings; where dreams take the place of real events" and men assume something like angelic forms; where naiad and nymph make bold excursions to grotoes, fantastically shaped by the sides of limpid rivers, and recline under the perennial shade of oaky groves. The calm and placid spirit of nature in such scenes is highly productive of love and the gentler emotions. The bewitching and seductive powers of the surroundings are irresistible. The almost voluptuous beauty permeates the whole being and the soul yearns for a kindred spirit, one who can appreciate every beat of the heart, every shade of pleasure and displeasure, of love and hate, of adoration and detestation, of fidelity and duplicity that beam through, and alternately illumine and darken the countenance. Or, one may, with infinite self-complacency, construct gigantic air-castles whose towering heights rearing their summits heavenward, pierce the cerulean dome, while the broad and generous outlines of fame's magnificent temple loom up in over-awing grandeur before the entranced vision. One sits gazing serenely upward, with the hallowed light of eventide gathering its soft folds about him and sees himself and companion happily ensconced in a lovely niche of the temple, looking down on a world conquered and overcome, with no de-

sire ungratified, no thirstings and hungerings unallayed, no love unrequited. He has climbed step by step to that elevation, where thought stands giddy and confused, looking beneath on a gloomy world and above on an unfathomable heaven. The joyful acclamations of humanity have attended and cheered his ascent and now reach the climax, as he consummates the glory of his life, and turns reverently to lay it, a free libation on the altar of love, inviolate to her whose every thought has been his glory and every prayer his happiness and safety. In a love like this there is something ineffably beautiful and touching; it is the poetry of passion, the sanctification of desire; everything is seen through an enchanted medium. It is a species of intoxication that takes hold upon the senses, but metamorphoses and imparts to them the character of the soul, and purifies while it pleases. And there stands out before you "one in whom love is the essence of thoughts divine."

My attention was attracted by the increased length of the shadows, and becoming conscious again of my surroundings I found myself circumscribed by the same indescribable imagery, its beauty had not deteriorated in the least, rather it was enhanced by the lengthening shadows cast back by the setting sun, which was too far sunken to touch any but the highest points of the landscape, these and the tree tops it painted in colors of emerald and gold. The landscape of hill and valley was reposing beneath a rich yellow haze, and the air had that dreamy and delightful softness that inclines the heart to reverie. The

lowing herd were slowly wending their way homeward, the flock of sheep followed single file the track of a narrow path that led to their master's gate, and behind all appeared the lazy pig in no hurry to reach home before nightfall, but in his superabundance of leisure walked slowly and meditatively, every now and then, probing the stillness with a very decided and monotonous grunt, which, however, produced no discord with the music of the place, but harmonized completely and seemed by its alternate rise and fall to make an accompaniment to the tinkling bells and the rippling waters. The birds were all gone, and the numberless evidences of animal life, which but an hour ago were so abundant, were no longer visible, all had sought shelter till the morrow, and the closing of the night on a landscape so quiet cast a halo of loveliness over the place only seen at the hour of twilight. It was then a picture on which an artist's eye would love to dwell. The varied hues of light intermingling produced a glorious vision, one which resembled in a high degree the masterpieces of art drawn from nature under the influence of the clear blue of the Italian skies, where the genius of the painter finds such comprehensive fields of action, such life-inspiring scenes, such emblems of classical beauty and studied grace, such as call forth the most delicate touches of his brush; where the sublimest conceptions of the mind find embodiment in forms, combining the ethereal and real in symmetrical perfectness. Nothing can be more suggestive to the artistic eye than small pastoral streams with such beautiful charac-

teristics, now a quiet nook, now a noisy water-fall, from which the little torrents quickly subsides in the bosom of quieter levels and whose mimic thunderings are soon lost in the hum of sheep bell and lowing herd.

Just a few paces up the stream from my position, the stream was more picturesque still. On one side woods of oak formed a shadowy back-ground, on the other verdant meadows; the oaks stretching their shady branches into the water, the meadows coming down into the very brook in the carpet like terraces of velvet green. I sat still to take in the picture. Elm and poplar, golden and bronzed with the last rays of the setting sun, together with verdant meadows and banks were reflected, with spots and bars of the blue of the sky, in nature's faultless mirror. Now not a sound broke the silence. It seemed that the place was endowed with silent breathings that played a continuous accompaniment to the ever blending harmony that filled the air. Even the low murmurings of the wind were as gentle to ear as softly falling water, and leaving a sweet fragrance in its track, fluttered by, telling significantly of the coming of summer. Ten thousand evidences of the Creator's beautiful handiwork spread in profusion, filled the miniature world, commanded the vision. One feels as if he were shut out from all human life, with no desire to re-mingle with the world. The scene was sufficient, symmetrical, inimitable. Satisfaction was complete, one desired nothing. The soul was full, replete with joy. I took one last glance around, and hurried back to College to find alas! I had missed my supper.

A. M. R.

IN REPLY TO "83" OF BEAVERDOM.

MR. EDITOR:—Permit me to say just a word for the benefit of the gentleman who sent you that learned defence of "*'83 and the beaver*."

I had no idea that my remarks would furnish him an opportunity (for which he was doubtless impatient) of publishing to the world that he had "capped the climax" by extending his height with a beaver. In his haste to proclaim this wonderful fact, he missed his mark; instead of directing his blow at me, who alone am responsible for what was said, he shot at the whole class, and spared no pains to whittle down '84 and stuff '83 with the shavings. When he got them about equal, as he thought, like another well-known biped, he mounted the fence, flapped his wings, and crowed with all the zest of triumph.

The gentleman admits that '84 is greater in number, but intimates that it is intellectually inferior to '83. But I suppose he will cease his crowing when he remembers that, in every instance when they tried their strength by actual contest, '84 proved superior. At any rate, the champion orator of '83, on the day of contest, went off *minus*, while a member of '84 carried off the prize; and again at least three of the best Latin scholars of '83 had to yield the prize to a member of '84.

The gentleman's intimation, then, seems to be poorly founded, unless he means to count his defence as a specimen.

Again the gentleman says: "The citizens of the town, yea, even of the

country, the city of Raleigh, and the region round about, will, I am sure, look with pleasure upon that day, when there was loosed upon the face of the earth some thirteen or fourteen male bipeds who wandered about in a most conspicuous and uneasy manner, having upon their heads queer keel-shaped contrivances with broad boards nailed to the top and the whole trimmed in *mourning*." The scales are not yet fallen from his eyes. He has yet to learn that the Oxford cap was intended solely for the school boy, but beavers are for men of distinction.

But these caps were "*trimmed in mourning*." I believe it is customary in this country to mourn for departed friends, and in some countries those who forsake the customs of their ancestors are mourned for, as if dead. On this ground, then, it seems very right that we should have worn a badge of mourning for those of our friends who, in their inordinate thirst for distinction, had taken and worn prematurely this beautiful piece of "head-gear."

Finally, he says: "To compensate for this extreme brevity in weight, I beg leave to recommend to this class generally [missed his mark again], and said gentleman in particular, an extension in height of about three inches. This can only be done by the purchase of beavers." Thanks for the advice. We are not surprised that it is professed. A certain fox once upon a time lost his tail, and turned adviser. But as we have no special weakness

for distinction that goes and comes with the beaver, we are quite content to remain as we are. None of us, indeed, are giants ; but perhaps it will help "83" to recall the adage, "A

hone, though small, is finer than a mill-stone ; a lion is stronger than an *asinus*.

Very truly,

W. B. M.

ADVERSITY.

A violet at set of sun
Lamented sore her lover gone,
His kisses warm, his smile of light :
"Alas the chill and dark to-night!"

* * *

The morning springs; a violet eye
Spreads its curtains toward the sky;
The bosom where the cold night lay
Reveals a diamond to the day.

The warm, sweet air lies next her heart,
Wins richest burden ere they part.—
The violet, the dark once tried,
Looks through the night to morningtide.

TYRO.

EDITORIAL.

LITERARY CLUBS.

In the general prosperity of our State the literary culture of our people should not be neglected. In no way can this be better fostered than by the establishment of social literary clubs. The prosperity of every community depends on the intelligence of its citizens. Though success may apparently attend the efforts of those who neglect social culture, yet the close observer will find that it is only superficial.

Probably no town in the state has so brilliant a future as Durham. With tobacco factories, cotton factory, woolen mills, and many other enterprises, not without reason has it been called the Chicago of the South. One who will give the subject a moment's thought will find that the great incentive to this prosperity is the sociability of the citizens, and the interest manifested in the educational and religious interests of the place. Durham boasts of having the best educational facilities, the handsomest church edifices, finest social literary organizations, and more and better newspapers, than any other town of the same population in the State.

The Durham Lyceum is composed of some of the best citizens, who appreciate social and literary advantages, and who use their influence in promoting those things which give true happiness. The Halcyon Club is composed of young people, and

their weekly meetings always give much pleasure. The social advantages offered by this town attract the attention of public-spirited, intelligent, wealthy men, and make them willing to invest their capital and take their families there to live. If every other North Carolina town would follow this example, ere many years have elapsed, the foul stigma of being called "the Africa of the United States" would not be applied to this, one of the grandest states in the Union.

It is not a difficult task to establish these social clubs. If you cannot secure a hall, meet at the homes of the members. Have an interesting programme—essays, recitations, readings, debates, music, indeed, everything to make the evening pass pleasantly. Establish a library for the benefit of the members. Give an occasional public entertainment, and devote the proceeds to this object. Let the ladies lead in this undertaking, for, as a general thing, the men are so wrapt up in the accumulation of wealth that they do not think of the nobler aims of life. We are glad to note that some of the ladies of Raleigh have taken the initiative step in that city, and established a social club, limiting their number to twenty. We hope their example will soon be followed by others. Soon the students of the various colleges of the State will return to their homes, and they should see to it, that their neighborhood en-

joy the advantage of a literary organization before they return to their studies next session. C L. S.

COLLEGE ETHICS.

Right is right the world over, and wrong, wrong. Distinctions here are essential and eternal, and independent of condition or circumstance. A wrong action cannot become good by being transported into a different atmosphere. In the light of this widely-accepted principle, the existence of a special code of morals for the college student is not a little surprising. That code, held let us hope by a small proportion of the young men in our colleges, justifies some actions which, if perpetrated elsewhere, the actors themselves would look on as ungentlemanly and mean. We think we can trace the origin of this special code back to the old college system of close surveillance over students which naturally provoked, on their part, as vigorous opposition. So sprung up a state of war between faculty and students, and that loose and false saying, "All things are fair in love and war," was invoked to silence promptings which had been amenable to a higher law. Anything that would incommoded the authorities was to those holding this code a matter of great enjoyment, and it is easy to see how such unscrupulousness came soon to extend the range of its operation so that persons not officially connected with institutions were subjected to inconveniences and loss "just for fun." The outrages in this line which have been committed in some communities need not be particularized.

But it may be objected to this ex-

planation of the abnormal and wicked sentiment, that it survives the overthrow of the system which produced it; that it ought to disappear now that colleges are conducted on the principle that the students are gentlemen. For this very reason we have called it abnormal; it is altogether out of keeping with the relation existing at this day between professor and student. The conscientious and faithful professor is the student's friend and is always glad to give him help in any misfortune or worthy labor. Its survival under these altered circumstances is but an illustration of the persistence of habit and the astonishing vitality of college traditions.

One thing quite certainly has retarded its disappearance, namely, the light and ludicrous manner in which parents and others narrate in the hearing of boys their own old "college scrapes." Sometimes public speakers tell of these "scrapes," just to make students laugh. Now, to be plain, these "college scrapes" are ordinarily nothing more nor less than petty thefts punishable under the law with the confinement, striped jacket, and disgrace of the penitentiary. They ought rather to bring the blush to the cheek of the reformed man than be made the subject of merriment before susceptible youth, and thereby encourage the loose ideas of *meum* and *tuum* which sap the very foundations of character.

A large majority of the students in our colleges have no sympathy with the college ethics of which we have written, and therein lies the ground for hoping for the extermination of so pernicious notions. If this majority, instead of conniving at these sins

against self-respect and against the reputation of the students as a whole, would make known in an emphatic and practical way its judgment of them, it would soon grow unpleasant for offenders, and they would either quit or go.

EXAMINATIONS.

For some months past several of the college magazines have been waging a fierce war against examinations, both oral and written, but especially the latter, because, as the writers of these articles claim, they furnish occasion for so much "cramming," "broken pledges," "seared consciences," and various other evils. We do not at all oppose this war, so long as no one is seriously wounded, for by this means the real truth of the matter may be reached. We heartily agree with much claimed by these magazines in condemnation of examinations. It is undoubtedly true that in some colleges, too much stress is laid on them, and that they foster the very hurtful practice of cramming; and many a pledge has been broken and conscience seared, by the use of the present system. But it must be admitted that the interests and sympathies of the student color very much his views of these examinations. To the objection that examinations foster cramming, it may be replied that the objection does not hold good except to a limited extent. A very small per cent. of the students have the capacity for successful cramming; and consequently but few are injured from this cause, and they would find a way to shirk regular work and cram when the

crisis came whatever system might be adopted to ascertain the scholarship of students; while the great majority who cannot cram soon learn that they cannot, and apply themselves to faithful daily preparation. Besides, it is well known that in the reviews usually given preparatory for examination day students derive almost as much benefit as from the daily recitations of the text, and that not because they do so much cramming, as some claim, but because these reviews are the clinching process which fastens firmly the knowledge formerly floating vaguely in the mind. But how many students would bestow the proper study on these reviews, if they knew there were to be no examinations to test their knowledge? The professors would certainly not be burdened with examination papers.

"Broken pledges" and "seared consciences" are, it would seem, real objections to examinations, especially written ones. It must be admitted that the temptation to dishonesty at this point is very strong. Indeed, it is to be feared that in all schools, both male and female, a great deal of dishonesty is practised on examinations, notwithstanding students are required to certify that they "have neither given nor received aid" on the examination, and are in addition watched to see if they will break their oath. But in reply to this objection of "seared consciences and broken pledges," it may be answered that those who are determined to act dishonestly, will do so whatever system is adopted, while those who wish and try to do right on examinations, will rarely yield to temptation

to the wrong; besides, they demand, if not openly yet tacitly, that their fellow-students give some kind of a pledge that they will act fairly on these crucial tests; for generally the standing of each individual student, as well as the class honors, depends very much upon the fairness with which this work is performed.

It is further objected that the few questions—ten to fifteen—given on examinations are insufficient to test the student's knowledge of the subject studied during the two and a half or five months, and that the time allowed in which to stand is too short for the student to do himself justice. We cannot speak of the professors of others institutions, but judge that they treat examinations very much as

do our professors. If they do, no one should complain, that they cannot find out from this number of questions how much the student knows about his subject; for our experience has been that it did not require near ten, when we were poorly prepared, to reveal the fact.

The objection as to time is wholly without foundation in fact; from six to eight hours are time enough in which to stand any reasonable examination.

Without further comment on this subject, and while we are free to admit that there are serious objections to the present system of examinations, especially when carried to extremes, we feel that they must be retained until a better plan shall be found.

D.

CURRENT TOPICS.

TONQUIN.—The tide of affairs in Tonquin seems to be turning in favor of the French. Their first advance was made on Ha-noi, the capital of Tonquin, and then on Dec. 12th the town of Sontay was captured; finally on March 12th the important town of Bac-ninth was stormed and captured after a desperate resistance. The two French generals Millot and Nigrier advanced with their columns upon the stronghold in different directions and effected a junction of their forces just before the attack. Beaten out of the fortress the Chinese fled in great trepidation, and their loss was heavy. Present indications are that the French are in a fair way to establish themselves permanently in Tonquin, since Bac-ninth is said to be one of the principal gates to China.

LONGFELLOW.—England has recently given a beautiful expression of her regard for the great American bard. A handsome bust of the poet has been placed in the Poet's Corner of Westminster Abbey, between those of Chaucer and Dryden. It was unveiled on March 1st. The ceremony was performed by two of England's most distinguished sons. Our Minister James Russell Lowell, Alice Longfellow, and Annie Longfellow (daughters of the poet), Mary Anderson, and several other noted Americans were present. Beautiful speeches were made touching the character of the American poet and the charm and refinement of his writings. The occasion is one on account of which Americans should be pleased as well as proud, and

makes another link in the golden chain of friendship existing between America and the mother country.

THE SOUDAN.—The situation of affairs in the Soudan continues to be complicated and threatening. A British expedition despatched thither under Gen. Graham fought and gained a victory, on February 29th, over the army of El Mahdi. A desperate battle also was fought and won again by the British, March 13th. The British generals declare they never before witnessed fiercer fighting than that done by these wild fanatics. Their forces would rush in the attack upon the very points of the British bayonets, thus occasioning wholesale slaughter. Notwithstanding the dreadful carnage which they have suffered, the spirit of insurrection seems to be spreading rather than otherwise. Meanwhile General Gordon has been using all his tact and energy in the efforts at reconciliation. But he is coping with a spirit of fanaticism the wildest the world has ever seen, and no doubt it will take months to decide whether he will succeed or fail. It is said England has offered a liberal programme for the settlement of the Soudanese trouble, which it is hoped may be accepted and put an end to further trouble.

DYNAMITE.—The fiends in London have been plying their malicious and mysterious work with increasing zeal during the past month; and England is coming to realize more the fulness

of meaning in the old maxim, "In the midst of peace we are in war." This growing use of explosive material directed in almost every case against government officials and government property is a dreadful expression of discontent with the English government. English detectives have been baffled so often in their attempts to discover the perpetrators and their dynamite manufactories that they have about concluded that the plots hatched on American soil, where also the material is manufactured; and Englishmen are asking with no little surprise whether honorable Americans are willing to allow such offences, not against England only, but against humanity and civilization, to be matured and directed upon American soil without protest. On this point *Harper's Weekly* observes: "There is no difference of feeling between Englishmen and Americans regarding these dynamite crimes. But their nature makes the suppression of them by laws which are not dangerous to reasonable liberty very difficult. Even England herself is thus far able to do nothing, although the crimes are committed upon her soil. Before asking us to prevent the export, ought not she forbid the import of dangerous explosives? While she asks us to stop the contemplation of crime, she finds herself unable to prevent its commission."

W. S. R.

EDUCATIONAL.

—VIRGINIA is providing a normal school expressly for the education of female teachers.

—IN this country at present there are 170 colleges, with a total of 35,000 students, of whom about 14,000 are members of churches.

—THE Wilson Graded School is prospering. The increase in numbers is gratifying, the school being now permanently established. Principal Burton's report is very encouraging.

—THE graded school at Salisbury is fast gaining in numbers. There are now 330 pupils. This school, as all well directed graded schools, has highly pleased its patrons.

—WASHINGTON and Lee University, Va., is now endowed to the extent of \$400,000, a large proportion of which has been given by Northern men. Efforts are being made to increase to \$1,000,000.

—A BILL has passed both Houses of the Virginia Legislature providing for an eight weeks' course of instruction for colored teachers, to be given by the President and Faculty of the Virginia Normal and Collegiate Institute.

—IT is gratifying to note the national interest that is being awakened in regard to education. Congress favors appropriating a portion of the proceeds of public lands for public schools, and providing for a more complete endowment of colleges, and supporting the advancement of scientific and industrial training.

—MR. JULIAN S. CARR, of Durham, N. C., has given the Board of Education and Learning of that place a lot valued at \$3,000, on which to erect a new graded school building.

—THE official report of Gen. W. P. Roberts, State Auditor, for the fiscal year ending Nov. 30, 1883, contains the following relative to the disbursements of public funds: Expended for educational purposes, \$2,850.95; for the University of N. C., \$22,000.00.

—THE public school fund of the State of Missouri amounts to \$9,879.064. Besides this sum, which is reported constantly on the increase, the State owns school property valued at \$9,289,409, making a fund of \$19,168,473, for educational investment.

—THE Graded schools of Charlotte are reported in a flourishing condition. Over 1,400 pupils are in attendance. Under the wise supervision of Principal Mitchell, they give entire satisfaction, being patronized by all classes. Charlotte has, within the last year, expended \$20,000 for the erection of school houses.

—IT really seems that the North Carolina Chataqua is going to be. Strong inducements are presented at Waynesville, and that point is the general preference. Col. Parker, of Illinois, has forwarded his regrets at not being able to meet the teachers of North Carolina at that time, but other valuable lecturers can be secured. The plan is, lectures in forenoon, excursions in afternoon.

—INDIA has 3,000,000 pupils in her 26,080 schools, and of this number of schools 80 are colleges.

—PROF. J. L. Tomlinson, of Winston, will conduct the Normal School at the University this summer.

—SKETCHES of the more prominent institutions of learning in the State are appearing in the *Raleigh Register*, Wake Forest College among others.

—AT the twelfth annual commencement of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Baltimore, a short time ago, 127 were graduated. This school is rapidly growing in favor, especially with the Southern people.

—JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY, Baltimore, Md., differs from other American institutions among other things in that it gives no formal diplomas, nor does it have any public commencement. It has but twelve trustees. The officers of the University and students, however, observe the 22d of February with special honor, as commemoration day, the anniversary of its founding. The principal address of the last anniversary was delivered by President Eliot, of Harvard University, in which he urged a more extensive culture in the modern languages, especially French and German, history, political economy, and natural science. The address will appear in the June issue of *The Century*.

THE late Asa Packer, of Pennsylvania, thought he could make no better use of his large fortune than to provide for building up a large University in which tuition should be free and technical education should be

prominent. He did not wait till death, but began in 1865 by giving a half million of dollars and 115 acres of land on a mountain slope adjoining South Bethlehem, Pa., and during his life had the satisfaction of seeing erected several handsome buildings and the grounds enclosed and beautified. So began Lehigh University. His will secured to it two millions more at once available, besides remote interests. His heirs have been likewise liberal. Their gifts will swell its endowment to the enormous sum of twenty million dollars, three times the wealth of Harvard University, the oldest and richest foundation in the United States.

—JUDGE ALBION W. TOURGEE has published in *The Continent* a series of papers on Southern illiteracy. They are entitled to, and ought to receive, the candid consideration of every person interested in the all-absorbing topic of general enlightenment. Their clearness and logical good sense bespeak at once the soundness of Judge Tourgee's position and the importance of the cause whose champion he is. He worked with untiring zeal to enlist the attention of our statesmen in behalf of our educational needs and condition. His system, if carried into effect, not only leaves the States to supervise and disburse the money as they may determine, but does not infringe on the restrictions of a liberal construction of our Constitution. In *The Continent* of March 26th is a petition to Congress prepared by Judge Tourgee and designed to be widely circulated for signatures praying national aid to education in the States.

—DAVIDSON COLLEGE, N. C., was established in 1837, charted in 1838.

—TUITION at Princeton has been raised from \$75 to \$100.

—THERE are no less than eighteen editors on *The Harvard Daily*.—*Ex.*

—IT is estimated that there are 25,250 students attending German universities, of which number 7,000 are Americans.

—WE are glad to believe that Chapel Hill is not what it used to be. “In the old days the practice was to give all well-behaved students passing through the senior class the diploma of A. B. without regard to successful study. Under the present regime, diplomas are not given unless earned by real attainments, tested by rigid daily and final examinations.”—*Raleigh Register*.

THERE is a wide difference of opinion as to the constitutionality of an appropriation by Congress for the aid of popular education in the States. It is urged, on the one hand, that Congress has no power to appropriate the revenues of the general government to meet special exigencies in the States, that no clause in the Constitution by the most liberal construction gives the slightest warrant for it. On the other hand, the supporters of the appropriation urge that the needed warrant is found in the clause in section eight of the first article, declaring that Congress may lay and collect taxes “to provide for the general welfare of the United States.” What will become of the bill now before Congress authorizing the appropriation to the States on the basis of illiteracy, is not yet known.

—ST. MARY’S SCHOOL (Episcopal), Raleigh, was founded by Rev. Albert Smedes, D. D., in 1842.

—PROF. CHARLES E. TAYLOR raised \$46,000 for Wake Forest College in thirteen and a half months, ending Dec. 31, 1883.

—FROM 1851 to 1859, Trinity College was a State institution under the name of Normal College. In 1859, however, by an act of Legislature, the property was fully transferred to the North Carolina Conference of the M. E. Church, South. Rev. Marcus L. Wood, successor to the late Dr. Craven as President, is a graduate of Trinity of the class of '58. He entered upon his duties September last.

PROF. C. W. SCARBOROUGH, of Chowan Baptist Female Institute, sent us recently some examination papers on algebra and requested our criticism. The examination consisted of ten questions and problems in algebra, and those who can give the correct answers to the questions, and correct solution of the problems prove conclusively that they have a very thorough knowledge of the principles of this branch of mathematics. After reading the questions, it was with some hesitation that we commenced examining the papers, fearing lest we should have to criticise adversely and bring upon ourselves the anathemas of their authors. Generally, ladies have not the reputation of being very good mathematicians, but a rigid examination of these papers proves to a demonstration that these particular ladies are not one whit inferior to the boys. They are the nicest papers and certain more in less

space than any examination papers we ever saw. Misses Loula Ayres, Eva Kitchin, Sadie Perry and Anna DeLon may, we think, claim to be equals of any student in the State on

the part of algebra covered by these examinations. Prof. Scarborough is to be complimented on his excellent class. Now let Oxford speak.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

—Mr. H. H. Bancroft turned out last year two volumes of his *History of the Pacific States*.

—GEORGE ELIOT left a volume of essays corrected for the press. It is announced for immediate publication.

—*The Parables of Jesus*, by Siegfried Goebel (Scribner and Welford, N. Y.) is described as a most valuable addition to the literature of this subject, and worthy of a place in every Bible student's library.

—*OF A Fool's Errand and Bricks without Straw*, Mr. Toursee says: "The one constant lesson of those volumes is the necessity of intelligence on the part of the voter in order to secure public peace and private right."

—A VOLUME of extracts from the works of the late Dr. George W. Bagby, of Richmond, Va., is announced. He was a distinguished humorist. One of his pieces is thoroughly familiar at Wake Forest—*How Ruby Played*.

—THE last work of the late Prof. Arnold Guyot, of Princeton, is *Creation; or the Biblical Cosmogony in the light of Modern Science*. He was no less a Christian than a great scientist, and this book is said to be admirable in every way.

—IS IT not a pity that persons who

will read fiction show so little judgment in its selection? With Thackeray, Dickens, Scott, George Eliot, Hawthorne, Hugo, on the shelf before them, they take down some seventeenth-rate story teller whose name will probably be forgotten sooner than their own. Friend, if you are going to read novels, why not read the great masters? They will fill all the time you can spare. Leave the trash to rot.

—DOCTORS DISAGREE.—When a story so worthless in all respects as *A Latter Day Saint* appears with the imprint of reputable publishers, one hesitates whether to ignore or to denounce it. The book is not only naughty, but poor; not only wicked, but silly; not only unjust and unjustifiable, but uninteresting; not only bad, but stupid—you may throw the book into the fire, but you cannot shake the dust from your soul. *Critic and Good Literature*. Opens happily a new series of American novels. Utters philosophy and satire with a piquancy and good temper which recalls Thackeray's lighter manner without echoing it.—*The Nation*. It is deftly put together, its points are well made, and its implied satire is good.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

—PART I. of the great English Dic-

tionary is out. It embraces A—Ant, 352 pages, 4to, paper, \$3.25. This is the first instalment of a work which has been in preparation more than twenty-five years. It is edited by James A. Murray, LL. D., President of the Philological Society, of England. New York: McMillan & Co.

ON the first of March the bust of Longfellow was unveiled in Westminster Abbey. Speeches were made by Earle Granville and U. S. Minister James Russell Lowell.

—MCMILLAN & CO., have issued a new edition of the "Works of Alfred Lord Tennyson, Poet Laureate," containing a few poems withheld since their first printing in 1833. This edition the poet has corrected throughout.

—AND Queen Victoria has taken to book-making. Some copies of her diary reached New York on a recent Monday late. By Thursday evening the Harpers had set it up, printed, bound, and distributed many volumes of it.

—THAT all-accomplished man, Captain Richard Burton—at once traveller, anthropologist, antiquarian, ethnologist—has just brought out a work, *The Book of the Sword*, that combines his vast and varied learning and experience, derived from every country on the globe, with the result of producing one of the most curious and instructive books that has ever appeared.—*The Book Buyer*.

—*The Book Buyer*, a summary of American and foreign literature, is published monthly by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, at the low price of fifty cents per annum. No

one who takes an interest in the affairs of the literary world should be without a copy.

—THE new book recently finished by Mark Twain recounting the extraordinary history *Huckleberry Finn* is a sequel to *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*.

—“MR. JAMES B. CABLE, a brother of the famous novelist Geo. W. Cable, has taken up literature as a profession; just now he is publishing in the Chicago *Current* a series of *Southern Silhouettes*.”

—STOCK has just been taken of the contents of the French Bibliotheque Nationale, or National Library, which claims to be the largest library in Europe; and the number of volumes has been found to reach the large total of 2,500,000. The manuscripts are bound in 92,000 volumes, and the coins and medals number 144,000. The library possesses, in addition, 2,000,000 engravings, filling 500 volumes and 4,000 portfolios. If one or two other European collections approach it in size, none of them rival it in age. The nucleus of the library is said to have been formed so far back as the time of Charlemagne; but its real origin dates from the reign of Charles the Wise, who commissioned Gilles Mallet, his *valet-de-chambre* and an excellent scholar besides, to make the first catalogue in 1367. This list, which embraces only 900 volumes, is preserved in a glass case. There is, unfortunately, no modern catalogue; and the absence of this almost indispensable adjunct to a great library is much felt by students who have extended researches to prosecute.—*Appleton's Literary Bulletin*.

—*Dynamic Sociology as applied to Social Science*, by Lester F. Ward, A. M., shows much original thought, and is full of striking speculation. The *Contemporary Review* says: “Mr. Ward is an independent and fertile thinker, and though few may agree with any of his conclusions, they will be stimulated by the fruitful lights in which many things are placed.”

—THE issue of a series of *Stories by American Authors* was begun in March, by Charles Scribner's Sons. The best American authors are represented, and we doubt not that these books will be much appreciated by readers of fiction. They are to be bound in cloth, contain two hundred pages each, and sold at fifty cents per volume.

—D. APPLETON & Co., New York, have recently published *Anecdotes of the Civil War* by Major-General E. D. Townsend. *The Journal of Commerce* commenting on this book says: “The General bore an important and honorable part in the struggle, and has the rare gift of telling briefly, humorously, and pathetically of what he saw and heard during all the eventful years. His book is a valuable contribution to history, though bearing the unpretentious name of *Anecdotes*.”

—IT is said that a theological work by General Charles Gordon, better known as Chinese Gordon, will soon be published. He gave the complete manuscript to Prebendary Barnes before leaving for his mission in Egypt.

SCIENCE NOTES.

By Alumni Editor.

FORESTRY.—The preservation of the forests of this country from wanton and unnecessary destruction, and the planting of trees, are the main objects of the American Forestry Association. A general meeting will be held in Washington, May 7th. The time and place have been chosen contrary to precedent in order that Congress, then in session, may be impressed with the importance and needs of forestry. Leading topics for discussion have been selected, and suitable persons appointed to prepare papers on them. Among these subjects may be mentioned “Value of American timber lands,” “Best method

of planting trees on unoccupied government lands,” “Influence of forests on climate and health,” “Insects injurious to trees,” “Growing forests from seed by farmers.”

ILLUSIVE MEMORY.—Prof. Henry F. Osborn, of Princeton, is engaged in the investigation of this curious mental experience. It may be described as a more or less distinct sentiment of familiarity which we have on entering on an altogether new experience, giving rise to some such expression as this, “I have seen all this, or heard all this, under exactly these cir-

cumstances, but I cannot imagine when or where." Prof. Osborn invites the correspondence of those who have felt thus, stating that the material so collected and in other ways he will publish in a review article this month.

JOHNS HOPKINS BIOLOGICAL LABORATORY.—An event worthy of special note in these columns was the opening, on the 2nd of January, of the Biological Laboratory at Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore. Such aids to scientific training and investigation are of very recent origin; less than twenty years ago the first building specially designed for physiological work was erected in Germany; the Johns Hopkins is the only one in the United States. The building is eighty-four by fifty-two feet from outside to outside, and is three stories high, besides the basement. It is provided with a specially adapted library, microscopes, and other instruments and appliances. The permanent apparatus, not counting the perishable glass tubing, etc., which must be renewed every year, has already cost more than \$10,000, and about \$1,500 are provided annually for repairing and adding to it. The object of the laboratory "is the training of beginners in biology in the fundamental properties of living matter, and the structural and physiological characteristics of the chief groups of plants and animals; in co-operation with the seaside laboratory of the University, to afford opportunities for advanced study and research in animal morphology and embryology, and ultimately, similar opportunities for advanced students of bot-

any." Dr. H. Newell Martin is director, ably seconded by Dr. W. K. Brooks. Johns Hopkins has already made numerous contributions to the sum of human knowledge, and the original investigations there carried forward are watched with interest by scientific workers the world over. With better facilities, it will do a yet nobler work. Baltimore is our Berlin.

SPIDER LIFTING HEAVY OBJECT.—A correspondent of *Science* gives the following interesting account of an observation: "Last summer, while at Lynchburg, Va., I observed a spider—probably an Epeira—spinning a thread down from the upper section of a large fountain. He was some eight feet from the surface. I watched him descend to the water, where he captured a beetle that had unfortunately fallen into the large basin. The beetle must have been an inch long. Our Epeira made a turn of his line around his captive, and ascended all the way to his nest; immediately descending, he threw another loop around his prey, and again ascended to his nest, continuing the process for full ten minutes. To my surprise, while the spider was at his web, apparently overhauling and tightening the several threads that he had spun to and from the beetle, it left the water, and, evidently by elastic contraction of the threads, ascended full an inch from the surface. The spider spun down another lasso, and threw it around his victim, then retired, and was busy with his lines, when the beetle again moved upwards. These operations were repeated until, at the end of forty-five minutes, he had snugly secured his prey in his nest, at a dis-

tance of at least eight feet from the water, by this curious and interesting method."

THE TIME OF FLOWERS having come, classes in botany are formed and forming. It used to be a common notion that the study of botany was proper for girls only, and in the list of their accomplishments it was about co-ordinate with embroidery and etiquette. Now and then evidence is not wanting that the estimate of this science is still colored by this superannuated idea. Rightly considered, botany is a noble and valuable study. It is one of the two branches of biology, the science of living matter, the other branch being zoology. As living matter is far above dead matter,

so does biology transcend the other physical sciences. The study of plant life—not plant forms merely—is not inferior to the study of animal life so far as concerns either mental training or interest and practical value; for specimens for actual observation are abundant, not unpleasant to handle, and of the greatest variety and beauty, and, besides, all animal life depends either mediately or immediately upon plant life. The fruit of the field makes the face of man to shine, and, walk where he will, the plant world rejoices his heart with green, white, crimson, and gold. And in more senses than one grass blade and pine point toward the sky. A nobler and more beautiful science than botany cannot be named.

IN AND ABOUT THE COLLEGE.

—Marbles and croquet are now the popular games.

—Campus improvements are in progress.

—The Catalogue for 1883-'84 is in preparation.

—Why is the public lecturer so great a stranger to Wake Forest?

—The no-fence law in Wake county enables the Bursar to dispense with the campus gates.

—The regular week of quarterly examinations has passed. The next set will land us at Commencement.

—Rev. R. T. Vann, pastor of the church here, is still the delight of his congregation, and the good fruit of his ministry is apparent. He preached in

a protracted meeting in the Second Baptist church of Raleigh the last week of March and the first of April.

—The present class in physics was required to stand examination on optics with the other branches of the subject. The experiments by Prof. Simmons in electricity were quite successful and interesting. Now for astronomy.

—Next Senior-speaking will occur on the fourth Friday night in April. With the fine spring weather, we trust many roses will bloom out on that occasion.

—Dr. Powers has been teaching a class in medicine during the whole of the present session. His students speak highly of his ability.

—WE are glad to inform our readers that the Richmond band will furnish the music as usual for our next Commencement.

—THE medal contestants in both Literary Societies are working with unusual vigor this session ; and adjournment before 11 o'clock on Friday night is of rare occurrence.

OUR Library has recently received valuable additions to its shelves. Rev. A. D. Cohen and Dr. Whitfield were the donors.

—THE friends of the College will thank Prof. Mills for his valuable papers, concluded in this issue, touching particularly the financial history of the College. It is the first connected statement of the matter, and he has taken on himself great trouble to make it in all respects reliable.

—IN the old days Wake Forest boys went to prayers before sunrise, and some of them recited before prayers. Vergil was doubly enchanting at that fresh, early hour ! Nevertheless, the schedule is different now. We breakfast at seven, attend prayers a quarter before eight, begin recitations at eight, dine at two, and sip our tea at six.

REV. JAMES S. PUREFOY, whose address of the Semi-centennial, Feb. 4th, excited so favorable comment, has been asked by Mr. Woodbury Wheeler, of Washington, to prepare a sketch of Wake Forest College for the forthcoming volume of reminiscences of his father, the historian of North Carolina. Mr. Purefoy will furnish the sketch.

—PROF. WILLOUGHBY READE has sent word that he expects to pay us a

visit in May, and wishes a class in elocution to be formed. About 36 names have been thus far procured. Those who were under Prof. Reade on his former visit remember his teaching with profit.

—UPWARDS of eighty students and citizens went out to Raleigh to hear the famous "Blind Tom." Many returned as much affected by his music as ever a hearer of the renowned Rubenstein had been. Those who had no ear for music remained behind. A passenger-coach was chartered from Capt. Smith at a most liberal rate, costing each individual only 50 cents for the round trip.

—THE musical talent in College this session is doubtless not inferior to that of former years, nor less plentiful. Serenading parties sally out every star-light night ; and frequently return with the tender tokens of appreciation for genius and sentiment—little bouquets.

—ALTHOUGH the weather was very inclement, the last musicale, held at Prof. Royall's, was well attended. The exercises, consisting of a juvenile declamation, of reading, music, vocal and instrumental, were well performed and highly enjoyed. The musicales are growing in favor and add much to the pleasure of the community. The next will be held at the house of Mr. J. M. Brewer, April 10th.

AN interesting elocutionary contest occurred in the College chapel on March 11th, between Messrs. J. E. Collins and W. T. Bryant, of the Phi. and Eu. Societies respectively. It had been discovered that by a strange coincidence these two young gentlemen

had declaimed the same speech in performing their duties in the Societies, viz., "The Charge of the Light Brigade." Several friends of each of the speakers, to vary the monotony of college life, prevailed on them to enter into a public contest, with the same piece, for a prize. On the evening of the above mentioned day a large audience composed of students and citizens was assembled for the occasion. The Eu. speaker made the first charge, which was retaliated with a vim by the Phi. speaker. The delivery on both sides was warm and spirited, and the judges found difficulty in making their decision. Mr. Collins, however, bore off the palm—the round sum of twelve dollars. The audience throughout was appreciative and demonstrative. The admission fee was ten cents.

REV. THOMAS STRADLEY, of Asheville, N. C., Rev. David S. Williams, of Arkadelphia, Ark., and Mr. Geo. W. Thompson, of Wake county, N. C., are the only surviving members of the original Board of Trustees of Wake Forest College. The appointment was made by the Baptist State Convention in session at Dockery's meeting house, Richmond county, Nov. 4, 1833.

ON Sunday evening, the 23rd of March, Rev. D. M. Austin was ordained to the full work of the Gospel ministry. Rev. James S. Purefoy preached the sermon, Rev. J. B. Harrell led the ordaining prayer, Prof. W. B. Royall delivered the charge, and Rev. R. T. Vann spoke the welcome. The exercises were unusually interesting and profitable.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.—But two months and a half will elapse before the annual meeting in June. Shall the general arrangements be the same as last year? If so, considerable expense will be incurred. In the absence of constitutional provision to meet the expenses of the Association, a special canvass of the member was resorted to last year, and the same plan must answer for this. It will be remembered that Prof. W. G. Simmons, Wake Forest, N. C., is the treasurer. He will receive amounts which members may choose to forward.

At the last meeting a committee was appointed to report next June a

constitution and by-laws. It is hoped that members of the Association will think about the matter, and make to the committee any suggestions which they may think proper. Prof. W. L. Poteat is chairman of the committee.

It would seem that the coming meeting ought to be one of exceptional interest, occurring as it will after the securing of the first hundred thousand of endowment and in the semi-centennial year of the College. The programme for Commencement is a fine one, and ought to attract a large number of the Alumni. Dr. Lansing Burrows, of Augusta, Ga., will make the Alumni address, Dr. Jesse B. Thomas,

of Brooklyn, N. Y., will make the Literary address, and Rev. Mr. Stakely of Charleston, S. C., will preach the annual sermon. Begin now, Alumni nobles, to make preparations for your coming, and let us have a grand meeting.

—'74. Dr. T. H. Pritchard, of Wilmington, spent about two weeks last month in Richmond, Va., aiding Dr. Hawthorne in the First Baptist Church in a series of special meetings. He is reported in *The Herald* as having preached with power, and as having captivated the students of Richmond College by an address he made to them.

—'62. Dr. Lansing Burrows, pastor of the Green Street church in Augusta, Ga., and who is to deliver the Alumni address at our next Commencement, was in Norfolk, Va., during the third week in March, preaching for his father. At the meeting of the Southern Baptist Convention two years ago, it was generally agreed he made the most brilliant address. So we are expecting a feast in him next June.

—'74. Last month Rev. A. C. Dixon, of Baltimore, received a call to become pastor of a church in Brooklyn, but he decided to remain with his present charge. A friend in Baltimore, under the date of March 12th, writes:

“Rev. A. C. Dixon was the orator at a great Sunday-school meeting last night, and his address for nearly an hour on the ‘Sunday-school Ideal and its Utility’ was a masterly one, and reflected honor on the preparation given at Wake Forest.”

—'74. Dr. George W. Purefoy, of Chapel Hill, in the early spring spent some weeks of special study in Baltimore, his object being to fit himself more thoroughly for a particular department of his profession.

—'81. Rev. N. R. Pittman is succeeding in his pastorate in Macon City, Mo. He thinks as many as 100 members will be added to the church his first year.

—'82. Rev. O. L. Stringfield, principal of the Wakefield Academy, this county, reports 100 pupils on his roll. He has secured the services of his class-mate, W. J. Ferrell, to drum for students during the summer. Mr. Ferrell will probably be associated with him in the school.

—'83. There are 280 pupils in the New Orleans school, of which Mr. H. B. Folk is principal. His work is growing more interesting to him; but in the midst of it he has found time to prepare an article—“Crescent City Cullings”—for THE STUDENT. It will appear in our next issue.

Medical College of Virginia, RICHMOND.

The FORTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL SESSION will begin on MONDAY,
OCTOBER, 1, 1884.

For Catalogue or further information, address

M. L. JAMES, M. D.,

Dean of the Faculty.

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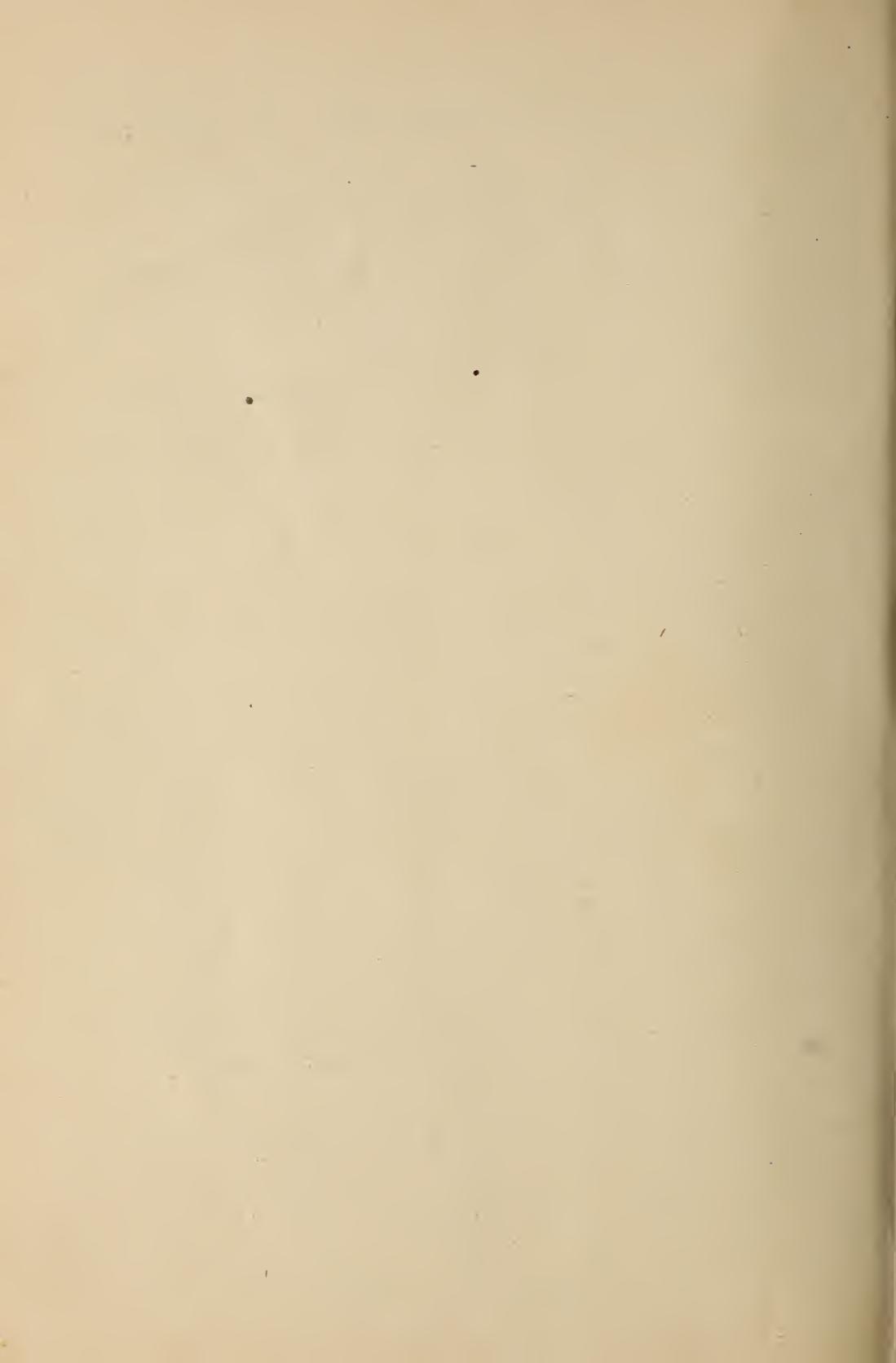
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Contributions must be written on one side of paper, and accompanied by the name of author. Direct all contributions to EDITORS WAKE FOREST STUDENT, Wake Forest, N. C. Matters of business should be addressed Business Managers.

A CONTRAST.

"Though we stand on the shores of the Present,
Our gaze o'er Time's ocean is cast,
For we see in the distant horizon,
The evergreen shores of the Past."

Past and Present—what momentous words! What thoughts they suggest! The Past witnessed the rise and fall of empires, the succession of dynasties, the lives of patriots and traitors, the progress of art, invention, and literature. The full consideration of subjects like these would require volumes. I shall, therefore, confine myself to a contrast between ancient and modern civilizations. I might with propriety give some account of the four great civilizations of the past—the Oriental, the Greek, the Roman, and the Teutonic, showing the influence they exerted upon each other, their different stages of transition and the effects produced, and, finally, their influence in moulding our present civilization; but even this restricted treatment of the subject would be incompatible with the limits of a magazine article, so I shall only con-

trast the civilization of ancient Greece with the present civilization of America.

More than two thousand years ago, a civilization flourished that in the cultivation of art, taste, literature, and law, stands unrivalled in the annals of history. Although the Greeks were favored with a fine appreciation of the beautiful, which an unlimited prosperity allowed them to cultivate to its fullest extent, yet the seeds of corruption were sown, took root, and spread, until the noble incentives that once actuated them were forgotten, and this once proud nation succumbed to the Roman yoke. The question may be asked, whether increased prosperity caused this degeneracy in morals; and if so, whether the present prosperity of our own country is not a just cause for fear. This people were not possessed of a divine revelation as we are. Theirs was a morality of the head, and not of the heart. Their deities were charged with hav-

ing committed heinous crimes. In adversity fear caused obedience and reverence, for they were fearful that the gods were angry. When prosperity beamed forth after adverse clouds, it was evident that the gods were smiling upon them, and they evinced their delight in immoral revellings. We have the divine law of God. So far and no farther can we go. In adversity or prosperity he is the same unchangeable God, and so long as a nation looks to Him its morals will not become corrupted by prosperity, nor will its appetites be degraded by the good things of life.

Let us take a cursory view of Grecian civilization. To lovers of the ideal and beautiful there is a peculiar fascination in this civilization. The Greeks were active and imaginative. They displayed great taste and genius, and idealized into art their appreciation of the beautiful in nature. Their civilization may well be compared to a beautiful garden in which the choicest flowers are cultivated with great care, but the most wholesome vegetables are rooted out as noxious weeds. In this garden of the past grew the sweetest flower of all, poetry, from whose essence the poets of all ages have drawn their inspiration. What a delightful legacy the past bequeathed us in this one gift! for, as has been beautifully said by a celebrated French author, "Human language, idealized by poetry, has the depth and brilliance of the musical note; but it is as luminous as pathetic; it speaks to the mind as much as to the heart; it is in this inimitable and unapproachable, that in itself it unites all extremes and all contraries into a harmony which

doubles their mutual effect, and in turn there appear and are developed all the images, all the sentiments, all the ideas, all the human faculties, all the recesses of the soul, all the phases of things, all the worlds, real and conceivable." Who, after reading the immortal epics of Homer, and the lyrics of the "violet-crowned, pure, sweetly smiling Sappho," can deny the truth of this beautiful definition? That flower of the gods, sculpture, which was so highly developed at this time, still draws to its shrine admiring worshippers from every clime. Wherever genius is appreciated, and the arts are cultivated, sculptors will esteem the works of the illustrious Phidias the most perfect of models. Here architecture attained its greatest perfection, and has been the model for all succeeding ages. It was in this garden of the ideal that the art of eloquence reached the height of its glory, and its cadences ringing through the ages are still sounding in our ears. On the scroll of fame, shining with a lustre undimmed by time, we read the names of Pericles and Demosthenes; and as long as time shall last, their wonderful oratory will be admired and eulogized.

The brilliancy of the age of Pericles still dazzles, although twenty-three eventful centuries have since winged their flight, sometimes casting almost impenetrable shadows over civilization, and at other times unveiling a light that cast a radiance over the clouds of superstition and ignorance. Then wisdom lingered in academic shades, and her devotees drank at empyrean springs until they became intoxicated with the ardent draughts.

Then the Greek drama arose. Nearly every citizen was competent to hold office. The people were free, and patriotism was revered. But alas! bribery and corruption came, envious factions struggled for the mastery, morals were degraded, love for country was forgotten, and this grand civilization was enveloped in almost sepulchral darkness. A brighter day has now dawned upon Greece, and let us hope that her future history will be more glorious than her past has been.

The Greeks were formidable in the military art. Emergencies make men, war develops talent, and even the bloody conquests of Alexander were beneficial, for by them the language and culture of Greece were disseminated throughout the Oriental nations. Then Grecian intellect and genius controlled the world. But with whatever pleasure and admiration we may consider the civilization of those old philosophic dreamers, it is very evident that it was in the cultivation of the beautiful that they excelled; they neglected those material interests which would have ameliorated the condition of the masses. Theirs was a one-sided philosophy,—flowers there were in profusion, but, strange to say, they never developed into fruit. Their theories were plausible and delighted the imagination, but that was the extent of their philosophy. Utility was beneath the dignity of the sage. To their ethereal minds the lightning suggested no idea of communication by means of electricity, but to them the thunder was the sound of the wheels of Jupiter's chariot rattling over heaven's jewelled pavements. Steam

did not suggest an engine in which it might be utilized as a motive power. The women might have stitched forever "with fingers weary and worn," and neither philanthropist nor philosopher would have thought of inventing the sewing machine. Then theories made men illustrious, now discoveries and inventions make them immortal.

Aristotle may be regarded as the type of the ancient civilization; Bacon, of the modern. Bacon introduced this practical age with a philosophy which demanded fruit, not flowers. Age inspires regard, and twenty centuries gave strength to the Aristotelian philosophy; so we can imagine the difficulties which Bacon had to combat in establishing his method of investigation. Shaw tells us that, while twenty centuries of Aristotle's theory produced no visible result, yet the two and a half centuries that have elapsed since the Baconian philosophy was promulgated have been sufficient to revolutionize the arts and industries of the entire civilized world. Unlike Aristotle, Bacon not only sought to make thought active, but his great object was to make it useful. Nothing was so minute as to escape his notice, or of such magnitude as to dampen his ardor. In his *Novum Organum* "he suggests methods for searching out the truth, points out the errors of former times, and tells us how to avoid them in the future." In all his researches he sought to find out those things which would ameliorate human life, and better prepare for contending with its realities. This philosophy has been one of the most powerful agents in promoting and estab-

lishing the present civilization. It does not allure with a false light. It commences at the base of the hill of science and bids us follow as it leads toward the summit. Every upward step aids in expanding and strengthening our moral and intellectual natures.

This a practical age. Inventions that lessen labor and aid in developing industries are of paramount importance, while metaphysical contentions are unnoticed by the masses. Man has been invested with almost omnipotent power, until he is able to have his thoughts echoed across continents and oceans. Science is usurping the place once occupied by poetry. This is demonstrated by the fact that there is a demand for scientific literature, while the works of the poets are more or less neglected. Is it necessary to ask if this transition from the beautiful to the useful has been beneficial? Look into the homes of our land with their comforts and conveniences, then think of the barren homes of the Greeks, and the question is answered. Not only is this a practical age, but it is also a progressive age. Thought has been revolutionized, and instead of giving to the world Pindars and Anacreons, our civilization tends to produce Morses, Danas, and Edisons. In the sciences this has been an age of wonderful progress. Astronomy is better taught and more thoroughly understood; the discoveries in chemistry have been marked; important facts in geology have been unearthed; more attention is given to mineralogy, and more important zoological discoveries have been made in this century than ever before. Not

only have there been a greater number of inventions and discoveries made during this century than in any one century preceding, but they are also more beneficial to mankind. Probably the most interesting of all inventions is the phonograph. The intonations of the human voice preserved for ages! The wildest visionist of the past did not dream of anything so wonderful. To the man of business the most useful invention of our day is the telephone. The most extraordinary invention of the age is the electroscope. What would have been the consternation of one who lived in the fifth century B. C., had he been allowed to behold its wonderful power! In our civilization it looks as if electricity will revolutionize the means of conveying thought, the mode of travel, and the manner of producing light. Telegraph wires span our land, electric locomotives are coming rapidly into use, and the brilliancy of the electric light, as utilized in our large cities, rivals that of nature's brightest luminary. Before many years shall have elapsed, it is very probable that electricity will be utilized for more purposes than steam is now, and not only that, but it is claimed by some that it will take the place of steam.

What must be our admiration for the geniuses of our civilization when we survey the stupendous monuments of their greatness! Think for a moment of that world-renowned monument of man's energy—the Suez Canal. It opens a route several thousand miles shorter between Europe and Asia, placing the wealth of the Indies at the feet of Europe's merchants; and opens the doors of European civilization to

the East, bringing into the most intimate relations the old and new civilizations. Ferdinand de Lesseps is worthy of all the praise which has been accorded him; for this indefatigable engineer, not content with giving to the world this fruit of his genius, is now digging a canal across Central America.

While the examples just cited are not evidences of American progress, yet they serve to show the progressive tendencies of the age. It is with pride we view that achievement of man's skill, the great Brooklyn Bridge, and think that it will prove to succeeding generations the magnificence of our times. The tunnels that now pierce so many mountains are the most enduring monuments of our civilization, for in their construction it was not only necessary that great engineering skill should be used, but much ingenuity was required to convey fresh air to the laborers. The completion of the Northern Pacific Railroad deserves especial recognition as an evidence of our progress, for it is the tie which binds the extremes of our country, stretching as it does from ocean to ocean. Railways, steamships, telegraph lines, and mail facilities are all distinctive features of modern civilization.

This is pre-eminently an age of reading. There are more than twelve thousand periodicals published in the United States. It has been demonstrated that a free, Christian press is

the greatest of all civilizing agencies. A work of merit is hardly dry from the English press before it reaches America, and *vice versa*. The cheapness and abundance of all classes of literature now, forms a striking contrast with ancient times when only the favored few could boast the privilege of a library. The interest manifested by all classes in the cause of education, the courses of study pursued in our schools and colleges, the incentives offered to the educated to dedicate their lives to science, and the struggle after wealth, tend to show the difference between the Past and Present. Our civilization has attained unto wonderful proportions, the future is bright, and in addition to its distinctive features, it bids fair to rival the peculiar excellencies of Greece in her palmiest days. We should, however, profit by the sad experience of that country, and in the sunshine of prosperity look to an all-wise Providence for guidance.

The great objection to the present age, if it can be called an objection, is that its tendencies are too practical; we are sacrificing and dwarfing our taste for the beautiful in our struggle for the useful.

What a happy combination it would be, if the leading features of the ancient and the modern civilization could be united. Happy that age and that people which shall consummate this union.

C. L. S.

"STARS AND STRIPES."

When in 1620, amid a storm of snow and sleet, the Mayflower, with her one hundred and one Puritans, cast anchor at Plymouth Rock, the silver lining of the cloud which hung like a pall over their buoyant spirits was seen but dimly by them. Their surroundings were distressing; but with stout hearts and strong faith in God, they spent no time in idleness. In the midst of wild beasts and savages they planted the New England colonies, little thinking that that tender plant was to become the hope of the world. Indeed, such a thought would have been the boldest presumption.

But if we go back and see them as with uncovered heads they reverently bowed on the bleak New England coast and offered up the sacrifices of grateful hearts to Him who had led them where they could worship as their consciences directed, we shall not wonder that the clouds have passed away, and that the orb of day has dashed a flood of laughing sunshine upon their "sombre-hued" pathway.

When they had increased to about one million—less than one-fiftieth of the present population—they disclaimed any allegiance to the British crown, struck down the English flag which had hitherto waved over them in despotic triumph, unfurled the stars and stripes, and prayed the proud bird of the sky to hover about them. Was it not an insult to ask him who had won imperishable renown for the Caesars to shield the banner of the thirteen colonies, then so contemptible

in the eyes of all the world—"too feeble to tempt either the robber or tax-collector"?

He did not view it so. But at the first blush of the morning, flinging himself from the loftiest mountain's peak, he soared to an eminence from which he could view the condition of the country over which he was asked to watch.

Swift messenger from the clouds, tell us what you see.

"I see," said he, "a vast wilderness dismal and almost impenetrable, but whose surface is diversified by rolling hills, valleys, lakes, rivers, and mountains, which rival in beauty and grandeur any ever celebrated by historian or poet. Never did a Caesar or Hannibal cross such rivers and mountains as lie beneath my throne. From beneath the primeval forest, through which runs the cheerful streamlet, I see the curling smoke as it rises in spiral columns from a few log huts and settles in thin clouds on the mountain's side. In those huts, covered with straw, live men who with poor tools are trying to cultivate the soil. Men and women alike are clad in the commonest home-spun linsey-woolsey. I look across the waters and see an arrogant people revelling in luxury, and hear their derisive ha! ha! as they contrast their life of ease and comfort with the hardships and sufferings of the poor Pilgrims who wield their common tools with increasing skill as the stars and stripes float above them; and their jubilant voices

vie with the mocking-bird as he trills his warbling notes the day through. And though they live in rude huts and receive their coarse food from a common pewter dish, they enjoy it with the sunshine of liberty more than they did England's beds of down and delicious puddings.

For boys, I see three small colleges, scarcely equal to the common village school; but, alas! for the poor neglected girl, I see no place where she can receive the advantages of a good English education. There is scarcely a readable newspaper; no market; no sign of manufactories; no steamers trouble the sleeping waters; nor is there a machine factory superior to the country blacksmith's shop. Just across yonder stream in the grove is a little church to which journey the weary Pilgrims. The ponderous wheels of their vehicles, sawn from the end of logs, creak more and more harshly for want of the grease which they have not for their own food."

It is sufficient to say that the earnestness with which they listened and sung and prayed, and the fervor with which the humble minister preached, convinced the mountain bird that theirs was no mean future. Having seen this much he shot like a meteor from the clouds, and perched upon the banner, swearing by all that was "high and holy" that the stars and stripes should never trail in the dust, but that they should "forever float" with increasing lustre until they put to shame the proudest nations of earth. And now, after a triumphant reign of more than a hundred years, as this kingly bird is pluming himself for a second flight, we invite you, dear reader, to be

seated in his aerial train, and suffer yourself to be borne to his throne in the clouds, that you may bear testimony to his report.

Tell us, thou king of birds, what thou now seest?

"I see, instead of a vast wilderness—dismal and impenetrable,—an expansive park which reflects the beauties of Eden. Under the steady blows of the woodman's axe the gloomy forest has disappeared as if by magic, and the mountains, proud and watchful, lift their towering forms around the valleys, through which flow crystal streams and from which rise 'soft and delicate breezes perfumed by the breath of ten thousand wild flowers.' In this park grows everything useful and ornamental. The 'thorn' and 'brier' have given place to the 'fir' and 'myrtle.' Hark! how the birch, the beech, and the lofty pines with their clear voices split the air, while the Lebanon of gigantic cedars resounds the deep-toned bass, and the virescent shrubbery joins in with the chorus, ravishing the ear of nature with their sweet music. From the dark shadows of the mountain wood rush 'eddying currents lightly whirling around the mossy rocks in countless pearls,' and their united waters, turbulently rushing over the cataract into the yawning abyss, resound like the mutterings of distant thunder. Then they form a large lake, from which the vermillion sun sinking behind the western hills throws a broad 'sheet of splendor' against the opposite mountain, where the habitations seem as happy as if the sunshine of the day were met there.

Now everything is hushed. All

nature seems to be napping, except in yonder enclosure, whose lawns are carpeted in green with an occasional tint of red, white, or yellow, the stalwart trees seem to keep vigil over the little cottage in whose walls repose a number of nymph-like forms, whose roseate cheeks glow with enchanting beauty as the moonbeams stealing through their latticed windows gently fall upon their pillows. Just before the building stands a little fount, which, never sleeping, spirts into the air a thousand tiny streams, which by the breezes are fanned into countless pearls reflecting the varied tints of the rainbow.

Again, in the house across the way I see through the dim lamp-light a woman robed in black. What dire calamity has befallen the home once so happy, but now so dreary? Go to the cemetery, and under the weeping-willow you will see the slab which marks the resting place of father, husband, and son, who, when their country was convulsed in the throes of revolution, fell under the stars and stripes.

I see also the form of a man moving from place to place. Now he's by the brook where the silver streamlets meet, now he roams through the meadow. He climbs the rugged hill, and now he creeps into the cemetery, and stands at the base of the tallest monument which casts its long shadow across the slope into the valley, beyond which gleams the dazzling city, and as the voice of the whippoor-will breaks the stillness of the night, the inspired poet exclaims:

'Oh, my native land !
How shouldst thou prove aught else but dear and
holy to me, who from thy lakes, and moun-
tain hills,
Thy clouds, thy quiet dales, thy rocks and seas
Have drunk in all my intellectual life !'

The night has passed, and the morning's sun blazing through the sky without a cloud to obscure his face, has gathered up the dewy pearls.

It is Thanksgiving day. The city clock strikes eleven. The places of business are closed. The city, whose great heart just throbbed so vigorously, now lies in grave-like silence, only as it quivers under the steady tread of the innumerable throng which marches towards the house of God like a mighty army advancing against the foe. The minister stands before an immense audience, and reads. Then under the touch of delicate fingers the large pipe-organ thrills all hearts as the choir of jubilant voices chant :

'Swell the anthem, raise the song ;
Praises to our God belong.'

Then the minister from the subject,

AMERICA—THE BEST PLACE IN THE WORLD,

with all the skill of an artist delineates in unmistakable colors the thirteen colonies in all their gloom on the one hand, and the United States in all their splendor on the other. He says that our Republic is especially noted for the vast extent of its territory and its rapid advancement in all the elements of national prosperity; that its area presents nearly every variety of surface, soil, and climate, where the rank corn resembles dark and angry clouds boiling up from the west, where orange groves and vineyards flourish, where the wheat and rice wave in the wind, where great cotton fields resemble snow-sprinkled mountains. From the mountain the miner hauls out coal, iron, lead, and copper by the ton, silver and gold by the thousand. There are numerous machine shops into

whose furnaces is cast the ore fresh from the mine, and soon there comes rushing out steam engines puffing and bellowing like ten thousand elephantine tauri, and steam shovels which plough their way through mountains with as apparent ease as the mole ploughs its way through a sand bank.

Our means of intercommunication, the innumerable printing presses, the network of railroads and telegraphs, and the elegance of our palatial steam-boats, together with a multitude of other forms of prosperity, are among the wonders of the age.

He says that since the union of the original thirteen States there has been a steady increase of territory till now the United States cover an area nearly five times as large as it was at first; that the cry has been onward, and the movement westward, leaping the widest streams and scaling the highest mountains; that the Mississippi River—the Rocky Mountains, were not able to keep us back. We have reached the Pacific, the Mexican Gulf, and are now ready to leap the St. Lawrence, and take in Canada on the north, and then we shall cross the Rio Grande, and take in Mexico on the south. Central America and Cuba were also intended by nature to be ours. The stars in our banner have already increased to thirty-nine, but when these are annexed there will be a constellation of three times thirty-nine, as there is now a constellation of three times thirteen.

From the very nature of things it is impossible not to become rich. Wealth has already flooded the public coffers, and our statesmen confess that they are unable to check the

flow of money into the vaults of the treasury. To avoid its being surcharged, they must spend it freely for every good purpose. From a mere shadow of a government we have become a mighty REPUBLIC, the largest, wealthiest, and most powerful in the world—the friend of the poor, the asylum of the oppressed, the best place in the world."

Then the minister read the hymn,

" My country ! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing ;
Land where my fathers died !
Land of the Pilgrims' pride !
From every mountain side,
Let freedom ring !

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love ;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills ;
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song ;
Let mortal tongues awake ;
Let all that breathes partake ;
Let rocks their silence break,—
The sound prolong."

And as the choir and organ "let their music swell the breeze with freedom's song," the whole audience joined in with a *hallelujah! Amen!* at the close, and were dismissed, as all audiences are on Thanksgiving day, without a word of warning against the evils that are gnawing at the very vitals of our Republic, and which, vampire-like, must, unless checked, ere long suck all its life-blood.

The eagle again perched upon the banner, and the people went home, rejoicing that they lived under the benign influence of the stars and stripes.

W. B. M.

SHADES OF DARKNESS.

There is something in the appearance and in the bare solitude of a quaint old building, with a queer history connected with it, that excites a feeling of mingled romance and fear. The spectres of darkness are supposed to inhabit buildings of ancient style, with dark and unfrequented passages and secret doors opening into hideous vaults, the true purposes of which having never been fully ascertained. How great this dread will be, of course depends upon the vividness of the imagination. Some have the peculiar power of constructing a first-class ghost from the harmless visage of a portrait; others hear the whispers of spirits in the evening breezes; while others still would require a light of exceeding brilliancy to see the largest ghost on record.

A person is frightened not by what he knows to be true, but by what he imagines. There is danger in the railway train as it thunders along the unseen track at night, rushing, it may be, into a whirlpool of destruction at the bottom of some river; but it does not trouble a man sitting lazily in a car of the swiftly moving train. But take the same individual to some dreary place near an old dilapidated village and point him to an isolated cottage in a far away field. Tell him in half solemn manner that no human being has lived there since its owner was found dead—frightfully mangled—in the doorway ten years before; that his wife mysteriously disappeared at the same time, and there are strange

noises heard at frequent intervals—ugly spots on the floor—moss and leaves cover the doorway, and its hinges grate with a dreadful squeak. Invite him to spend the night there alone, and he will plead a previous engagement. Somehow, a sickening dread steals over him; not that he believes in ghosts,—he doesn't believe a word of it,—but he knows that his vivid imagination, especially under such circumstances, would people the empty chambers with ghostly images, and whether awake or asleep he would constantly see strange forms hovering near.

It is nothing peculiar to become painfully nervous lying awake at midnight listening to the horrid sounds which seem to delight in tormenting one with strange doubts and fears. If you want to be thoroughly frightened without being in absolute danger, just awake at the hour succeeding midnight, and listen. The wind sighs mournfully among the branches of the trees, and as it skips around the corners of the house sings a plaintive song; the shutters rattle like teeth which chatter with fear; a solitary mouse crawls from his hiding place with the noise of a locomotive going at full speed; the floor cracks as it never does in the daytime, and you even breathe louder than ever before. Listen to unaccountable noises which are never heard at any other time except at night! You hear bugs crawling upon the wall directly overhead, and their legs scratch like a saw devouring

lumber; you are enchanted by the howl of a neighbor's hound, a step upon the porch, a rattle at the door knob, something falls from the house-top, and the whole air seems alive with objects of terror. The notion about "the still hour of midnight" is a notorious error. The imagination works like a charm, and the animals of the crawling kingdom delight in such stillness. The cheery smile of the day-god, as he peeps with golden tints above the tree-tops introducing the rosy-fingered morning, drives away these fears; but when he sends us at night-fall to some lonely attic for repose, every creak of a window and every whisper of the dying breeze is full of mystery and horror.

Night is a time for the transaction of many strange and wonderful things. No one ever dreamed of that mysterious gathering of preying animals until some wakeful old dame told the story, how birds and beasts of prey, foxes and dogs, crows and eagles in vast numbers and with shrill cries, on moonshiny nights come from all the country round, to devour the flesh and pick out the eye-balls of dead fishes on the beach, and then hold a consultation as to further objects of plunder. We thought that birds would not dare be out at night and in such company, too. And on dark nights a strange concert of fairies and witches dance round a camp-fire exulting, grimacing and throwing themselves into all kinds of shapes and contortions, and then vanish like mist at the approach of day.

Washington Irving tells many mysterious stories of the olden time. Once, in colonial time, a Dutch vessel

sailing from the Father-land to the new world was overtaken by a storm which raged with increasing fury. The boatswain died during the storm and in the hurry-skurry of the moment the crew wrapped him in a sheet, put him in his own sea-chest, and tossed him overboard. Instantly the fierceness of the storm was redoubled, and through the darkness as it was split by vivid flashes of lightning they saw the dead boatswain seated in his sea-chest, with his shroud for a sail, pulling hard after the ship! For three days they struggled on in the tempest expecting every moment to go to wreck, and every night the dead boatswain was seen directly behind scudding through the waves and throwing the spray mountain high. And his whistle could be heard above the uproar of the wind and thunder! They lost sight of him among the fogs of New Foundland, and it is supposed that he steered for Dead Man's Island. So much for burying a man during a storm and without observing the proper ceremonies.

Days of witchery and necromancy are deemed things of the past, but certain it is that a great many wonderful and unfathomed mysteries still exist which have baffled the investigations of the foremost exterminators of the false theory. In Burmah spirits walk in peerless freedom. The inhabitants of that country really utilize the services of a respectable ghost. It is a common belief that the spirits of dead persons hover about the places which they last saw while living. Thus a complete guard is obtained for the protection of a place by killing or even burying alive a man on the spot

which his spirit is desired to protect. The ghost of the dead man acts as a trusty sentinel, and drives off all hostile intruders. If he was a man of note and of superior powers of mind and body while living, the spirits of inferior beings fear him, and he stands as a bulwark between his protege and the hostile princes of darkness. This makes it eminently desirable to obtain the ghost of a prominent man. Of course the personage dislikes very much to be thus converted unwillingly into a spectre, to protect, it may be, even his enemy, and a man has very often to administer to his personal comfort by so transforming his wife or a near relative. Sometimes in this way one man may have a whole host of spectres securely guarding a place he esteems of great value. It is the greatest disgrace for a soldier to be so unfortunate as to have his head cut off in battle. His spirit is thus maimed and will be obliged to exist throughout eternity without that sign of dignity, a head. And when he descends into the world of darkness his appearance there without a cranium suggests to the managers in charge that he must have been a bad man in the world of light, and he is at once given the position of a revenue officer. If he proves diligent and loyal to the authorities that be, he is soon promoted to the position of chief policeman.

The ghost seer of the present day finds no ear which responds favorably to his story. All reports of spiritual visitations are considered by the incredulous as frail attempts to deceive, as excited fancies of the heated imagination, or as interesting stories related

solely for the pleasure and enjoyment which they certainly give. In the eyes of most people, no one but the eccentric and the wild visionary can enjoy a peep into the unknown, or relate the marvellous mysteries of a graveyard. No one but a dreamer can delight in being chased by a spectre horseman flying through the air, and witness the disappearance of the shade in a clap of thunder. He who laughs at the tales of spectres dim is secure from fear while snugly cuddling in a chamber that is ruddy and glowing with the light and gladsomeness of the wood fire crackling on the hearthstone, and where no phantom would dare show his pale and woe-be-gone countenance. But when he goes out in the darkness and passes places where spirits are said to roam, involuntarily his feet will move with a firmer and faster tread, and, unless pride come to the rescue, spirits real or imaginary will chase him at flying speed from the scene of alarm. How fantastical the blossoming dogwood bush looms up directly in his path of retreat!—How hideous the pale new moon shines with slanting rays against the scarred bark of a giant tree!—What echoing footsteps he can distinguish clattering in the dim distance!—How his blood freezes in his veins as he hears the tree-tops, sighing overhead, bending before the breath of a storm!—How he starts at the sound of his own foot striking an unfriendly root lying in his pathway, and expects every moment to see a giant goblin leap from his place at the head of the rushing wind, and cut off his hope of escape!—and how he strains nerve and muscle to outstrip the uncouth

figure that he believes to be directly after him!

But dogwood bushes and lightning-scarred trees are not ghosts. Nor will the thrilling whistle of the wind, singing a dismal ditty in the blank midnight, pass for a genuine phantasma. And even many who have "with their

own eyes" seen ghostly shapes, have had the misfortune to find later their marvellous stories marred, and the spectres turn into human flesh and blood, or into blank counterfeits. Then where do ghosts live? They dwell in darkness.

W. C. A.

A MAY-DAY.

" Now the bright morning-star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the East, and leads with
her

The flowery May, who, from her green lap,
throws

The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.
Hail! bounteous May, that dost inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire;
Woods and groves are of thy dressing;
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long."

It was a real May morning. The sky was blue, serene, immaculate; the breezes came gently and fresh as the dew which sparkled with myriads of delicate, rainbow-tinted gems, as the golden sunlight fell upon grass and shrub; the mocking-bird's warbling charmed the ear with a sweetness unequalled save by the soothing music heard at the midnight hour when the soul is alive only to the beauty of sweet sounds.

A celebration and picnic had been announced for May-day at the high school of Mrs. McL., which was taught at romantic, semi-historic, semi-traditional, Mineral Spring. Great preparations had been made, a large crowd was expected, and a most joyous time anticipated by all. The distance to this place was about fifteen miles from

our home; so we had to bestir ourselves very early to reach it in time for the celebration. Just as "rosy-fingered morn" began to paint with brilliant colors the eastern heavens, our party, consisting of four ladies and four gentlemen, in a large wagon (this is the way picnic parties prefer to travel), left the little town of C. for the celebration. Soon the air along the highway was filled with the merry clatter of beautiful, fairy-like girls and light-hearted boys. The two large dark bay horses sped along the road, which was too level and smooth to cause a jolt, at the rate of six miles per hour. Now we passed by large fields over which waved the beautiful wheat just shooting forth its sheafy heads; now a cotton field so large as to seem one vast sea of unbroken verdure met our view; here on our right is an immense pond, covered as with a mantle of perfumed, spotless whiteness. It is covered with water-lilies. "Oh, what beautiful flowers! Did you ever see so many?" exclaimed a fair girl of fifteen summers. "Isn't it a lovely sight?" queried another. "Do get us some of them," begged a third, who up to this time had been rather

quiet, but had held spell-bound the youth whom she familiarly called Charlie. He with another of the four boys was out of the wagon in a second and, in less time than it takes to tell it, they were in a boat and rowing rapidly toward the most beautiful of the flowers. Ten minutes sufficed to get as many as they desired, and they joyously ploughed the water with their little boat toward the dam, where the rest of the party waited while they were gone. All were delighted with the lilies, which, to my eye, are among the loveliest of flowers. There is no place where they grow so luxuriantly as in the great black ponds of our southern land. I have stood on the shore of an extensive pond and beheld, as if enchanted, flower after flower rise from its watery couch, to greet the morning sunshine as it streamed over the hill-tops. At night these lilies fold in their flowers, and the pond which an hour before was arrayed in a garment of spotless white, is now dark and devoid of interest; but just as soon as the morning light begins to creep over hill and dale, they respond, with the most sensitive touch, to the light, and again unveil their beauteous colors, which they refuse to expose, as if too precious, during the darkness, when there is no eye to enjoy.

While various comments were made upon these exquisite flowers, our team trotted on; the sun slowly marched up the heavens and threw his rays ever warmer upon the earth. The air was filled with the hum of bees, that flitted here and there and everywhere in search of the flowers' treasure. The song of the laborer was heard on every

hand; the rosy-cheeked girl and the bright-faced boy were tripping their way to school, forgetful of May-day; but they did not attend the high school of Mrs. McL.

After a jolly ride of three hours, we approach our destination. We overtake many teams bearing joyous crowds to the celebration. We have been travelling southeast all the morning, but now we turn toward the northeast, at the nucleus of what is destined to be a beautiful town, if not a city. It is already christened with the historic name "Blenheim," and is unique in now having the suburbs of a town without a town. In the prettiest part of the "suburbs" the academy is situated. "Look! yonder it is now!" exclaimed one of the ladies. "Where?" ejaculated another. "Yonder! See what crowds of people! I fear there'll be some trouble about dinner to-day," observed one of the boys. "You must have left home without breakfast, didn't you, Frank? or you would not be thinking of dinner this soon," asked a blue-eyed maiden, who had completely captured his heart. "Oh! see the thronging crowds of girls and boys, young ladies and gentlemen, old ladies and men! and all looking so happy!" said a sweet little brunette. Our wagon stopped under a wide-spreading elm, which furnished a convenient and pleasant rendezvous for our party.

As it is yet early, we must visit some places of special interest—and there are many of them here. We are somewhat strangers and shall all remain together for awhile, at least till the celebration takes place. We stroll slowly toward the academy building, which is situated on the brow of a

steep hill overlooking a dense, murky swamp, which makes a sweeping curve just here, thus rendering the hill semi-peninsular. The building is rather an odd-looking one, being wider than long, about 62 by 58 feet, two storied, built of logs, but subsequently plastered and weatherboarded, giving it the appearance of a huge framed house. Broad passages run through it from opposite sides, crossing in the centre; while porticoes extend in the front and rear the whole length of the building. The roof is quite flat and gives the house an unsightly appearance. On one end of it and on the chimneys at that end the ivy clings lovingly.

Just to the left of the building was a most beautiful flower-garden, filled with choicest flowers of every description, all arranged in squares, hexagons, triangles, and various other figures, traversed by numerous walks, while here and there a trellis-work, covered with climbing vines, added new beauty to the whole. Near the other end of the building was a large grape arbor, beneath which were many rustic seats intended for the girls only, but often enjoyed by the boys too, when they could "steal a march" on the teacher and find themselves by the side of some fair damsel. While the thick, leafy vines protected the truant couples against the burning rays of the noonday sun, a widely-spreading brier rose clambered quite over the side of the arbor nearest the house and thus shielded them from the view of the usually watchful teacher. On the slope of the hill just below the arbor we found an antique ice-house, once quite a valuable one, but now the

home of snakes, toads, and lizards. In front of the building and near either end stood a number of large magnolia trees, whose huge flowers, exquisite in odor, are so much prized by persons in higher latitudes, but here little thought of, because they are so abundant. These trees partially overshadowed many delicate flowers, which graced the front yard, laid off in a semi-circle. From the gate at the public road to the front flower-garden, was a partially shaded walk, while two circular walks extended on the right and left, each fringed on either side with hedges of beautifully trimmed evergreens, and shaded by gracefully spreading elms and oaks. Within the ellipse, for such was really the figure formed by these walks, were numerous other trees, some evergreen, others deciduous, but all now clothed in their richest robe of verdure.

Doubtless you will say, "What a strange academy building, and what peculiar surroundings!" Well, it was really a dwelling house; but it was so large that it came to be employed for school purposes also. In ante-bellum days it was the residence of one of South Carolina's statesmen, General McQ., who was for several years a member of Congress. He spent large sums in beautifying this place, by nature made unique. It was long a resort for fashionable pleasure-seekers, who always enjoyed the unstinted hospitality of this excellent gentleman. The quaint old building and beautiful ornamentations tell of a greatness now forever passed away. But the very grotesqueness of the building and the lovely surroundings lend to the spot an indescribable charm.

But we must visit the mineral spring, which is nearly two hundred yards from the academy. A cool walk leads from the foot of the hill at the road to the spring, which bubbles up pure and limpid in the midst of a dense murky swamp! It is situated in the centre of a little mound, which slopes off gently on every side. Recently a large octagonal covering has been given it, placed so that the spring occupies one little corner, while around are seats for the accommodation of picnic parties, pleasure-seekers, and others. The spacious floored enclosure affords ample room for the lovers of the dance.

The water of this spring is so clear that a glass filled with it appears quite empty. It is very light, and contains valuable medicinal properties, which have for a long time been recognized by those living in the vicinity. The water gushes forth in a bold stream at the rate of 120 gallons per hour. On one side of the spring the larger trees have been cut away, thus letting in the breezes and the cheerful sunshine to the swampy scene; but on every side except this one, there are dense swamps, mud, tangled reeds and ferns, where it is rare not to find the hideous copper snake. But in contrast with all this, the little birds make vocal the thickly twining trees above, while near by in the numerous streams of this creek play various fishes. In its situation and surroundings the spring is certainly unique, and may well be styled romantic.

The bit of traditional history relating to it is not devoid of interest. I will give it, without vouching for its entire truthfulness. During the Rev-

olutionary War, perhaps in 1781, but certainly after the seat of war was shifted to the South, this spring was discovered by a Tory, who was trying to escape capture by a band of Whigs. He was hard pressed and fled into this swamp for security. While hurrying on he fell or, rather, mired in this bog whence arise the sparkling waters of the spring. Observing that the water was quite cold, he, even in his great haste, tarried long enough to mark the place, tradition says, "by setting up a rail in it"! but it has long been an interesting question to inquiring minds, "How came that rail so handy on that occasion?"

This spring is a favorite resort for persons for many miles around. Here happy lovers repair, to breathe to each other the "inexpressible" feelings of burdened hearts. As the evening draws on and the shadows lengthen till all is enshrouded in a mantle of shade, a peculiar, lulling stillness creeps over the place; and when the moon peeps over the tree-tops, she lends to the spot a weird charm, that baffles description. No wonder it has witnessed so many *loving* scenes, heard so many betrothals, and beheld so many maiden cheeks painted with blushes at the earnest tale of love.

But we must return to the academy. There was an immense crowd of people gathered in that elliptical yard. In one corner there had been erected a beautiful booth, or bush-arbor, around which all the interest seemed to centre. Seats had been arranged for the ladies. The booth was under a thick willow oak, which made the place look cool and inviting. The school girls had made many wreaths

of evergreens and twined them in graceful festoons upon the booth, and bedecked it with flowers. Under this a throne had been improvised, and arrayed in all the beauty of a fairy palace. Over the palace floated a southern Democratic flag of gorgeous colors, on one side of which could be seen, in large letters, "Wade Hampton," and on the other "*In hoc signo vinces.*" Everything was complete for the coronation of the May-Queen. The conception was that of a sylvan scene, where the queen is found and crowned by a band of hunters who accidentally wander upon her domains. There she comes now! attended by her maids. "Isn't she a lovely creature? How fairy-like she and her maids look!" exclaim many voices. They proceed to the arbor, and the "Queen o' May," Miss _____, the prettiest girl in school, is helped into the "royal chair" by her attendants. Here come all the scholars singing merrily—

"Come, come, come!
O'er the hills, free from care,
In my home true pleasure share;
Blossoms sweet, flowers most rare—
Come where flowers are found."

They march around the flag and palace till this song is finished, when they disappear as suddenly as they came. All the while the Queen and her attendants peep through their leafy bower at the gay party without who seem all-unconscious of the nearness to the "Queen o' May." "But, listen! whence comes that music?" whisper a number of voices. Look yonder ascending the hill on our right! It is a party of hunters, joyous and

sportful, singing lustily though not very melodiously:

" Away with melancholy,
Nor doleful changes bringing
Of life and human folly;
But merrily, merrily, sing fa, la!" etc.

They strolled carelessly on across the imaginary forest till, all on a sudden, they espied the arbor, the decorations, the throne, the Queen, and halted and became as quiet as if enchanted. Like gallant knights, as they were, one after another stepped forward and with becoming obeisance addressed the royal personage in a few fitting words. Then they quickly prepared a crown and chose the handsomest of their number to crown the Queen. With firm step the youth approached the throne, and, with appropriate words, in which the beauty of "her Majesty" and the joy the occasion afforded, were dwelt upon, placed the crown upon her head; but, alas! for his self-possession just at this moment, he put it on backwards! But amid the peal of laughter it provoked, he adjusted the crown. Then appeared maidens and wee girls bearing wreaths, baskets of flowers and fruits, which they twined around the throne, or scattered lavishly upon the floor beneath, upon which the wee ones sat and played as if at home in the nursery. Many of the loveliest flowers were presented to the Queen and her attendants, accompanied by beautiful little speeches from the same wee ones.

A youth of modest mien then came forward and delivered in a terse style the May-day oration, in which he recounted the manner in which these occasions were celebrated centuries

ago in Europe, and the gay festivities connected with them. Then the whole school formed a procession and marched and wandered singing

"The sweet birds are winging
From arbor to spray,
And merrily singing
Of spring time and May,"

till they were lost to view beyond the academy. The crowning of the May-Queen was ended! but the memories of it, with some, will never end. By most it will be long remembered as one of the most joyous days of their lives.

It was now past noon, and the older people betook themselves to preparing the picnic dinner, while some of the young people fell to talking most vigorously; others strolled here and there in quest of—nothing particular. Dinner came very soon, and all did it justice without at all exhausting the supply, as Frank feared in the morning they must do.

The afternoon was spent in general picnicking. In every nook and corner, beneath the shady trees, could be seen merry girls and boys, young ladies and gentlemen. All everywhere was merriment.

The sun had climbed over behind the western hills, when we succeeded in getting our party together to start back to our homes in the little town of C. Soon we were on the way, and talking enthusiastically of the enjoyment each had had. Twilight came and gave way to the light of the stars that, one after another, peeped out, like so many brilliant eyes, from the deep blue above, only to be dimmed by the mellow light of the moon, as it slowly rose above the horizon. At nine we reached our homes, where each quickly sought repose only to dream of May-days and coronations.

JOCACADU.

THE SINKING OF THE CHAMPION.

Vividly now do the awful details of that ocean tragedy rise before my mind. I shall never forget that morning when the city daily with its sable columns announced the shocking news. It fell almost like a thunderbolt from clear skies on the quiet and progressive inhabitants of the "city by the sea;" and many were the hearts that saddened and melted with those who were sorrowing for loved ones who had taken passage in the doomed vessel. Many circumstances connected with it conspired to render the event sad and surprising. The vessel was one of

fine proportions and stout build. She had plied on the Adger Line through storm and calm for many, many years; and by reason of her swiftness and elegant passenger accommodations, had become a favorite with the travelling public. The captain, too, was a man noted for nautical skill and experience; and, combining with these kindness, amiability, and courteousness,—qualities especially indispensable in the captain of an ocean steamer,—he gained the confidence and esteem of all who enjoyed his acquaintance, and passengers delighted to entrust their

lives to his care. Who that has ever made a voyage with Captain L— will ever forget his portly figure and handsome face, his superior presence and shining wit and humor? And the officers also were well known in their profession, and honored and beloved at both ports.

I will endeavor here to sketch the particulars of the tale as I once heard them related by a surviving member of the crew of the unfortunate vessel. On —th October, 1878, at the regular hour appointed for her sailing, the steamship Champion was loosed from her pier on North River, and her prow headed down New York Harbor for the open ocean. On her main aft-deck were collected a goodly number of passengers transfixed in their gazing at the receding wharf and city. Some more eagerly interested were bending over the railing waving their handkerchiefs in response to the valedictions of friends fast growing small in the growing distance. The passenger list for this trip is comparatively fair, being composed of merchants, drummers, and immigrants, with also a good number of ladies. Among the latter we notice two especially, Mrs. M. and her beautiful daughter, whose loss occasioned grief to a host of friends and admirers in their native city, where, for their many virtues and attractions, they were well known and loved. They had been spending the summer in Europe, and now, after an absence of several months, were performing the last part of the return voyage before they should be clasped in the embrace of loved ones at home. However much disposed the heart may be to sadness, there are always sights of

interest to engage the mind and cheer the heart on the passage down New York Harbor.

With fine speed our noble vessel reaches Sandy Hook and enters on the broad ocean, just as the bright October sun is sinking to rest across in the western horizon. The sea-breeze at this hour seems to have followed the setting sun and subsided into rest for the night; and the ocean's surface possesses almost a lake-like placidity, and mirrors with charming effect the beautiful gilt of the western sky. No doubt the many who linger on her main-deck to drink in the sublime scene are thrilled with pleasure, and made happy too in the thought of having so smooth a passage home. At the sounding of the gong the tea table was surrounded by many bright faces; and with the jovial captain as father of the occasion, the hour was passed with much of cheer and refreshment. One who has made a trip over the ocean will remember the routine of pastime to passengers when tea is over. Some pass their moments at the card table, while others read novels; but a few can only loll in their seats and dream of home and dear ones, and the distance yet to be traversed ere the meeting come.

But time wears on and we must leave our passengers to seek their berths as "beloved sleep" steals over them in their turn. At midnight deep sleep has wrapped all in profound silence, save the captain and first officer, who are pacing the deck engaged in broken conversation for the sake of pastime. It was shortly after two o'clock in the morning. After making his round of the vessel to ascertain if all was well,

the captain entered the wheel-house and saw that the lookout was changed and a fresh officer installed on duty at the wheel; and after taking the usual precautions of noticing the compass and bearing of the vessel as indicated by the stars, he prepared to turn in for the night. The heavens at this hour were brilliant with constellations, and the still blue depths of the ocean gave all perfect reflection. Not a sound broke the stillness save the noise of the spray curling off the ship's bow, as she scudded along the ocean's surface. About this time, not a mile in the distance, the lookout saw a large, well-lighted steamer, and heard her puffing as she passed on her northern course; but in a few minutes more she had vanished astern, and all lapsed into silence again. Alas, what a silence! Truly that very calm which often precedes the thunder crash. Majestic ship! never in thy career did everything appear more propitious than at this hour. Oh, sweet sleepers! rest on. But Heaven, alas! hath decreed a profounder sleep for you.

All in an instant a heavy three masted schooner, with her sails spread and lights in position, appears with her broadside exactly in front of the Champion, not more than a hundred yards distant. A terrified shout of warning is sent from the lookout. It was in vain the wheelman bore down on the wheel in his efforts to swerve to the right of the schooner. In less time than it takes to write it the two vessels crashed, carrying off the bowsprit of the schooner, and plunging a fearful hole into the bow of the steamer. The Champion staggered under the blow and made tremendous lurches

backward and forward, each alternate motion causing the water to rush in through the hole in the bow. The captain saw at a glance that it was only a question of moments with his ship, and with great presence of mind and at the imminent peril of his life, dashed below, visiting each state-room and bidding the terrified passengers hasten to the upper deck for the life-preservers. A few followed his directions and were saved. But the majority, overpowered by sleep and the excitement, could only stand and stare, no doubt thinking it only some horrible dream. "When I reached Mrs. M——'s room," said the captain afterward, "the water was rising fast where I was standing. She stood in the door-way white with terror and petrified to the spot, while her daughter was innocently sleeping in her berth. I implored her to rouse her child and follow me instantly, or they would be lost, but to no purpose. I rushed aloft just in time to secure a life-preserved for myself." In less than five minutes the solid hulk of the steamer was filled and in another moment she sank out of sight, leaving only a few of the crew and passengers floating on the surface. Time was not even given to unhitch the life-boats; but those who were fortunate in securing life preservers were picked up by the schooner. Thus runs one of the many sad tales of the ocean. Thus many souls that at one moment are wrapt in the sleep of the innocent, at another are in eternal slumber, their berths becoming tombs. And involuntarily we lift up our hearts in the poet's prayer—

"O Thou, who in thy hand dost hold
The winds and waves, that wake or sleep,
Thy tender arms of mercy fold
Around the seamen on the deep!
And, when their voyage of life is o'er,
May they be welcomed to the shore,
Whose peaceful streets with gold are paved,
And angels sing, They're saved! They're saved."

TEXAS.

As some of my readers will remember, in the February issue of THE STUDENT the fact was stated that a certain student of W. F. C. had taken his departure for Texas; or as some would express it, he was smitten with "Texas-fever." That same student has had those fever-scorched cheeks cooled by a few of Texas' rough "northerns," and to day takes his pen to write something of what he has seen and heard during his short residence.

Texas is a peculiar State, as becomes evident when you consider that her population is a mixed multitude from all parts of the world. In many portions she, as well as the greater part of this western and southwestern country, is very low in the scale of moral culture. To show this, I need mention only one scene which may be beheld at every stopping place along any line of railroad in this country, whether there be more than one or two house or no. Above the door of one room in that one house, if there be only one, you will see painted in large capitals, "Saloon," "Bar," or "Fine Liquors." You will see at once that the great need of this country is education both of heart and head. There are men and women in this neighborhood who have not heard a Gospel sermon in years. And the fact is, when we take into consideration the preachers, in a great many instances, to whom they must listen, if they go, it is not much surprising that the wild boys and men should

prefer rabbit hunting. To have your Sabbath meditations disturbed by the sound of an old gun or axe is no uncommon thing here. Last Sunday as I was coming home from Sunday school—well, I can hardly say Sunday-school, but it was what I had intended should be Sunday-school—a crowd of boys crossed the road before me with clubs and axes as though they intended to make a special charge upon rabbitdom that day. Thus the holy Sabbath is spent by many.

But a word about

CLIMATE AND FASHION.

I need not go into the details of the mean temperature, for every one who knows the geographical situation of Texas, knows it is warm. But the weather is the most changeable and uncertain imaginable. One day you feel like laying aside your coat, but the next day you would like to have on two or three. Some one has said: "Texas is the hottest, coldest, wettest and driest country in the world." So long are its droughts and wet spells, that one has said: "When it rains it never stops, and when it stops it never begins." But in regard to fashion, what shall I say? I could hardly express it more briefly than to say that in a great many portions it is merely the absence of fashion. The young men, as a general thing, wear a large white hat, with a leather band on it, all together weighing about four pounds, I suppose. They go into church in such a manner, with a large spur on each heel, that you might think a fettered

ox was entering the house. Here, as wherever else woman has gone, ropes and wire are in demand. Would a college boy laugh to see a young lady, of twenty-two summers, come into church almost in a sweeping trot, jump upon a bench and in a half stoop travel its length to find a seat that seemed to suit her fancy? Well, with difficulty I refrained when I saw it. Parties! Parties! no end to them. Cold or hot, wet or dry, they go on, nothing can stop them. Dancing is the chief amusement.

But I began this article to notice more especially the spirit of communism now prevalent in Texas, its causes and effects. Texas is so large that for a long time the people seemed to think her resources could not be exhausted. Consequently all kinds of immigrants have been welcomed to her green pastures and fertile prairies until they have at last brought trouble. Men have come from other States to Texas, who have grown rich by herding cattle on public lands, without ever buying one foot of earth for themselves. This state of affairs has continued until many have become tired of it, and are determined to fence their lands. But, on the other hand, many have the "free-grass spirit" so firmly grafted in them that it seems impossible to root it out. Thus there are formed two parties, viz: 1. Those who hold, with Mr. George, that land and water are as free as air, and that no man is entitled to more than is necessary to sustain life. 2. Those who claim (rightly, too,) that when a man buys land and pays for it, he has the right to fence and protect it. These two conflicting opinions have caused Texas

to be in a perpetual turmoil for the last three or four months. These, with the wonderful amount of fence cutting done during the winter, have caused a bill, entitled "An act to regulate the grazing of stock in Texas, and to prescribe and provide for enforcing penalties for its violation," to be introduced in the Senate of Texas. It may be well to explain the term "fence cutting" in this connection, as it will have little significance to a North Carolinian. If it were "fence burning," he would understand it. The fences, which have caused so much trouble, are made of posts placed in the ground, from twelve to fifteen feet apart, with three strands of barbed wire fastened to them. The "fence cutter" has nippers made specially for the purpose of cutting this wire. In a speech, on the above mentioned bill, Senator Terrell gave the following causes of fence cutting:

1. The rapid increase of a poor population, which has come to Texas more rapidly than we have been able to provide for and assimilate them.
2. The rapidity with which partial laws have enabled a favored class of stock men to grow rich on the lands of other people, and on school lands held in trust for our children, and the jealousy which always follows riches quickly obtained.
3. The construction of vast pastures, which resulted in throwing the reckless herdsmen out of employment.
4. The avarice of pasture men, who devour in summer the grass around the humble homes of the small farmers in order that they may have good winter grass in their pastures.
5. The absence of proper road laws.
6. The enclosing of vast properties by

landed corporations composed of men outside of Texas, who throw the anaconda coil of their wires around school land and individual lands alike. 7. Large herds owned by corporations and individuals who own no land, and which are driven to peaceful neighborhoods to consume the grass, or commit depredations alike on the school land and that of private citizens. 8. The fencing up of water holes in prairie wastes, fraudulently leased as being on dry sections of land. 9. Enclosing the school lands and private property in large pastures to the exclusion of the owner and others." Thus my reader will see how it is that men, especially cattle men, have been getting rich so rapidly on the school land of the State—at no expense.

Texas has about thirty millions of acres of school land, nearly all of it in the Pan Handle, composing fifty-four unorganized counties. "These school lands," says Senator Terrell, "rented at four cents per acre, would yield a fund, for free schools, of *twelve hundred thousand dollars* a year; enough, with other money on hand, to school every child in Texas, white and black, eight months in the year, without taxing the producing classes one dollar." Now, with these facts before us, in the name of conscience, is it not an outrage upon humanity to tax the 343,000 farmers of the State to school the ignorant children of the poor, while 14,000 free-grass stock men grow rich without paying a cent of rent for the 30,000,000 acres of school land on which their stock graze? It should be borne in mind that a great many of the "cattle kings" are not even citizens of our continent, but live in

France, Scotland, and England, while they have herdsmen for the protection of their cattle on the plains of Texas. Who would say this is just? And yet so corrupted and so selfish are some, yea, the majority, of the Senators of the State, that they voted against the bill which was intended to put a stop to this state of affairs. In all that Pan Handle region, between Red River and the Rio Grande, there was only one Senator who favored the bill.

In a speech on the above mentioned bill, Senator T. spoke thus: "The prospect is dark, but around the black cloud I see a silver lining. Texas is not the soil in which the loose idea that land must be free like air, can take permanent root. When we compare our condition with that of other States, the warm blood must leap with exultation and hope over the future. No blundering statesmanship or doubting helmsman can strand us, for on the broad shoulders of the mighty host of tillers of the soil, who in the end are always conservative, the ark of constitutional government will move forward." He then goes to figures and shows that Texas has 216,884 more farmers than stockmen, and their hands, laborers, roustiders, professional and mechanical men, all combined, and then says: "Can anarchy disturb such a State, except for a moment? The cause of social order and property security may, for an instant, be cast to the earth, but it will be raised again on the strong arms of her farmers, who, like Antæus, when thrown by Hercules, will only rise stronger and fresher whenever they touch earth's bosom. Though organized plunder of our pro-

ducing classes to make cattle kings may continue; though the growlings of the bottom dog now may remain unheeded; even if every wire fence from the Red River to New Mexico, and from the sand hills to the coast, shall go down, behind this cloud is the sun of a mighty future. The old ship, with or without a helmsman, will right herself, and Texas, broad-breasted and strong of limb, will move forward in her high career, securing property, rights and order, by enforcing law and bearing the blessings of a higher civilization to millions yet unborn." Well, I do not doubt that Senator T. said this in sincerity. And it may be that, during the discussion of the bill, the clouds did scatter so that he could see the "silver lining"—if there be one—or, it may be that, in his anxiety to see it, he imagined he saw it, as people frequently do. But, however that may be, since that

bill was defeated, the clouds have thickened. They have grown darker still; the thunder's low mutter has increased to an earth-shaker, and the lightning's feeble twinkle has become a broad devouring flame, until it seems to me—though I do not place my puny judgment against Senator T.'s prophetic vision—that Texas must be drenched with a gully-washer, a log-roller, and a rascal-mover before that "silver lining" can be seen on the edge of the breaking cloud. God grant to speed the day that shall dispel the ignorance, superstition, and lawlessness that now darken many parts of Texas, and give her wise and just men in her legislative halls, humble and devoted men in her pulpits, and good men in her school houses. When that day's sun reaches the zenith, it will shine on Texas as the Eden of the Union.

D. A. BRIDGES.

EDITORIAL.

“HOME, SWEET HOME.”

As Gray's *Elegy* stands unrivalled as faultless English versé, so Payne's *Home, Sweet Home* glitters the brightest gem in the casket of song, and is treasured by all for its sweet melody and deep pathos. The wanderer drifts far from home and friends, and his heart becomes steeled to the world; but let the strains of this song fall on his ear, and memory gently wafts him back to childhood's sunny hours, the tears glisten in his eyes as he thinks of the time when he knelt by mother's side, noble resolves are formed, and, perhaps, the prodigal returns, for

“There's a magical tie to the land of our home,
Which the heart cannot break, though the foot-
step may roam.”

The subtle sweetness of this song lulls the infant to rest, and melts the heart of the war-worn veteran. It sways the feelings as no other song can, for “be it ever so humble, there's no place like home,” and it matters not what may be our condition, this song accords with some vibration of the heart. It has been said that “mother, home, and heaven are three of the sweetest words in the English language.” This being true, *Home, Sweet Home*, should be crowned the undisputed queen of song, for it reminds of mother, tells of home, and breathes of heaven.

The life of its distinguished author, John Howard Payne, was one of sunshine and shadow—brilliant prospects and blighted hopes. He was born in

New York City in 1791. His parents were poor, but refined. At an early age he evinced a great desire to devote his life and talents to the histrionic profession. His parents discouraged him in this idea, and would not allow him to read *Shakespeare* or *Beaumont and Fletcher*. He was put to keeping books in a mercantile house; but he soon tired of this, and at the age of thirteen commenced editing a paper called *The Thespian Mirror*. A gentleman recognized his talent and sent him to Union College. Here he founded and edited *The Pastime*. The failure of his father in business caused him to forego the profit of completing his collegiate course, and at eighteen he went on the stage. His long cherished dream was realized at last, and his enthusiasm knew no bounds. He was greeted with large audiences wherever he appeared in this country, and during the war of 1812 he appeared in the leading cities of England. Success did not crown his efforts there, so he abandoned the stage and went to Paris and wrote plays. In 1832 he returned to New York and was treated with distinguished consideration. Not being a successful financier, he was soon reduced to straightened circumstances. He was relieved from want by being appointed by the Government of the United States Consul to Tunis. He died there in 1852. “An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain,” and during his last years he keenly experienced the sentiment that

pervades this whole song. Providence did not intend that "he who wrote home's sweetest song" should lie forever buried in a foreign soil. In Payne's early manhood a strong friendship sprang up between him and Mr. W. W. Corcoran, of Washington, the now celebrated philanthropist and benefactor. Mr. Corcoran attended the reception given at the Capitol to the survivors of the ill-fated Jeannette, and while the band was playing *Home, Sweet Home*, he determined to bring the ashes of his friend to his native land. His noble purpose was executed, and in 1883 Payne's remains were deposited with impressive ceremony in Oak Hill Cemetery, near Washington. Clay, Webster, and Calhoun may be forgotten, but sympathetic thousands throughout the world will ever have the memory of Payne embalmed within their hearts.

C. L. S.

CHARLES READE.

One of the most popular of modern English novelties died about the middle of last month, in his seventieth year. With him passed away a life well rounded and full of good works, a life spent in elevating and purifying humanity. He was graduated from Magdalen College, Oxford, in 1835. Upon his graduation and the reception of his fellowship, he also took the degree of Doctor of Civil Law and was admitted to the bar. He soon gave up the profession of a barrister and devoted his time and talents to one that was more congenial to his taste—literature.

By a thorough and systematic course of study, travel, and observation, he

eminently fitted himself for the position he afterward filled with so much learning and wisdom, and reached a high degree of perfection in the art of novel writing. His claims to renown do not rest solely upon his novels, for he was a man of versatile mind, and an original thinker, and worked successfully in other fields of literature. He wrote several dramas that were very popular, and secured for their author considerable celebrity as a play-writer. His earliest attempts as a literary character were stories published, incognito, in the periodicals of the day. These were followed by other and more mature works, as *Christe Johnstone*, and *It is Never too Late to Mend*. His more celebrated works are, *Griffith Gaunt*, *The Woman Hater*, *Put Yourself in his Place*, &c. "It will be for posterity to decide," observes one of the reviewers of his career, "whether he shines with rarer effulgence as a novelist, a play-writer, or an essayest." Mr. Reade not only made himself popular by his works, but the fast friend of nearly every class of society. So completely did he throw himself into his productions that his own personality is inseparably connected with them, and while the reader is borne along by the smoothness of the phraseology and the lively interest of the piece, and wrapped up in the wonderful success of the plot, he imbibes also the breathings and impress of the author's own pure and lofty spirit, the candor and sincerity of his generous and sympathetic nature.

Charles Reade is not classed among the first-rate novelists, as Dickens,

Bulwer, and Thackeray, but is more generally recognized under that division known as second standard authors, or more popularly, second-class novelists. The particular classification, however, under which he is placed, does not lessen the intrinsic merit of the work he did, and in spite of it he is recognized by just and competent critics to be a master of the art.

Many of his works have for their chief aim the exposition and correction of the evils and injustice arising from the imperfect manipulation of the government, and the defective rules of social life. This end he better attained by setting forth in the form of novels the views which he wished to reach a larger number of persons. At the time of his death he had under preparation two or three works, one of which he was very desirous to complete—*Bible Characters*. Those he lived to finish will sufficiently attest his power and versatility as a writer, and stand a living monument to the stores of his intellectual wealth and the geniality and nobility of his spirit.

A. M. R.

WANTED.

For some years we have thought that the English language was in great need of more words, because there are many ideas which it cannot express without employing troublesome circumlocutions. For instance, when the Latins wanted to say they were "on the point of" doing a thing, they very conveniently used the participle in *rus*, while the Greeks would seize the euphonious *mello*. Anyone will recognize the great advantage those lan-

guages have over ours at this point. But we are free to admit that in hundreds of ways ours surpasses those, and that, when considered in its entirety, it is the grandest language in the world.

Furthermore, although our unabridged dictionaries contain over 40,000 words, exclusive of preterites and participles, and 100,000 including these and scientific words, yet many persons persist in making some words each do duty for a dozen. This apparent dearth of words in which to express one's thoughts is seen in the fact that many gentlemen, especially young gentlemen, use the adjective *splendid* no matter what they may wish to describe which affects them pleasantly; while the ladies, at least the younger ones, consider *nice*, or perchance *lovely*, whatever in the world pleases them. The man's horses, cows, dogs, cotton, corn, potatoes, clover, land, newspaper, book, house, and everything in it, even his wife and children, or, if unmarried, his loved one, are perfectly *splendid*. The ladies have no trouble in accurately describing every thing in nature or in art by simply calling it nice,—unless it chances to be *perfectly awful*. To a lady, the latest "agonies" of *la mode*, the canary, lap-dog, butter, chocolate, the breakfast rolls, the last Sunday's sermon, the performance of the organist, and everybody that she likes, including, of course, her beau-ideal, if she is out of the bonds of wedlock—these all are nice. Well, certain persons need not be surprised if they find out that some other persons do not feel very highly complimented by being called *splendid* or *nice*, since all things 'twixt heaven and earth not positively repulsive have

the same expressive epithets applied to them.

Evidently there is a great want somewhere. If more words are needed, we hope some daring and enterprising individual will deliberately coin enough to supply the demand. But we very much suspect that the fault is in those

who use, or rather abuse the language, than in the language itself. If those who know better would take a little pains to acquire the habit of using words thoughtfully, applying the right epithet in the right place, our beautiful language would escape much of its present fearful mutilation. D.

CURRENT TOPICS.

A TERCENTENARY.—The celebration, on the 17th of April, of the three hundredth anniversary of Edinburgh University was an occasion of note and interest in the history of educational institutions; and representative scholars from all parts of the world were in attendance. This University is reputed to be to-day the largest and most flourishing of Scottish universities, although three others have abided the roll of more than three centuries. An interesting feature of the occasion was said to consist in the conferring of 120 degrees of honor. Among those upon whom the degree of LL. D. was conferred were our Minister Lowell, Dr. Fordyce Baker, of New York, and Assistant Surgeon-General Billings, of the U. S. Army. A few weeks before the tercentenary Sir Alexander Grant, the Principal, published in two large octavo volumes *The Story of the University of Edinburgh*, in which is told the rise of the more important departments of instruction, and sketches of the more distinguished professors are given.

THE BLAIR BILL.—This bill of appropriation for the general education

passed by the Senate early in April is one of the most important which Congress has considered since the war. It provides \$77,000,000, "to be distributed among the States in proportion to their illiteracy on the basis of the census of 1880, the payments of money to extend over a series of eight years." It seems that the main purpose of the Senate in voting this appropriation, is that the advantages of education may more effectually reach the increasing population of blacks unable to educate themselves. It is a question in the minds of many whether Congress ought to assume the power to pass such a bill, when the constitution does not grant it. And it is thought in such an action that there is danger of a tendency toward a centralization of power, a thing which is hostile to the spirit of republicanism. The opponents of the bill urged that it would "foster a dangerous dependence of the State upon the National Treasury and so far paralyze its own activities and sense of responsibility for its own education." At all events, the result of a measure of so great magnitude will be watched with interest.

THE MORMON PROBLEM.—Up to the present time all efforts to eradicate Mormonism from American soil have been futile, and direct legislation has rather served to fan the blaze into wider compass. Still the voice of the press against it continues loud and voluble, and statesmen have almost come to regard it in despair. Recently, however, attention has been drawn to an agency which has been gradually gaining strength in Mormon territory, and which gives promise of greater efficacy than any antidote yet submitted. This agency is represented in the schools which are established in Utah and adjacent states and territories. Since the Mormon schools are ineffective except for teaching Mormon ideas, the new schools, equipped with the best apparatus and good teachers, are growing steadily with the patronage of even the strictest Mormons, and thus "supply a genuine educational lack in the civilization of the New West;" and it looks probable that this may ultimately prove the effectual means of undermining the Mormon structure. On this plan Gov. Murray, of Utah, has said, "Not all the legislation of Congress hitherto, nor the millions of money spent in the Mormon war, nor any other agency now operative, can compare in value for the elevation of Utah with the work of these Christian schools."

GENERAL GORDON.—The situation of General Gordon at Khartoum is becoming more dangerous as each month rolls by. On one or two occasions during the past month he has been compelled to make active defense against attacking bands of El

Mahdi's army. On March 26th he shelled the rebel camp on the Blue Nile, killing forty of the enemy. March 17th an attacking force entrenched in a neighboring village was compelled to evacuate with a loss of fifty-nine men. Thus petty engagements are occurring every week, but apprehension of a general attack is lessened by the lack of unity among the besieging tribes. The Mahdi, however, is said to be urging the tribes, as a religious duty, "to push forward the siege of Khartoum, blockade all the roads, and embarrass the Turks and infidels in all other ways possible." General Gordon writes that he is in no immediate danger. He has provisions for five months, and is only hemmed in by "500 determined and 2,000 ragtag Arabs." Yet with the danger of internal mutinies and cut off from all communication, what will be his fate in the next few months no one will venture to say. He has been urged by the English Government to withdraw from Khartoum, but it would be rash for him to make such an attempt without the proper force at his back. He has implored the English to send him a well armed force, but with no avail. This action on the part of the British Government in the utter neglect of Gen. Gordon has called forth hearty denunciations from all civilized nations, for really England is responsible for his life. Recently a wealthy English lady at Cairo, excited to apprehension through her interest in the fate of General Gordon, has offered twenty thousand pounds for his rescue.

W. S. R.

EDUCATIONAL.

--THE University Normal School will open June 17th and close July 17th.

--HAMPDEN SIDNEY COLLEGE has thirty-five per cent. more students this session than last.

--TEXAS now expends annually \$200,000 for school purposes that she formerly spent for the protection of her frontier.

--*The State Chronicle* publishes thirteen letters from county superintendents of public instruction relative to national aid to education. All but two favor it.

--F. W. CAPEN, Professor of Mathematics in the State Normal School at Courtland, N. Y., has been elected to the chair of Natural Philosophy in Colby University, Maine.

--MESSRS. HOLT, of Oak Ridge Institute, will soon begin the erection of a commodious building for their school. It will contain society halls, and have other advantages.

--B. F. DIXON, M. D., of King's Mountain, N.C., has been elected to the superintendency of the Orphan Asylum at Oxford. Dr. Dixon is said to be eminently qualified for the office.

--THE Blair Educational Bill, as it finally passed the Senate, appropriates \$77,000,000. This sum is to be expended in eight years in the following proportions: First year, \$7,000,000; second, \$10,000,000; third, \$15,000,000; fourth, \$13,000,000; fifth, \$11,000,000; sixth, \$9,000,000; seventh, \$7,000,000; and eighth, \$5,000,000.

--THE State of Indiana has nearly 7,000 public school teachers, of whom 6,000 are women. The latter receive \$35.80 per month for their services, while the men get an average of \$57.40.

--THE friends of Catawba College are trying to raise \$85,000 endowment for the college to establish four new professorships. Newton is a very desirable place for a college, few better in our State.

--THE graded school committee of Durham, N. C., have succeeded in securing a good location for the proposed new building. The lot will cost them \$5,000, and they propose to erect a building worth \$15,000.

--COL. D. F. BOVD, President of the Alabama Agricultural and Mechanical College, has been chosen President of the Louisiana Agricultural and Mechanical College at Baton Rouge, and has accepted.

--FURMAN UNIVERSITY, S. C., is reported in a flourishing condition, receiving encouragement from the whole State, and with the good corps of professors and the full scholarship which the institution now has, she can move on successfully.

--TENNESSEE has two Baptist colleges for young men—Carson College, in East Tennessee, presided over by Rev. S. W. Tindell, A. M., and the Southwestern University, Jackson, presided over by Rev. G. W. Jarman, LL. D. They are both good schools and are doing good and efficient work.

—SMITHDEAL Business College, located at Greensboro, N. C., has flattering prospects before it. It is only in its third term and has some fifty young men enrolled from North Carolina, South Carolina, Virginia, and New York. The faculty numbers five.

—SHELBY Female College, of which Rev. R. D. Mallary is President, is now in its second year and has over one hundred students. Prof. P. J. King is principal of a good male academy at this place, whose students number from seventy-five to one hundred.

—A MOVEMENT is on foot to endow Trinity College. Mr. Julian S. Carr offers to give \$5,000 if \$100,000 can be raised during the year for this purpose; and he further proposes to "give one thirtieth part of any sum under \$100,000 thus raised during the year, the whole sum not to be less than \$20,000."

—THE ends of education are discipline and knowledge. Of these, discipline, if the word be taken in a broad sense, is to be ranked first. Power is worth more than acquisition. The capacity to reason well is a higher possession than an acquaintance with the recorded reasonings of others.—*Prof. Geo. P. Fisher, D. D.*

—The Pittsboro *Home* has the following in reference to the schools of Chatham county: "Chatham county is in a peculiarly favorable condition just now with her new and improved school houses ready, and her teachers prepared for work, to receive annually \$20,000 from the national treasury, swelling her school fund to about \$30,000 for the promotion of the education of her children. Such is our judgment."

—THE chair of Latin and Greek at Davidson College has been filled by the election of Professor Flemming. The college is said to be in a flourishing condition financially and otherwise, and the business committee are pleased with the prospects of its future prosperity. The Commencement in June is expected to be very interesting.

—THE North Carolina University commencement occurs June 4th and 5th. Hon. Henry Watterson, of Kentucky, will make the literary address, and Rev. J. B. Hawthorne, D. D., of Richmond, Va., will preach the annual sermon. The new catalogue shows 210 students, of whom 28 are in law, 9 in medicine; total academic students, 173.

—THE Presbyterian Seminary of the Northwest has just completed one of the most prosperous years of its history. There were thirteen members in the graduating class, and a large per cent. of new students have been enrolled during the present year. Hon. Cyrus H. McCormick has been a liberal contributor to this institution, the amount of his gifts is probably \$300,000.

—BINGHAM'S SCHOOL, Mebaneville, N. C., was founded by Rev. William Bingham in 1793. In 1825 W. J. Bingham succeeded his father. The third head of the school was Col. Wm. Bingham, who taught from 1857 to 1873. Upon his death in 1873, he was succeeded by his brother, the present head of the school, Major Robert Bingham. Major Bingham has taught there continuously since 1857, except when he was in the Southern army.

—DR. G. STANLEY HALL has been appointed Professor of Psychology and Pedagogics in Johns Hopkins University. He was graduated from William's College, received later from Harvard the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, and afterwards studied in Germany. He is well known as a writer and lecturer on philosophical and educational subjects.

—HON. JOHN C. SCARBOROUGH has made a fine record as State Superintendent of Public Instruction. The office he has held as no sinecure, but has performed its duties with remarkable enthusiasm and faithfulness. He has been an untiring and efficient worker; and, now that he knows better than any other man the progress and

needs of popular education in the State, and has built up by his personal influence and addresses an unprecedented interest in it, we hope this important trust will be again committed to him.

—THE London *Times* says: "The friends of technical education in England will read with unmitigated envy the accounts of the development of industrial education in America. The English are only just beginning to realize the vast importance of organized technical instruction. The Americans are far ahead of us in institutions for giving their sons and daughters that practical training which fits them for industrial pursuits."

LITERARY GOSSIP.

—COL. JOHN HAY has nearly completed the biography of Lincoln.

—MR. THEODORE WATTS will write the article on Poetry for the *Encyclo-pedia Britannica*.

—JOHN BRIGHT has no taste for novels, is fond of poetry, especially Milton and Whittier.

—THE British Museum library now contains over 1,300,000 volumes, which fill 160 miles of shelving.

—MR. CROSS' biography of George Eliot will consist, it is said, mainly of her correspondence, which is very voluminous.

—MR. FROUDE, the English historian, will recuperate from his worry over the Carlyle memoirs by a lecturing tour in America and Australia.

—AN historical novel entitled *Ramonina* is being written by Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson ("H. H."). The scene is laid in California.

—CANON STUBBS has been promoted to a bishopric, and Dr. Freeman has been appointed Regius Professor of History at Oxford to fill the vacancy.

—“A COPY of the first edition of *Paradise Lost* sold in London lately at \$145, which is \$60 more than the entire sum received for the copyright by Milton and his widow.”

—AMONG recent books we notice *The Dance of Modern Society*, by W. C. Wilkinson. Prof. Wilkinson is a Baptist, and one of the clearest and most forcible of writers. Funk & Wagnalls, 60 cents.

—*The Story of Chinese Gordon*, 1 vol. 8vo, at \$4.50, is announced by R. Worthington, New York.

—“A counterpart to *John Bull and His Island* is about to appear, entitled *John Bull's Neighbor in Her True Light*.”

—MRS. SHERWOOD has a work in the press of the Harpers on Manners and Social Customs in America. It will be recognized as standard authority on this subject.

—JULIAN HAWTHORNE, following the example of George W. Cable, has come before the public as a reader of his own stories. He was not very successful in New York.

—“*The Little Biography*, in Mrs. Sarah K. Bolton's Success Series, in the May *Wide Awake*, relates the romantic story of Elias Howe, Jr., the sewing machine inventor.”

—DR. WINCHELL'S book, entitled *Geological Excursions; or, The Rudiments of Geology for Young Learners*, will soon be issued from the press of Messrs. Griggs & Co., Chicago.

—THE oration before the Phi Beta Kappa of Harvard is to be delivered by Prof. Jebb, of Oxford. He is a Greek scholar of the first rank, and may be expected to rebut the effect of Charles Francis Adams' speech.

—JOHN B. ALDEN has recently published a work entitled *The Chinese Classics*, containing the *Analects of Confucius*, the *Great Learning*, and the *Doctrine of the Mean*, together with the works of Menicus, translated into English by James Legge, D. D., of the London Missionary Society. This is a book of much interest to scholars.

—DURING May the American Revisers of the Old Testament expect to complete their task, but the English Revisers not before June. The result, however, will not be given to the public before the close of the year.

—“THE LOST ARTS,” “Daniel O'Connell,” and “The Scholar in a Republic,” and others of the most popular lectures and orations of Wendell Phillips, have been published in a cheap form by Messrs. Lee & Shepard.

—MR. HIGGINSON contends that one reason why children do not like to read history is that a bad example is set by parents. The father hands the child the History of the United States and resumes the perusal of his Sunday *Herald*, while the mother is wrapt up in the most fashionable novel of the day.

—IN an article on “The Modern German Novel” in *The Princeton Review* for March, H. H. Boyesen devotes most of the space to Gustav Freytag, the late Berthold Auerbach, Spielhagen, Paul Heyse, the late Fritz Reuter, and Prof. Georg Ebers. Of the last named he says that a book like *Uarda* severely taxes the patience of an American reader. We are quite sure that not all American readers of that delightful romance will agree with him.

—ONE writer, Shakespeare, excels all others in a certain exuberance of genius, an abounding wealth of invention; and he has the advantage of being pervaded by the Christian element. On the whole, however, when we take into view both matter and form, the finest productions in literature are the dramas of Sophocles.

Homer and Sophocles! Where shall we look for another two upon a level with them? There are no philosophical writers equal to Plato and Aristotle. No orations have ever surpassed those of Demosthenes. No historian has ever outstripped Thucydides.—Prof. Fisher, in *Princeton Review*.

—ON the 9th of April, Charles Reade, the English novelist, died at the age of seventy. He early took to story-writing, and though admitted to the bar, devoted himself entirely to literature at the age of twenty-eight. His first novel, *Peg Woffington*, was published in 1852, and was very successful. Though not of the very first rank, all his numerous novels have met with marked popular favor. In many of the later ones he wrote with a distinct social or political purpose.

—IN *The Eclectic* for May is an article by Frederick Harrison, entitled "The Ghost of Religion." Though he subscribes to the Agnostic *philosophy*, the purpose of the paper is to show that Agnosticism is not a *religion* and cannot become a religion, Mr. Herbert Spencer, "the acknowledged head of the Evolution philosophy," to the contrary notwithstanding. The tendency of the positive creed of this philosophy as formulated by Mr. Spencer is toward "the one absolute certainty, the presence of an Infinite and Eternal

Energy, from which all things proceed." This object of worship "is only the Unknowable a little more defined." In Mr. Harrison's treatment of the Infinite Unknowable, we have a fine example of the *reductio ad absurdum*. He can think of but one appropriate symbol for it— x raised to the nth power (x^n), and he imagines some weak brother with ritualistic tendencies crying, "O x^n , love us, help us, make us one with thee!" "But," he proceeds, "why should this idea be dignified with the name of religion, when it has not one of the elements of religion, except infinity and mystery. The hallowed name of religion has meant, in a thousand languages, man's deepest convictions, his surest hopes, the most sacred yearnings of his heart, that which can bind in brotherhood generations of men, comfort the fatherless and the widow, uphold the martyr at the stake, and the hero in his long battle. Why retain this magnificent word, rich with the associations of all that is great, pure, and lovely in human nature, if it is to be henceforth limited to an idea that can be expressed by the formula (x^n), and which, by the hypothesis, can have nothing to do with either knowledge, belief, sympathy, hope, life, duty, or happiness? It is not religion, this. It is a logician's artifice to escape from an awkward dilemma."

SCIENCE NOTES.*By Alumni Editor.*

ILLUSIVE MEMORY.—The paper on this subject referred to in our last issue appeared in *The North American* for May. After a review of the evidence he has collected, Prof. Osborn concludes that the most satisfactory explanation of illusive memory is, that the circumstances which give rise to it do really awaken in the mind the vague impression made there by reverie, reading, or actual experience, which impression, by reason of its dimness when first made, or the time which has since elapsed, the mind is unable definitely to locate. So that the feeling of familiarity which we have on entering a new experience is to be attributed not to illusive, but to bad memory.

RED SUNSETS.—The autumn and early winter of last year will be remembered in scientific annals, if for nothing else, for the unusual brilliance and duration of the glow in the western and eastern skies after sunset and before sunrise. During the continuance and since the cessation of the wonderful phenomenon, specialists in meteorology and astronomy have studied it and propounded various theories in explanation, of which the one most plausible and now generally accepted, connects it with the unprecedented eruption of Krakatoa, in the Straits of Sunda last August. The finer particles of the volcanic ash are supposed to have been driven by the tremendous force of the explosion into

the higher atmosphere, and afterward more or less evenly distributed by the winds. Perhaps the strongest proof of the correctness of this view, is the fact that the phenomenon was first observed in succession at points more and more distant from the centre of disturbance. Of course the presence of this foreign matter in the upper air would intercept some of the sun's rays, allowing the stronger red rays to pass through.

INTERIOR OF THE EARTH.—Physicists and geologists do not agree as to the condition of the earth's interior. Of the former such authorities as Sir William Thompson, Hopkins, and G. H. Darwin believe, from the consideration of the necessary order of cooling and consolidation, that the earth "is not all liquid within a solid crust of from 30 to 100 miles thick, but that it is, on the whole, more rigid certainly than a continuous globe of glass of the same diameter, and probably than one of steel." The principal arguments by which geologists arrive at a different conclusion are three: 1. Faults and flexures of the strata of the earth's surface are widely distributed and are found in the formations of all geologic time. These displacements can be explained only on the supposition of the fluid condition of the earth next below the strata thus lifted and bent. 2. A vast amount of fluid matter in the form of lava comes up from unknown depths

and is generally spread out in successive sheets on the surface. 3. The increase of temperature from the surface downward. The rate of increase varies in different localities, but it may be stated in general as one degree for every fifty feet of descent. This increase extends as far down as observation has reached. The geologist considers the solid shell comparatively thin, and varying in thickness in different parts of the earth. Geological phenomena are best explained by a crust 25 miles thick at a maximum, and much thinner at a minimum.

THE EXPOSITION.—It is a pleasure to note the progress making in the preparation of the grounds and buildings for the exhibition of North Carolina's resources next October, as well as the all but universal interest taken

in that event throughout the State. Many of the counties have made appropriations and applied for space for county exhibits. The accomplished and active President of the Exposition, Mr. W. S. Primrose, of Raleigh, is commanding himself to the friends of the enterprise. The Exposition will be held on the Fair Grounds near Raleigh. The North Carolina Car Company are putting up the main building with all possible speed, to the centre of which the railroad has been extended. This will be a great occasion for the State, when people from the whole country will have an opportunity to verify the boasts of North Carolina's wealth with which our ears have so often rung in the last two years. Minerals, timbers, agricultural products, and manufactures will be the staple exhibitions.

IN AND ABOUT THE COLLEGE.

—DUSTERS.

—QUOITS and croquet

Are the order of the day.

—LOOK out for Commencement tickets.

—SPRING with its April showers and warm suns has invested the earth and trees in the campus with splendid green suits.

—PROF. ROYALL, the editorial staff, and several students will attend the Convention in Baltimore. We shall hear from their trip in our next issue.

—ONLY a few more weeks, and '84 will have run its course. Four years of hard service will be ended, and

diplomas awarded the fifteen who have survived to the present moment.

—THE Wake Forest depot has received a new coat of paint. It looks much more attractive in its spring dress.

—THE Philomathesian Society elected the following members to write for the Society Essay Medal: Messrs. C. L. Smith, J. C. C. Dunford, R. S. Green, W. E. Wooten, E. Ward, and W. B. Wingate.

—THE school-house of Prof. L. W. Bagley is in course of erection. The site is at the head of Middle Street, near the lot of Prof. Taylor. Its dimensions will be 60 x 32, and two

stories high. The upper story will be used for a town hall. The design of this school is to prepare boys for college. Prof. Bagley will canvass the adjoining counties during the summer.

—THANKS to Prof. Hobgood, of the Oxford Female Seminary, for invitation to the commencement, June 6th. Dr. Hawthorne, of Richmond, will deliver the address. Enrolment for the year, 125.

—WE are told that a certain one of our students arose with the sun Monday morning after Senior-speaking and sought a rustic in the campus, ostensibly to study. But it happened about that hour that the early freight was to take off some fair passengers. Did he study?

—WE picked up the following familiar quotation from Cicero a few days since; and if it was not directed by Cicero himself to those possessed of the superfluous vitality that makes night in the college hideous with their noise, it was at least brought to light by a fellow-student: "*Nemo fere saltat sobrius, nisi forte insanit.*"

—THE Commencement ticket of the State University is to hand. Their menu this year is a fair one. Hon. Henry Watterson, of Kentucky, delivers the address before the Literary Societies, and Dr. J. B. Hawthorne preaches the Baccalaureate Sermon. The ticket is tasty and attractive.

—THE selection of declaimers for Monday night of Commencement week was put by the Faculty into the hands of the Societies. The following names from the Phi's and Eu's were the result of the recent elections:

Phi's, C. E. Brewer, J. R. Hunter, E. Ward, J. W. Watson, J. W. Norwood, and J. Stewart; Eu's, J. F. Schenck, W. C. Allen, W. P. Stradley, Thos. Haynie, W. T. Grimes, and J. W. Lynch.

—THE Commencement exercises begin Tuesday evening, June 10th, with the Alumni address by Rev. Lansing Burrows, D. D., of Augusta, Ga. Wednesday morning Rev. Jesse B. Thomas, D. D., of Brooklyn, N. Y., will make the literary address before the Societies, and at night Rev. C. A. Stakely, of Charleston, S. C., will preach the annual sermon. Thursday will be graduation day. The graduating class will number fifteen, that is, if all aspirants succeed. Not all of them, however, will speak. On Monday night, the 9th, will occur the competitive declamation.

—THE Wake Forest Catalogue for '83-'84, which is now in the hands of the printer, will show some important changes in the course of study. It has been, for the most part, entirely re-written, and will contain, in addition to the usual matter, a short sketch of the College since its opening fifty years ago. It will show the total enrollment of 161 students.

—FOR a number of years after the beginning of ministerial education at Wake Forest, the difficulty which the Board of the State Convention experienced was to find the young ministers on whom to expend the accumulated funds. The difficulty now is to find the funds to meet the expenses of the increasing number of applicants for aid. During the present session the Education Board has helped

thirty-five young preachers—a greater number than ever before, and, inasmuch as the work of collecting money for this purpose could not be pushed during the fall and winter because the agent of the Board was engaged for the securing of the endowment of the College, the expenses have not been met up to date. It is earnestly desired, however, that liberal contributions will cancel the debt before the close of the session. At a recent meeting of the Board, Rev. R. T. Vann was made its President.

—WE were pained to hear of the death of Mr. M. H. Britt on the 9th of April, at his home in Wayne county. His illness compelled him to leave college. He had been with us only since January, but his exemplary character and success as a student commended him to the friendship of all. The following resolutions were adopted at a called meeting of the Euzelian Society:

“As it has seemed good to our Heavenly Father to summon from our midst our dear brother, Marshall Howard Britt, therefore

Resolved, That while we accept with patient resignation the will of Him who doeth all things well, we grieve for the loss of a prominent member, a true Christian friend, and a diligent and successful student.

Resolved, That we sincerely condole with the bereaved family of the deceased, and tender them in their sad affliction the deep sympathy aroused by our common loss.

Resolved, That these resolutions be published in THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT, spread on the record book

of the Society, and sent to the family of the deceased.”

A. M. REDFEARN,
F. DIXON,
R. L. DENMARK,
Committee.

SENIOR-SPEAKING.—The last regular Senior-speaking of the class of '84 occurred on Friday evening, April 25th. Only five of the class, however, were found ready for the occasion. Mr. J. C. C. Dunford was introduced as the first speaker, his subject, Gems of Beauty. His theme was a full one, which he proved to the satisfaction of all present. He saw beauty in every phase of nature. The ocean's roar, the vault of heaven, the earth's verdure, the mountain's peaks, the river's surge, the sun's effulgence, the rainbow's tints—all display gems of beauty. This speech showed taste in matter and style; and was closed with a glowing tribute to the fair roses that were blooming here and there in the audience.

Mr. W. W. Kitchin next spoke on Woman's Rights. There is a prevailing sentiment that woman's sphere is at home and in the Sunday-school; but during the last 25 years a few strong-willed women, aided by a Wendell Phillips and other prominent men, have been urging the cause of woman's rights. Their claims are based on the right of representation and equality. He showed in answer to these claims that woman is not equal to man in making and administering laws, and pictured the disorder that might arise with women as judges, jurors, voters, and soldiers, and showed that woman has a higher, nobler, purer field than

any that can be given her in public affairs. This effort was well appreciated for the witty style and natural delivery of the speaker.

The third speaker, Mr. W. S. Splawn, entertained the audience with a mirthful speech on the subject, "Never Cross the Fence before You Get to It." The world is full of imaginary fences, and thousands strive to cross ere they reach them. This is unreasonable. The world is full of beauty, full of love, full of light. We should be patient, jovial, contented. From here on your scribe became so lost in his interest to see where the speaker would cross the fence as not to be able to do credit to what followed. Suffice it to say this speech was flavored with apt illustrations, and was altogether engaging.

The next speaker, Mr. W. E. Wooten, spoke on the subject of Woman. In ancient times woman was the slave of man. In modern days her nature is understood, her worth acknowledged, and her interest felt; but even now her treatment among some nations is inhuman. The speaker showed that in all ages woman has exercised a wholesome influence on man, and that she has filled well almost every position in life, and displayed the grandest heroism. She is now the hope of the world, the true support of society, the strength of a country.

This speech was logical and evinced thought and preparation.

The last speaker, Mr. W. B. Morton, instead of discussing his subject, Dreaming, in a series of propositions, preferred to present an illustration of the wild fancies of the dreaming faculty. He gave a vivid picture—true to life—of an experience of a certain traveller. The scene was laid in a wayside cottage where the traveller stopped for the night. At supper the host, a hardy farmer, partook unusually heavily of thick corn-bread. As usual it proved too much for him. When the curtain rises next it is midnight. The traveller upstairs is awakened by groans and strange utterances below. The rest can easily be supplied by the experienced. This effort displayed power of imagination and was delivered in a happy manner.

The audience was large and appreciative; and after the speaking the usual ceremonies were performed in the Literary Halls. Though the number of lady visitors was small, the occasion was passed with much success and pleasure. And, if we may say it, we think the ladies never looked prettier and altogether more attractive on any such previous occasion. The music, furnished by the College band, would have done credit to a professional string-band.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

—'62. Rev. G. W. Sanderlin, of Wayne county, will deliver the address on Memorial Day at Newberne.

—'77. A wide circle of friends sym-

pathize with Rev. C. W. Scarborough, of Murfreesboro, in the loss of his wife. She died at Murfreesboro April 14th, and was buried at Wake Forest on the 16th.

—'79 and '80. Messrs. J. N. Holding ('80) and W. N. Jones ('79), prominent young lawyers in the city of Raleigh, are compiling a law book especially intended to supply the needs of justices of the peace. It will doubtless prove a valuable manual for every intelligent business man also. Messrs. J. W. Denmark & Co., Raleigh, will publish it.

—'81. Rev. M. V. McDuffie, of Henderson, declined recently a call to a flourishing church in a town of 5,000 inhabitants in a distant State, with a \$1,000 salary.

—'81. Rev. Ed. M. Poteat has been engaged to supply the pulpit of the Salisbury Street Church, Raleigh, for a portion of the coming summer.

—'83. In *The Asheville Register*,

dated April 17th, occurs Mr. W. H. Osborne's formal retirement as one of its editors. The political tendencies of the paper being the cause of his retirement, it is altogether honorable; at the same time, there are no unpleasant personal relations connected with it.

—'83. We find this pleasant note in *The Blue Ridge Baptist* of April 24th: "Prof. G. C. Briggs [of Judson College] has purchased Elder Bright's house and lot near the college. One other move, and the Professor will be 'settled' among us. We would like to have the pleasure of publishing the next investment."

—'83. Mr. T. J. Simmons, of the graded school in Durham, will spend his vacation in Europe.

OUR ADVERTISERS.

—ON a recent visit of the Phi. sen. editor to Durham, Mr. Robert Rogers showed him through his "Durham Marble and Brown Stone Works." The engravings on the beautiful monuments and tombstones deserve special mention, as they were chiselled by North Carolinians. It always gives pleasure to note meritorious home enterprises. We return thanks to Mr. Rogers for his courtesy.

—THE Eu. business manager of THE STUDENT wishes to return thanks to Mr. P. H. Cram, of Raleigh, (a former student of this College), for showing him through the large and spacious machine shops of Allen & Cram, when on a recent visit to that city, North

Carolina would do well to patronize home manufacturers; let farmers visit Messrs. Allen & Cram.

—WE would ask the attention of our readers to the inviting lot of advertisements in every issue of THE STUDENT.

—WE would call the attention of those who expect to attend the Convention at Baltimore to the reduced rates offered on the Bay Line route. The fare is \$10.40 from Raleigh and return via the Raleigh & Gaston and Roanoke and Seaboard Railroads and the Bay Line Steamers. Travellers would find this the most pleasant route.

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Contributions must be written on one side of paper, and accompanied by the name of author. Direct all contributions to EDITORS WAKE FOREST STUDENT, Wake Forest, N. C. Matters of business should be addressed Business Managers.

CRESCENT CITY CULLINGS.

CANAL STREET,

the Southern Broadway, is the commercial centre of New Orleans. Through this great artery pours the city's trade, while an immense human throng, composed of representatives of nearly every nationality and class, sways incessantly along its wide pavements. On matinee days this throng is reinforced by numbers of pretty American and Creole girls in their finest attire, moving in and out of the great retail stores, constituting a bewildering panorama of beauty, and eclipsing the rich effect of the show-window articles.

On this street are situated Christ Church, the first Protestant house of worship in New Orleans, the new and magnificent Pickwick Club building, and the Custom House, with its simple but imposing architecture. At the head of the street, above the scene of busy confusion presented on the levee, may be seen the large river steam-boats, receiving or discharging their

cargoes, while further up the stream the ocean vessels lie at anchor. Nearly all the street-car lines of New Orleans—and they are more numerous than in other cities—radiate from Canal street, penetrating every portion of the city. Up and down the street extends a wide, elevated tract, bordered by trees and known as the "neutral ground." The name is derived from the fact that this was the boundary between the Creole and American municipalities before their consolidation. On this neutral ground, in the good old Whig days, a huge bronze statue of Henry Clay was erected, and is still standing, though blackened by exposure and disfigured by a quotation condemning slavery, which Butler, whose name is dear to the hearts of the people of New Orleans, garbled from one of Clay's speeches, and generously caused to be inscribed upon the statue for the benefit of a conquered people.

In connection with Butler, I am reminded of

SANITARY MEASURES,

for in justice it must be said that the city has never been cleaner than under his *regime*. The problem of drainage is the greatest that the Crescent City is called upon to solve. Engineering schemes have been discussed, the foul condition of the streets dilated upon, but no action has been taken to remedy the evil. New Orleans presents the anomaly of a city whose drainage is above ground, for the river is higher than the city, and all the sewerage is carried to Lake Pontchartrain, in the rear. The soil is exceedingly moist, inasmuch that cisterns are built above ground, on the sides of houses. For the same reason, the latter lack that convenient though often unhealthful feature, the cellar. Except in the case of paupers, whom it is cheaper to bury underground, and Jews, with whom it is a matter of religion, burial is intramural. A walk through the cemeteries with their handsome tombs above ground, suggests that the expression "city of the dead" is not in this case inappropriate. Attention has been drawn to the dissemination of deadly gases from this source, and cremation has many advocates here. A sanitary association has been formed, from which beneficial results may be expected, for in this respect New Orleans will keep pace with her progress in others, and before another decade, surface drainage and yellow fever epidemics will probably be numbered among the things of the past.

Fortunately there is no want of space, for the climate would not allow the compression of population which exists in many other great cities. One does not observe here tall

ARCHITECTURE,

and it is rare, even in the business portions, to find a building more than three or four stories high. The residences are constructed on this same plan, and seem to be built for protection against the fierce rays of the sun rather than against the keen winds and biting frosts, and thus they are ill prepared to furnish comfort during occasional cold weather. Many of the residences, however, present an elegant appearance, while their perennially beautiful yards show that nature has done much for New Orleans, even if architectural art is not seen in its highest perfection.

There is now great progress in this direction, and the imposing Cotton Exchange, the City Hall, the St. Charles Hotel, and the Pickwick Club building, already mentioned, may challenge comparison with the finest models of architecture in the other large cities of the Union.

The business of the Crescent City, by virtue of her position as the metropolis of the great Southwest, has shown a steady increase. Not the least factor in this development is the deepened water at the mouth of the river, for by the jetty system the largest vessels may now pass, whereas it was formerly the custom for those of moderate size to run aground, and have a quiet time for a few days or weeks, waiting to get over the bar. The improvement at the passes may be known from the fact that the immense U. S. man-of-war, the *Tennessee*, the flagship of the North Atlantic squadron, has recently been lying at this port. Though a wooden vessel, she is one of the finest that our navy in its present condition affords, and a visit aboard was fully

repaid by the many interesting features of naval life shown our party by the courteous officers.

Another element in the advancement of this city is the approaching World's Industrial and Cotton Centennial Exposition, to be held from the first of December until the following May. Great preparations are on foot. It is claimed that this Exposition will be second only to the Philadelphia Centennial, and if the yellow fever is escaped this summer, and all the plans are carried out, this enterprise will give a powerful impetus not only to New Orleans, but to the entire South.

The site of the Exposition is a beautiful park, at the upper end of town, around which the Mississippi swings in a mighty curve, with its surface seven or eight feet above, securely confined by grass-covered levees. A level carpet of rich green, dotted with clusters of noble live-oaks, covers the whole expanse of the park.

Lower down the river, at the other end of the city, are the U. S. barracks and the old battle-ground, now bearing the name of Chalmette. The eighth of January is still celebrated here, and the bronze equestrian statue of the hero of the occasion stands in one of the most beautiful squares of the city, named in his honor.

A few miles off, on the shores of Lake Pontchartrain, are WEST END and SPANISH FORT. These are the great pleasure resorts where one can go after the heat and labor of the day, breathe the fresh, invigorating air, and, under the mild moonbeams or the rays of the electric light, spend an evening in strolling over gravelled walks and through beautiful shrubbery,

listening to delicious music, the splash of cooling fountains, or the soft lap of the waves upon the beach.

Spanish Fort is so named from a fortification which was erected in the early days as a defence against the Spaniards. The latter, in one of their conflicts with the French, failing in their attempts on the town by river, undertook a surprise by sailing through the Lake and up the Bayou St. John. But the French anticipated their antagonists, and erecting a fort at the mouth of the Bayou, checked them. The remains of the fort, with its old cannon, are still conspicuous. To see this place to the best advantage, one should discard the cars and drive over the shell road on the gracefully curving bank of the historic St. John. Here the Creole planters had their favorite residences, and here are still to be seen these villas, once the scenes of so elegant ease. But decay is painfully evident. To add to the effect, from the marshy ground on either side, which is covered with low palmettoes and is suggestive of slimy reptiles, rise the forms of dead trees festooned with garlands of gray Spanish moss, making a weird picture of gloom.

A trip to the beautiful suburban village of Carrollton is one of the attractions of the Crescent City. This is reached after a drive along the splendid length of St. Charles avenue, through an atmosphere laden with the breath of a rich semi-tropical vegetation, in which one can detect the ravishing fragrance of the magnolia fuscata, or the sweet, delicate perfume of orange blossoms.

Next to the inhospitable-looking custom of having the bell at the street

gate, a stranger in New Orleans would be struck with the

NAMES OF THE STREETS.

In the American or upper portion, and at right angles to the river, are nice thoroughfares, each bearing the name of one of the muses,—evidently the work of some student of Mythology or an admirer and imitator of Herodotus. Other indications of classical culture are found in the names Dryades, Bacchus and Hercules, though the latter two are now called Baronne and Rampart. Among the streets of minor importance one notices the less classical names of Good Children, Great Men, Felicity, Piety, Religious, and General Taylor. The bulk of the heavy wholesale business is transacted on those parts of Magazine, Peters, and Tchoupitoulas, adjacent to Canal. These thoroughfares, with Camp, St. Charles, and Carondelet, are parallel with the river. St. Charles is the favorite locality for the clothing establishments with their seductive show-windows, while more fatally seductive are the brilliant saloons and haunts of the "gay gamboliers," for the latter infest this street and its continuation in the French quarter, Royal, and ply their trade upon all who are verdant or unlucky enough to fall into their clutches. On Carondelet, the Southern Wall Street, are located the offices of the Southern cotton speculators and stock brokers.

To go from Canal street into the

FRENCH QUARTER

is like reversing time for half a century. The effect is all the stronger for the contrast between commercial ac-

tivity and quiet provincialism. One can hardly believe that such extremes exist so near together. This is the case, however, for a few blocks from Canal is found another kind of people. Threading along these quaint, contracted thoroughfares, with their narrow *banquettes*, one sees much to chain the interest. Little balconies jut out from dingy, silent-looking houses, peer into each others' faces, and seem to be in eternal confab, like so many old crones. Some of the houses are in closer communication, by means of lines extended across, on which towels and other articles of household use flap in the spring breezes—domestic flags of truce and peace. Esplanade street, with its handsome residences and double row of shade-trees, is very different from the neighboring dark and narrow thoroughfares, and many Americans reside here. The other portions are antiquated. In this part of town there are many points of interest, such as the old St. Louis Cemetery, the Jockey Club Grounds, the United States Mint, and the St. Louis Hotel, formerly the State capitol. Here, also, is the French Market, where in the early morning swarm people of many tribes and tongues, buying, selling, and chattering away with a Babel-like confusion. Here is Jackson Square, the old Place d' Armes, around which the commercial life of the Creole town once centred,—a place of historic associations; where, under Spanish rule, loyal Creoles were massacred, where Gen. Jackson was received after his victory, and where Gen. Taylor was welcomed when returning from the Mexican war. Here is the grand old Cathedral, which has seen New Or-

leans pass through the changes of a century and a half.

THE CREOLES,

the inhabitants of this quarter, are not less interesting than their buildings. Nowhere else can the peculiar types of Creole life be seen to such advantage, for here the progressive ideas which prevail across Canal have not intruded. There is a popular error concerning this people. Many persons in other places suppose that the Creoles are of mixed blood, and class them with mulattoes, quadroons, and octaroons. On the contrary, they are pure Caucasians. In a strict sense, the term was applied to American-born descendants of the Spanish and French settlers, but the latter being more numerous, appropriated it, though the process of differentiation has not continued, and the word now usually means native to Louisiana. It is even so loose in its application that the expressions, "Creole eggs," "Creole ponies," etc., are common.

The origin of this strong Latin civilization is strikingly like that of the Anglo-Saxon civilization of Virginia, for just as the proudest families of the "Old Dominion" descended from the imported English maidens, each valued at 100 pounds of tobacco, so the Creole of the present can trace his ancestry to the women sent over in the early part of the 18th century by the King of France. An indispensable element of permanent colonization is the formation of domestic ties, and when these maidens gave their hands to the soldiers and settlers, thus making them content with their lot in a new country, the foundations of French society in America were laid—

a strong social organization, which, despite the assimilating influence of Anglo-Saxon life, is still in existence.

Creole luxury is proverbial, and when they had the wealth on which to base their aristocratic pretensions, no people lived in more ease. But all this has changed. No longer have they this wealth; their quarter is impoverished, and while many of them have adapted themselves to the practical business life of the Americans and have succeeded, this is by no means universal. They do not weigh to a great extent in American society, but constitute a society of their own. While not numerous enough to give tone to politics, they are too numerous to be disregarded, and have representatives on every State and municipal ticket.

Catholics they are to a man, and while not calling themselves Americans, are loyal to the Union, though they have never lost a feeling of patriotism for *La Belle France*. They celebrate the 4th of July in a mild way, and ten days later, commemorate the Bastile Anniversary with enthusiastic demonstration. During the late war, the "Stars and Bars" had no more zealous defenders than the Louisiana Creoles, and their blasted homes and ravished fortunes attest how much they suffered.

To all persons familiar with current literature, a mention of New Orleans suggests

GEORGE W. CABLE,

who deserves, by pre-eminence, the title of "The Southern Novelist," and a high authority (*the N. Y. Critic*) seems to think that he should be called "The American Novelist." He is the

chronicler of the Creoles, and the world is not more indebted to Irving for an insight into Moorish life in Spain, or to Hawthorne for descriptions of the early days of New England, than to Cable for his accurate delineations of Creole society and character. This was a revelation to many who had as little knowledge of the Creoles of Louisiana as of the Karens of Burma. His rich and original genius casts an abiding charm around this peculiar people, for one cannot fail to take an interest in them after reading his novels, and he throws a side-light upon some historical events, as the purchase of Louisiana from Napoleon, and the conspiracy of Burr.

Mr. Cable's scenes are all local. The characters of his stories may be seen daily in this city, and the patois is a faithful reproduction from nature. "Dr. Sevier," now publishing in *The Century*, is so far his masterpiece, and Narcisse, as therein depicted, is a typical young Creole. It is impossible to write about New Orleans without mentioning some facts not unfamiliar to the attentive reader of Mr. Cable's productions.

Like so many other persons of distinguished intellect, the subject of this sketch does not present a striking or attractive personal appearance. He is scarcely of the medium height and is of a thin physique. His voice is shrill and sharp, a fact which militates against pleasant delivery, but since he has been lecturing throughout the North, elocution lessons have greatly assisted in this respect. Mr. Cable is a native of New Orleans, and is about forty years of age. The first years of

his manhood were passed in mercantile life, as book-keeper in a cotton firm, but some years since he abandoned this and engaged in literary pursuits. Mr. Cable furnishes another illustration of the honor which a prophet receives at the hands of his own countrymen, and many to whom this is known may have heard it coupled with the explanation that the place is not literary. But a little reflection will convince that so negative a cause could not account for so positive a result. This unpopularity exists chiefly among the Creole classes, who say that he exposed too much of their home-life. In one particular the Creole is very unlike his brother in Paris; he believes in the sanctity of home, and carries domestic seclusion to a great extent. This explains his dislike for one whose writings are chiefly concerning his people.

At the North and abroad Mr. Cable's genius has been fully appreciated, and he is regarded as having established a new era in fiction. While not attaching himself to the new "analytic" school, his writings exhibit a charming combination of analysis and narrative. There is no ultimate dissection of every word, look, or position. The South has produced a writer of whom she may well feel proud, and hereafter when she is charged with having no representative in the higher walks of literature she may refute this calumny by pointing to George W. Cable.

A man has been here lately who is as widely known in religious circles as Cable in literary. This is Hyacinthe Loyson, or, as he is often called,

PERE HYACINTHE,

the celebrated French Catholic reformer. Although he could not speak English, and although most of the French-speaking people, being Catholics, were forbidden by their priests to hear him, he had crowded audiences. He is said to be exerting a great influence in Paris, and though he still calls himself a Catholic, in opposing the doctrines of the infallibility of the Pope and the celibacy of the clergy, he is closely allied to the Episcopalians, who had him preach for them while here. His learning, his oratory, and his fervor, will doubtless make him powerful as an advocate of Catholic reform, and his work may be greater than is now dreamed of. He may yet be classed with Luther and Savonarola.

There is in New Orleans a

GREEK CHURCH,

which is said to be the second of the kind in America, San Francisco containing the other. The communicants are Greeks, Russians, and Bulgarians. This church has many interesting things about it. No images are allowed, as they hold that this is idolatry, but instead there are paintings of the Saviour and other holy personages. They do not worship the Virgin Mary. In this and many other respects they are widely different from the Western Church. The priest conducts the services in modern Greek. In different parts of church there are inscriptions in Greek, and partly because these revived memories of happy days spent in studying the Hellenic language under a beloved instructor, and partly on account of his sympathy with degenerate Greece and the descendants

of the noble Greeks of the past, this scribe could not help relieving himself of a good portion of his pocket change when the contribution plate passed around.

No mention of the Crescent City would be complete without a notice of

MARDI GRAS

and the comical gaieties, for which New Orleans is famous. The Latin races are fond of parades and public shows. The old Roman Saturnalia, the Venetian Carnival, and the various other festivals of Catholic countries bear this testimony. In scarcely any city of the world is the Carnival celebrated with more magnificence than in this.

As Washington's birthday, the time appointed for the unveiling of the Lee statue, came just before Mardi Gras, that may be considered as having ushered in the Carnival season. The statue was unveiled—I cannot add the usual formula, "with imposing ceremonies." They were intended to be imposing, and would have been; but just as the orator of the day was on the point of beginning, a sudden and terrific rainstorm arose. The scene of confusion that ensued, as the thousands scattered in all directions, fleeing for shelter from the pouring rain, was indescribable. The veterans of the Army of Northern Virginia, however, held their positions around the monument throughout the storm, as they had often done under the same leader in storms of shot and shell. It was a beautiful tribute to the Southern chief-tain that a post of ex-Federal soldiers took part in the military parade.

Various were the expressions of

opinion about the inopportune storm. One person was heard to say that was "the way Providence looked upon this Dixie business." Another replied, "Even the heavens are weeping for such a great and noble man." To twist the occurrence, as everything else may be twisted to look either way, it does seem indeed fitting that Gen. Lee's statue should be unveiled in a rarely-witnessed battle of the elements, while his figure in bronze gazed on with not more composure than he himself had looked on battles of a different character.

The festivities of Mardi Gras proper consisted of splendid processions which passed along the streets, representing Biblical, classical, or historical scenes, each pageant followed by a brilliant ball. There are various organizations, such as the Rex, Knights of Momus, Crew of Proteus, and Mystic Crew of Comus, each of which has its own parade and ball. One of the latter

was rendered notable by the presence of Mr. Jefferson Davis and his daughters, the two daughters of Gen. Lee, the wife and daughter of Gen. Stonewall Jackson, and Admiral Cooper, of the U. S. Navy,—a brilliant galaxy. This party occupied a box draped with the national colors, an event significant of sectional harmony. Aside from the pecuniary benefits, which are small when compared with the immense outlay of money, thought, and labor involved in the conception and execution of these pageants, and aside from their character as sources of innocent amusement and public recreation, the Mardi Gras festivities do great good, as is suggested by the above incident, in bringing together people from different sections, so that acquaintance obliterates animosity and begets good will. However much the first two purposes may be in view, the other is not their least mission.

H. B. FOLK.

THE FARMER'S BOY.

"What shall I do with him?" This question is worrying many a farmer in North Carolina to-day. He is thinking about his boy just turned from childhood into youth, and he knows that the next turn will be from youth into manhood. Time was when he cared mostly that the little one might be healthy and bright, and might bloom into vigorous youth. As to his manhood there was little care and as little planning, but only the feeling that somehow the dear baby *must* become an honored and successful man.

But now, kind friend, as your boy stands midway between childhood and manhood, you begin to feel that if there is ever to be anything in the man it must be got out of the boy; that the man is to be made out of the boy. The rifle barrel, you have observed, is only three feet long, and yet it fixes the course of the ball for a thousand yards. So the man is apt to take his whole course from the boy. But the boy, gay, light-hearted, rollicking fellow, what does he know or care about the future? So preparation for this

future must be made largely by you. The question once too far off to disturb you is now pounding at the door. What makes the matter more serious, too, is the thought that it will be very bad for the man to undo a mistake made on the boy. But the question pushes itself forward and must have a speedy answer. Well, have you decided? Wait awhile till you have thought the matter over again.

You see, the rest of us, as well as you and the boy, are deeply concerned about the kind of man he is to be. For remember, this boy represents the largest class of boys. Taking the whole country, farmers' boys are just about equal in numbers to all the other boys together. But in this State, where there are no large cities and but few manufactories, no doubt the farmers' boys outnumber all the others five times over. So this farmer's boy is to take the greatest share in controlling our State. He is to do most of the voting. He is to make the laws, directly or otherwise. He is going to step forward and take the reins of government, or say who shall do so. He will determine what kind of schools and churches we shall have, or whether we shall have any at all. So we are all anxious to know, dear sir, what kind of man you are going to turn out from your boy.

And, now, let us *see* your boy and try to make out what kind of a fellow he is. It may help *you*, too, to take him apart and look at him. You can tell better what kind of timber is in him. Well, he is *pretty lively*, I should say, up to any kind of frolic. He is apt to be so if a boy at all, and more apt to be so if a farmer's boy. You

get him up soon in the morning and let the sharp air take him. You brace him up with plain food and healthy work. You give him a turn with the calves and colts, and a light sweat at the wood-pile; and when night comes you plant him in bed early, and he sleeps till you call him. Well, if that kind of boy *isn't* lively, you had better put him in a doctor's hands for he's about dead. But you don't want a corpse nor a mummy; you *want* your boy lively. Oh yes; who wants an engine with no steam? Only see that you keep the valves in order and the track in good condition, then pile on wood, and move things.

He is probably the *best* boy we have. Not better, perhaps, than other boys raised in the country, but better than the average town-boy. He has fewer temptations; he knows less about many things concerning which it is a virtue to be ignorant. Many of his faults come from the city, in one way or another. He is apt to be more of a home body than the town boy. He probably comes home earlier at night, and stays there better when he comes. His eye seldom falls upon the flaming play bills that run the town-boy crazy. The strictly moral exhibition, whose proceeds are divided with the Orphan Asylum, is not so plentiful in his neighborhood. Yes, he has a fair show of being better than the town-boy—better, too, at the very time when character is forming, and when *you* have him in hand.

It seems, then, that you have a boy that ought to be something in life. What will you do with him? Well, suppose you give him a chance, and let him help make himself. Many a

boy has failed to be a man just because his father wouldn't let him. Now a *man*, a really *great* man, need not be a lawyer, nor a politician, nor a physician, nor a preacher; he need not be in any of what you call "the professions." He may just be a plain, levelheaded, cultivated farmer, and still be a *man*. If the Maker seems to have endowed your boy with special gifts for any of the professions, why let him follow it, and lend him a helping hand while he is getting ready. But don't conclude that you must make a professional man out of him just because he is a bright boy. Where in the world did ever the notion come from that men must pick out their clever boys for lawyers, doctors, and what not, and save the fools to make farmers out of? A little thought will show you that the dull boy is quite as likely to succeed in other things as he is in farming. If any business in this world requires a clearer head and a sounder judgment than good farming does, this writer doesn't know what that business is.

Now, suppose your boy is to be a doctor; you try to get money enough together to give him an average general education, and then put him in a medical college. And you would try to give him the same chance, if he should wish to become a lawyer. Why should a boy who is to *farm* be neglected, and be the only one that is neglected? The preacher, the lawyer, the physician, are not made in the schools really, but by the actual practice in life; and yet, it is a good thing for them to learn the *principles* of their profession before they commence the practice. They might after awhile

pick up those principles themselves, without ever going to school; but if they can learn from experienced teachers in a few months what they must otherwise learn after many years, if ever *at all*, it pays to go to teachers. Now, stop and think whether the following statement is true: One intelligent, thoughtful farmer in a community influences the farming of the entire community, because the neighbors watch him and learn from his methods. Well, if all could be trained and thoughtful, would it not be that much better? One may learn the art of hillside ditching after awhile by actual experience; but it would clearly pay him to lay out a little money in learning it before the soil has washed off. One may learn after awhile that some manures, excellent in themselves, kill each other by mixing; but it is surprising to know how many persons die in ignorance of that fact. One of the most successful planters the present writer knows, after fifty years of experience wasted his money and damaged his crop by mixing Peruvian guano and hickory ashes.

The feeling is common that general education for farmers is purely ornamental, and that if a boy is certainly going to farm, a very meagre bit of schooling will do for him. There is even a prejudice against "book-learned" farmers as being theoretical and unpractical. Of many such farmers this is undoubtedly true; but is it not also true of many *not* "book-learned?" If a man has not sense enough to put principles into practice, he hardly has sense enough to practice much *without* principles. The mill doesn't turn out flour if you put pease in the hopper; and you can't reasona-

bly expect bread from an oven in which there was no dough. If you send a natural fool to college, you will probably get back about the same kind of fool. Pray consider, friend; education is not what you learn in books, it is the training which the mind receives for independent study. Very few college boys in after life remember much about the languages or higher mathematics, unless they refresh their memories by teaching; they didn't study those things expecting to remember them, and in most cases they don't particularly need to remember them. What they wanted was to stretch and toughen and strengthen their minds for whatever work they might have to do. And so, some of our best educated public men and farmers can't read a line of Latin, but they can put their minds down to close, hard thinking when they will, because they practised that in studying Latin. It seems to the soldier a useless and cruel thing to make him drill twice a day, and it seems to *you* a waste of money to keep an army so long in mere drilling. But when you watch those well-trained men by the side of new troops under fire, you will think it worth while to make soldiers drill—not that they may know how to drill, but how to fight. So don't be too hard on "book-learned farmers." What they learned in school-books may not help them much in farming; but the mental drill that studying gives may help them very much.

But it is not altogether certain that your boy *ought to be a farmer*. Possibly he ought to enter some of the professions, dull though he seems. He has as yet shown no signs of tal-

ent in those directions; but have you given him a fair trial in the matter? Gold often lies deep; but it is pure gold when you bring it up. I suspect there is a rusty old axe lying about your premises, which would make the chips fly if you would give it a helve and a little grinding. Whet the boy up a little, even if you hardly can spare him at home. Don't send him *anywhere*, just to say he is at school. The greatest trouble about our common schools is that they are so very *common*; and under the action of the last legislature in curtailing the power of county superintendents, they are likely to become more common still. Send the boy where he will be likely to learn something, if he has a mind to do so.

But, alas! the farmer's boy is a *poor* boy. It would be a hard pull for him to go to college, or even to an academy. But did it ever strike you that the poorer the boy is, the greater his need of education? And if he has but little money, hadn't he better invest it where it will pay best and can never be lost? Suppose you advance to the boy now what you had thought of leaving him when you die. Why not? To finish his education you might have to advance him more than his share of the estate. How would it do to give him his share and lend him the rest, as some parents are doing with boys at Wake Forest now? Let no one get disheartened because he will have to work hard and live close to get an education. Whether rich or poor, it is best for all boys at school to *feel* poor. The boy always conscious of his wealth is from that very fact a failure from the start; ex-

ception to this rule are about as common as black swans. Any body who is ashamed to dress plainly and save money at school had better stay at home and live and die in the obscurity he deserves. But the boy with a good will and a good character and little else, need not blush to face the sons of wealth. There used to be at Oxford university some proud young noblemen, whose names are known now only because a young lad named George Whitefield used to black their boots. Ho for the poor boys! I wish I could set before you the long line of great men whose hearts knew the cares, and whose hands knew the marks of

poverty. I would name John Bunyan, the tinker, and George Whitefield, the boot black, and William Shakespeare, the butcher, and Robert Burns, the plow-boy, and William Carey, the cobbler, and William Herschell, the cabin boy, and Benjamin Franklin, the soap-maker, and Thomas J. Jackson, the constable, and James Garfield, the mule-driver. Ah! the carpenter's son at Nazareth forever dignified the work-bench.

And now, friend, put these things together and see if you can't answer that troublesome question about your boy.

R. T. VANN.

THE WAR WITH THE LILIPUTIANS.

It is scarcely more than a decade since the period when darkness hung over the medical firmament, and chaos reigned in men's minds as to the knowledge of the cause of disease. Amidst the confusion of this branch of medicine the undaunted courage and unparalleled vigilance of a few investigators rose equal to the crisis. For while all the world stood aghast, baffled in their attempts to penetrate the regions beyond the range of vision, a lustrous conception peered through the secret crevices of a private Parisian laboratory, and entered the chambers of a mind then engaged in the elucidation of the problem. Having taken up its habitat in the fertile brain of the veteran scientist, and, receiving nourishment from other able sources, this embryo conception gravitated toward term, and in due time burst upon the world with many man-

ifestations of mature development. Its sudden birth struck the masses of ill-informed physicians with surprise and amazement, and some beheld it a meteoric blaze in the heavens which would speedily vanish; but others saw in it a genial and steady sun.

The germ theory of contagious disease, now the centre around which all medical thought and action must revolve as satellites, cradled so long in the nursery of the ages, pulsating in the very heart of civilization and slumbering at the feet of wisdom, remained for the celebrated but modest Pasteur to disclose its contents and mark out its bearings and destiny. Henceforth Louis Pasteur's labors and name are to be associated with those of Aristotle, Copernicus, Bacon, and Newton. For as Aristotle and Bacon gave us the laws of deductive and inductive reasoning, Copernicus those governing

the heavenly bodies, and Newton gravitation, so Pasteur revealed the law which lies at the fountain head of our maladies and governs them.

That diseases originate from parasites need not strike you with surprise, for facts and examples lie around in abundance to substantiate this conclusion, and we have long held in our possession the landmarks which pointed pathologists to this identical theory. Excrescences and protuberances on the trunks of trees are known to be produced by the borings of insects, and bear a striking resemblance to, and are the analogues of the various tumors and cancers which disfigure the bodies of animals and men. Conspicuous in our history and associated with us as companions have been the *ascaris lumbricoides* and *tænia solum*, and allied species; and these peskey inhabitants of the prima via have not only not failed to call attention to themselves repeatedly by their annoying presence, but have impressed us that we gathered supplies and kept a boarding-house for their accommodation, while they formed no necessary constituent of our being. The *acarus scabiei* and *trichina spiralis*, smaller members of the parasitic family, have long been familiar to us, and known to be sources of mischief and danger; but no one seems to have taken the hint that these and kindred animals were placed upon the borderline of the visible and invisible as guides and sign-posts to direct in the exploration of this vague region.

Ship and compass were necessary desiderata to the discovery of America, and the microscope and the assistance of advanced chemistry were pre-

requisites equally essential to the accomplishment of brilliant achievements in this field. Since the appearance of these, the difficulties have signally diminished, and the vast domains of etiological medicine, over which speculative opinion blind and half-informed swept as a resistless storm bequeathing detriment and blessing alternately to those who had fallen in its track, have been bearing the dearest fruits of any quarter in the realms of the whole science.

It was in these latter days, when many things and common sense convinced men that they saw not all things which had an existence, that they came to mistrust their natural eyes; and the progress of modern science presented an opportunity to look further into the secrets and wonders of nature. This could not be done with the unaided eye, but happily the necessary spectacles were already at hand, and needed only slight modification to correct the defects in vision. To the accomplishment of this important task the industry of Hall and Dolland and ingenuity of the world renowned Lister proved fully adequate. So soon as the microscope was introduced and its application to scientific medicine properly understood, the wheels of revolution began to turn, and conflicting emotions and strange scenes greeted the professional view as it rose from the dark regions of myth and supposition to the light of demonstrative test and fact. The advancement of organic chemistry, under the leadership of able experimenters soon revealed the torula cerevisiae of yeast fermentation, which upon inspection proved to be the ac-

tive agent in the inauguration and completion of this process, and exhibited the nature of a living fungus plant. Then likewise followed in quick succession the important revelation that it not only required a separate germ to develop the different kinds of fermentation, but also that putrefactive decomposition of animal substances was dependent upon bacteria for its accomplishment, and not, as formerly supposed, due to the action of the oxygen of the air. This renders intelligible the common and necessary custom of salting fresh meats. Sodium chloride being antiseptic in its action has power to destroy and prevent the entrance of bacteria into a given substance. Identically the same principle is being employed by Prof. Lister, of Edinburgh, in the practice of antiseptic surgery, in which, instead of common salt, he uses carbolic acid in the manner of a spray—covering literally the exposed surfaces of wounds and open cavities of the body with the medicated fluid. This is done to avoid infection of the living body with bacteria and other germs, and the good results of the practice are said to bear testimony to its usefulness. These observations having been subjected to rigid tests, and found to be facts upon which the world could rely, the finger of suspicion began to point strongly toward certain specific fevers as a visible manifestation of a similar invisible operative cause. This idea at once revived the old fashioned notion of zymosis, which was defined be a process of fermentation in the blood of patients ill with such diseases as typhus and yellow fevers. Resort to

inoculation experiments with substances supposed to contain these active principles strengthened the evidence that they depended upon such organisms as stood in the relation of cause to the vegetable fermentations, and the higher magnifying apparatus were brought into requisition to solve the enigma and its addenda.

Accordingly, in 1873, Dr. G. A. Hansen, of Bergen, Norway, announced that he had detected the bacillus of leprosy enclosed in the cells of the nodules of that disease. In 1880, Albert Neiser, of Leipzig, extended and verified these observations. The bacillus is said to be peculiar, “being very attenuated and characterized by black dot-like nodosities, sometimes at one end, at others, at both, while occasionally there are intermediate dots, in which latter event the bacillus is always longer.”

At some time not far distant from the same date Dr. Salisbury announced that micro-organisms were the cause of malarial fevers; and in 1879 Klebs and Tommasi, of Italy, proclaimed that they had found the true bacillus maliæ. “These observers found in the earth of malarial districts numerous shining, oval, and mobile spores; and were able to cultivate them both in the animal body and culture fluids; and animals inoculated with them exhibited not only the clinical course as seen in man, but also the post-mortem appearances of the disease.”

In 1880 Ogston published his observations that a micrococcus was the exciting cause of acute suppurative inflammation—as boils and abscesses.

On April 10, 1882, the immortal Koch, of Berlin, startled the world by proclaiming that his eyes had seen the

bacillus of consumption, and further multiplied its importance by establishing its infectiousness. Upon this announcement professional opinion reeled and staggered as if the surprise were intoxication; and division fell on the medical ranks. Though the unanimity of thought and feeling was for the time destroyed, it was no rudderless ship, for mighty spirits stood at the helm and forced it to veer around to the only safe haven. Truth suppressed and sunken from sight is still mighty and all-prevailing and will express itself in the inextinguishable logic of events. This nucleus, born into the world through the matchless industry of Robert Koch, and having rooted itself firmly in the bosom of the great profession of medicine, to-day looms up to immense proportions, and is accepted and utilized by all progressive men.

At a day previous to the 7th of July, 1883, Dr. Domingos Freize, "a distinguished physician of Brazil," came forward and stated that on investigation into the nature of yellow fever poison he had found a cryptococcus in the blood of patients, "to which he had given the specific title of zanthogenicus."* They have the appearance of "large round cells with grayish or fringed margin and bright transparent centres."

On March 10th, in the same year, Leyden announced the discovery of the micrococcus of spotted fever. "The cocci were, for the most part, arranged in pairs and oval, though frequently isolated and in chains of two or three diplococci."

During the month of June Fehleisen isolated the micrococcus of erysipelas and inoculated patients, and reproduced the disease in each case.

On May the 19th, the bacillus of typhus fever by Volkman and of typhoid by Eberth were made known. The bacillus of typhoid fever is said to differ from others in its feebleness to absorb staining matters and in having rounded extremities.

The micrococcus of diphtheria has been a matter of dispute for some time, but now considered established through the concurrent testimony of the germ theory.

The micrococcus of pneumonia, mentioned by others previously, was demonstrated by Friedlander and Frobenius about January 5, 1884, and "facts are adduced which lend support to the view that is an infectious disease."

During the late epidemic of cholera in Egypt, the English, French and German nations each organized a special commission composed of able medical men to proceed thence and investigate the cause and cure of cholera. This work was attended with risk and difficulties, but was performed ably and well and resulted in the discovery of the cholera bacillus by the inimitable Koch, and reported by him about Sept. 17, 1883.

On Sept. 29th, of the same year, M. Pohn-Pincus announced that he discovered the micrococcus of scarlet fever in the desquimating epidermis of patients affected with this disease.

About the same period A. Baginsky "reported that he had detected the bacillus of cholera infantum both in the dejections and intestinal mucous membranes" of infants sick with it, and could recognize them wandering into the submucous tissues.

In February, about 14, 1883, Bogol-

omow discovered the relapsing fever germ—spirochaeta—and found that they disappeared from the blood under the internal administration of arsenic.

M. J. A. LeBel, on January 19, 1884, reported that he had observed a "vibrio during measles which had the appearance of a curved rod, very refracting and endowed with slow movements."

Perhaps I should say that the dates given here are probably not all exact, and some of the discoveries are considered *sub judice*, but the batteries of criticism have been silenced already with regard to the majority.

This does not exhaust the list of discoveries in the line of germs which hold a causal relation to diseases, but I do not feel that it is necessary to extend the number in order to show that the germ theory is correct; nor does this by any means constitute all the testimony to be adduced in its support. The vegetable kingdom is replete with evidence familiar to those who have experience in agricultural and horticultural pursuits. But the lower species of animals have supplied the most fertile field for observation, and valuable stores of information have been obtained from this source. On account of the impossibility of pushing like investigations upon human subjects, resort has been made to the inferior kingdom, from a comparative standpoint, for purposes of experimentation in both pathology and physiology. In the department of pathology they have not only been the medium through which the activity of disease-germs which assail man has been determined, but also have

furnished a variety of organism peculiar to their own species. Thus the bacilli of hog and chicken cholera, and the germs of pebrine in silk worms, and splenic fever in cattle and sheep, and glanders in horses, have been made known. In physiology they have furnished a most important field for research, and nothing has done more to further actual knowledge and place the present theory upon a firm basis than the privilege of using lower animals for purposes of experimentation. Without vivisection, progressive medicine would stop still, and the world would continue ignorant of the cause and alleviation of disease. Nevertheless in spite of the grand outlook which is forthcoming from this region we see the question agitated in some of the great cities of the world to organize societies for the prevention of this cruelty to animals; and the blow will fall heaviest upon the best interest and advancement of the very subject we are here considering.

We can now discuss briefly some of the more practical aspects of our subject. First, let us consider what these germs are and what are their physical differences. It is well known that they are lowly organisms of minute size, and manifest all the phenomena of living things. They can survive in certain media and menstrua and in others they perish; but considerable difference exists between the rapidity and vigor of development in one kind of medium from those in another. Whether they are animals or plants seems to be a question at present unsettled, but the tendency of opinion inclines to class them in the vegeta-

ble kingdom. It is settled, however, that some are animals and others plants.

You observe that I have used certain words which are applied to these germs as names. I shall now endeavor to define or distinguish them. *Bacteria* have an "elliptic or rodlike appearance—sometimes forming short jointed rows." Their length varies, and "breadth is small, but pretty constant." "*Micrococci* are bodies much like bacteria, but short and rounded, and occurring singly, or in bead-like rows." *Bacilli* are "threads composed of straight cylindrical joints much longer than those of bacteria but of a similar structure: they are always free-swimming." "A vibrio is like a bacillus, but with bent joints." "*A spirillum* is an elongated unjointed thread rolled up into a more or less perfect spiral; frequently two spirals intertwine." "*Spirochæta* is much like a spirillum, but longer and with a much more closely rolled spiral." They vary in size from $\frac{1}{1000}$ to $\frac{1}{100}$ of an inch in diameter, though they may be very long in proportion, and are said to exist in an active and a passive state. When ready to act and drop into a suitable menstruum they begin multiplying with wonderful rapidity; and this takes place, for the most part, by the simple process of transverse division—in which one bacterium or bacillus will divide into two, and each of these into two others, and so on, until the medium is filled with as many as it can accommodate. Now, if the vehicle in this case had been the juice of delicious grapes, it would have been transformed by these agencies into excellent wine; but if, on the other hand,

it was the blood of vigorous youth, we would have an excellent, blooming case of fever developed. And you may note again that the character and result of this process is determined by the kind of germ which originates it. If you plant the micrococcus of scarlet fever or the bacillus of typhoid in the blood of suitable patients, you may as confidently look for the production of these diseases as if you had planted pease or potatoes in soil appropriate to each. Patients do not become infected with one kind of germ, and develop another, or "run into" another, kind of fever;—that notion has died out with the fogyism of the past, though it is not to be forgotten that hybrid diseases are thought to occur.

Another question of considerable weight may be asked, Where are these germs and how may they be avoided? Upon its elucidation the strength of medical thought has been concentrated; and attention has been directed by phenomena naturally suggestive, mainly to the four most liable sources, the air we breathe, the water we drink, the food we eat, and the soil upon which we live. On inquiry into them each of these has yielded promptly its appropriate contribution to the aggregate acquisition of truth which hygeists and pathologists have been able to compile upon the subject of etiology.

The circumambient atmosphere which encompasses our being and bountifully supplies us with the great thing needful for very existence, at the same time frequently comes to us surcharged with instrumentalities most potent for evil. The atmosphere is an immense reservoir into which are discharged in ceaseless streams millions

and millions of effluvia, infusorial forms of life, microbes, micro-organisms, cryptogamic formations, and the products and concomitants of animal and vegetable decay. So that every cubic foot of air which surrounds the globe contains potentialities capable of engendering mischief or conferring benefits wherever suitable preparations have been made for the display of their energies. Not only are bacteria, in an active or passive state, co-extensive with the atmosphere, hovering in herds and clusters of greater density or variety according to the favorableness of climate and locality, but they also traverse the earth in waves towering high in the air as the mightiest billows of the ocean; they sweep over the fertile plains of our fairest lands in swarms of tremendous magnitude as invisible and threatening clouds capable of raining down mischief and destruction, danger and death; they penetrate the minutest ramifications of a conceivable existence and pass far beyond the fathomless depths never visited by the searching hand of human inquiry; they sport upon the bosom of the ocean and use the earth for a playground; they career through the tallest heights of mountain regions, bask in the purest air and sunshine of earth, and bathe and fatten in the low levels of the marshes; they live joyously and free, amid festivities bounteous and frequent, and the bodies of men, animals, and plants are contributors thereto.

If so universally present in the air we breathe, of course they are to be met in the water we drink. Accordingly this has been found true, and constitutes a far more fruitful source

of danger; because, while they do not prevail in the same great abundance and variety, they exist in a more active form in this medium. Organic substances crumble into dust and rise as floating matter in the air, but the germs carried with it soon grow enfeebled by age and exsiccation, and their activity is correspondingly diminished. Water washes off the face of the earth and trickles through it, gathering up unwholesome materials, microbes, and waste matters all in a state of solution to be administered to us conjointly with the healthful diluent. Yes, it is true that the common water for which we continuously thirst does pass through the earth, penetrates the filth of decaying vegetables and animal dejecta, soaks in the scum of the surface soil, and comes to our wells and springs often freighted with living animalcules and organisms at the time of their greatest activity, and some of these may be collected from very malignant sources. Nay, more the clouds will gather and the rains descend upon our compost heaps, and filter through them, fall upon our graveyards, and sink into the soil and flow around the putrefying carcasses of the dead, and, gathering up the germs of the victorious disease, penetrate farther into the earth to empty into the veins and fissures which communicate with our wells and water supplies and furnish them. Thus we may have returned to us again the descendants of the parent seeds of the disorder which carried our kinsmen to the grave.

Again, it has been demonstrated that if a solution of any organic substance be exposed to the air and a temperature equivalent to our summer's

heat, it will soon be found to swarm with living organisms varying in kind according to the material selected and environments imposed. We have a startling exhibition of the same principle upon a larger scale, and to an appalling extent, all over the land in the numerous mud-holes and fish-ponds, bogs and quagmires, swamps, and stagnant pools, creeks and rivulets, mill-ponds and lakes, cesspools and old wells. In fact, wherever water dissolves out the protoplasm and albuminous compounds of plants and animals, wherever it permeates the scum and excrements of earth, and is allowed to accumulate or stagnate, there we have the formation of countless myriads of germs which are capable of displaying a potential energy and acting a conspicuous part in this great drama of life. And these miniature actors are not at all disposed to remain confined within the prison walls of their maternal fluid, but seek various outlets of escape. They can rise from these foul nurseries of filth as emanations upon the wings of vapor, and drift hither and thither with the currents of the winds, to descend in the rains and disseminate themselves as seeds of disease wheresoever the hygiene, climate, population, and soil favor their germination. Thus malaria can be caught up and distributed over its entire dominion, from the sea-shore to the mountain top; typhoid, jail, relapsing, and scarlet fevers, overleaping these barriers and climes, enjoy a greater diffusion and more extensive prevalence; and epidemic cholera and yellow fever, stirring from their nidi, rise and pitch in a distant city miles away, and to produce a wondrous

commotion among the inhabitants as if a mighty whirl-wind had dropped into their midst; and noble and brave men and women will bow and fall before the approach of these fearful epidemics as the trees of the forest bend and break before the onward rush of the matchless, merciless tornado.

Through our diet, it is scarcely necessary to say, we are exposed to nameless disorders. It is a matter of common observation that our neighbor has eaten something which has disagreed with him; and we, ourselves, may have known how frequently colic, cholera morbus, nettlerash, and dyspepsia have followed the imprudent indulgence of appetite. We are surrounded by almost infinite possibilities of contracting diseases, and all the avenues seem to gape wide open, but there is none so palpably evident or more susceptible of demonstration than the opportunities presented through the food we eat. All the grain we see, and all the vegetables we eat, and all the animals whose flesh we use to repair the waste of our bodies, are alike subject to disease which can be and frequently is communicated to us. Not only do many forms of plant and insect life delight in depositing their ova upon the luxurious vegetation which clothes our world with verdure and beauty, but also the minute emissaries of the miserable autocrat of trouble imbed their seeds in the living tissues of animals which walk about us, so far as we can see, enjoying perfect health. If these are used by us as articles of food and inadequate measures employed to destroy these humble forms of life, we become the subjects of inoculation with whatever virus ex-

ists in these harbingers of vital force. To illustrate, you have seen the lazy brutes go slowly along, browsing the tender buds, little suspecting what they were doing; but when you are informed that the eggs of parasites are sometimes placed upon the shrubbery in order that pigs and beeves and sheep may devour and embody them in their muscles, as materials to work harm and mischief to you in the way of disease, the matter opens up with a new interest and an importance worth attention.

This brings us to the consideration of the soil. The earth is the final receptacle of all things material. The refuse of vegetation and the remains of animals are alike deposited upon its surface and enfolded within its exterior. It is nature's waste-basket and enormous cesspool in which all of its filth and dross accumulate to ferment and rot—a prodigious retort in which chemistry and biology operate with a complexity and rapidity beyond comprehension. You may distribute slops around the house and about the yard, as many are accustomed to do, and then add to this the litter and trash, and you have formed before your very eyes and almost beneath your roof a bed for the development and propagation of microbes, the number, variety, power, and malignancy of which all the acquisitions of science and the profoundest erudition of biologists and philosophers will prove inadequate to compute.

Sections of country and communities differ in degree of productiveness of grain on account of a difference in the natural fertility of soil; and so localities vary in degree of salubrity

according to natural endowments. Richness of soil and luxuriant harvests mark the spot where disease-germs reside and proliferate with greatest facility. It may be noted that they are often the associates, if not the product, of decomposition of organic substances. So that all the materials employed to fertilize lands, all the leaves of the forest, the wreck of timbers and accumulations of animal substances and nitrogenous compounds are but fuel and food in the soil for the germination and growth of micro-organisms. It is evident that fertility of soil in the production of disease may be both natural and acquired, and it is to be feared that disorders other than malaria arise more frequently from what we put there than any deposits made by nature. Low places, humidity of atmosphere and soil, and uncleanliness are factors most effective in rendering localities unhealthy. This law, however, holds good more especially as it pertains to such diseases as are endemic—chills and the like, but the roving epidemics may find in such places suitable quarters to pass their periods of inactivity—finally coming forth to attack the inhabitants of these ill-favored regions first when the spring time of their lives approaches, and they are ready for propagation.

Looking at all the points and chances against us, we are ready to exclaim, What are the means of escape? Here we want practical suggestions, things that can be applied. The best practical method of preventing disease is to keep away from the sources where the cause is known to reside. At some day in the future when the masses have been sufficiently enlightened

upon the importance of this subject, they will empower government officials, and vote to be taxed, to establish health bureaux in many places in our country, and fill them with men whose duty it shall be to inform the people upon these points, to tell them of the approach of bacterial clouds, and able to predict with unmistakable certainty the kind and malignancy of the trouble they are likely to produce. Yes, fill these positions with able micrologists and scientists whose business alone it shall be to examine the air for disease-germs, to test the drinking water for the people, and tell them how to get rid of the pests, and inspect the food for the detection of danger there. It would verily seem that as much benefit would accrue to a nation, some time in the near future at least, from the establishment of centres for protecting the inhabitants against disease which slaughters its thousands yearly, as from the various barometric stations so elegantly fitted up in many parts of the country in order to foretell the approach of a storm and prevent the destruction of lives and property. But until some such action has been taken, beware, gentle reader, whence comes the air you breathe, the water you drink, the food you eat. See to it that all the food is thoroughly cooked, and eat nothing which you have reason to suspect is not well-done; for the fire's heat in the process of cooking is our greatest protection, because it destroys all infectious organisms which would be conveyed into your body and perhaps develop a malignant type of disease. Examine your wells and water, and know something about the possi-

bilities of contamination from infectious and impure sources. Where is the horse-lot, the graveyard, and other places close by which are much more prolific in the production of disease germs? and what are the liabilities of water's getting into the wells from these malignant sources.

Again, beware whence comes the air you breathe,—be sure that there is no foul source for the emanation of vapors which may float into your bed-chambers at night. During sleep is the time the poison seeks to enter your body through the lungs. Disease, like the thief, finds it easiest to attack its victim during the night. Shut out all impure air and remove from your premises the things which pollute it.

Reflecting upon the liabilities to contract diseases and the difficulties to be met in avoiding them, being told that the germs sometimes resist the heat of boiling water up to four hours, that they have been buried in the earth for twelve years and produced disease when resurrected, we are filled with wonder why we do not sicken oftener and die sooner than we do. There is, however, a reason for this. The omniscient God foresaw this extremity and adapted our organism to suit these environments. That biological entity styled vitality lies at the root of all prevention, and is our resisting power against disease. Indeed, when the body is evenly balanced, and the vital force free to act and at par, the resistance of our bodies to the invasion and imposition of these foreign organisms is so nearly complete that restoration to the standard of health is easily accomplished. Then, take care that you preserve well this

best gift of God, for whenever by exposure or ill use of the physical or mental power, whenever by indolence or neglect of the proper attention to the development and vigor of the constitution, you have lowered it, then you have thrown down the walls and invited the enemy in, who will proceed

to devour your energies and strength, dissipate the charms and beauty of person, tear down the corporeal structure, and deliver your body into the hands of the undertaker, unless art or science can succeed in your rescue.

J. B. POWERS.

EDITORIAL.

VALEDICTORY.

Now that the moment has come for the third board of editors to lay down their pens from the service of THE STUDENT, we feel like saying a word to our friends and patrons. This year has been a prosperous one for THE STUDENT. The quality of its contributions has perhaps been better than usual; its list of advertisements has been largely augmented, and its circulation steadily extended. On the whole, we may say it has made very material improvement. Though commencing the year with a small debt against it, it has met this, and besides paid its way clear for the first time in its history. This is certainly encouraging, and gives reason to expect that, if the on-coming board be faithful (of which we already feel assured), it will, perhaps, even during the next session become a source of revenue to our Literary Societies. And from the testimony of many prominent persons, within and without our State, and the satisfaction expressed by those who advertise in its columns we are emboldened to predict a very bright future for our magazine. We believe it will soon attain that standard at which it will command the finest contributions and as large a number of advertisers and subscribers as may be desired. To friends one and all, we attest our sincerest thanks for your consideration and aid. The future board of editors and the students we

exhort to continue faithful to the interests of THE STUDENT. We can say we leave it in fine condition, and at the expiration of another collegiate year, it will be expected not to have been kept thus, but elevated to a still higher plane.

DECLAMATION.

We confess to some regret as we see the tendency among our students toward the artificial and theatrical in the speeches which they recite. There has been gradual growth in this direction for several years past, and it has been greatly helped by the fact that for at least three times in succession the declaimer's medal has been awarded to pieces in which theatrical action was prominent. It has not been the intention of the judges so to reward an error, but the winners have shown in rendering these pieces superior qualities of manner and articulation which won the prize. We know that the gentleman who provided the medal looked for no such result. He has, indeed, expressed his purpose to give another turn to the medal, if this tendency be not checked.

In the last competitive declamation, few could fail to be struck with the number of "But hark's!" and "See's!" all of which were accompanied by set expression and gesture. The violence with which several of the pieces were delivered was grating to delicate and cultivated ears, and now and then the

smile went round as some athlete accomplished an extra feat. Now, this is said with no spirit of cynical criticism, but to enforce a kindly suggestion.

The essential mistake in this style of declaiming is its unnaturalness. We mean not to deprecate action, but excessive action. Excessive action is studied and unnatural, and, by attracting to itself the attention which belongs to the subject-matter, defeats its purpose. There is in it an extreme realism, which is always and everywhere offensive. Those who cultivate it strive to look and move in the most minute details of the situation exactly as the person described would. The mistake here is, that no room is left for the play of imagination. Manner and tone should suggest, not servilely copy, the action, thought, and feeling of the person represented. Let the gesture draw the outline, but leave it for the hearer's imagination to fill in the picture.

ROMAN CATHOLICISM.

Many are conversant with the state of affairs in Catholic Europe, Brazil, and Mexico, but seem to be wholly unaware of the power and influence the Roman Catholics are exerting in the United States. They are strong in numbers, wealth, social position, and devotion to the faith which they profess, yet some would have us believe that their influence and numbers are diminishing; that they are discontinuing the practices of their church, and have no respect for their priests. But when the statistics are examined we find that those opinions are erroneous.

They have under their control more than one-third of the orphan asylums in the Union. The poisonous principles of their faith are so deeply engrafted into the hearts and minds of those they take under their care that they are hardly ever eradicated. After coming to mature age, can they turn against that institution which nourished and protected them in their infancy and youth, and pronounce that doctrine false which teaches that it is the duty of man to care for the widow and orphan? They have hospitals in all of our large cities, and the sisters of charity visit the public hospitals, shunning no disease, and ministering to and teaching the afflicted. In the East their schools are numerous and well attended. Priests and nuns have charge of these schools and every pupil is carefully taught the ritual of the Romish Church. From six years up their children know how to tell their beads, cross themselves, and make the proper genuflexions on entering the church. Their convent schools are largely attended by all denominations and many proselytes are made. Wherever they have a church or priest, devotional exercises are held every day, and they are strictly forbidden to attend Protestant services. With them the laws of our country are held secondary to the commands of the Pope. They regard him as the supreme ruler of the earth, and believe him to be infallible. They teach that one does a noble deed to lie or kill in behalf of the Church. They are not friends of popular education, yet they are striving to have the public schools under their control, and use their influence for the party or candidate that prom-

ises the greatest reward. It is said that the Pope thinks of changing his headquarters from Rome to Baltimore. Would it not be a lamentable state of affairs if Protestant America should become Catholic America? This can only be prevented by a united effort

of all Protestant denominations against Roman Catholicism. Let them give more liberally to charitable objects and be more consecrated to the service of the Lord. This is *the only remedy*.

C. L. S.

CURRENT TOPICS.

RUSSIA.—In the last few weeks a great celebration was made in Russia in honor of the son of the Czar, who had just attained his majority; at the same time the ubiquitous, irrepressible nihilists blazed forth their placards in all the high places around Moscow warning the Czar that, in order to avoid his father's fate, he should grant a constitutional amnesty to political offenders. Truly, to occupy the throne of Russia is an unenviable position; and it would seem that "uneasy lies the head that wears the crown" was written for this ill-starred country.

A FINE statue of Martin Luther was unveiled at Washington, D. C., on May 21st. It reaches an elevation of more than twenty feet, the pedestal being eleven feet in height. The ceremonies are said to have been of a most impressive order; Justice Miller, of the U. S. Supreme Court, presided, and a large number of Senators and Representatives were present. In the course of his oration Hon. Omar D. Conger said: "Four centuries from the date of his birth, three thousand miles from the scenes of his labor, on the borders of a continent then undiscovered, in the capital of a wonderful nation then unborn, we gather from

far and near around the monument of Martin Luther, wrought in enduring bronze from the mines of Germany, moulded by the skilful artisans of his own fatherland, and transported over the intervening land and sea to stand amid the other memorials of patriotism and veneration that adorn our capital city."

EGYPT.—During the past month some new features have developed in the affairs of Egypt. The force of El Mahdi has been greatly augmented by the defection of Egyptian soldiers and desertions from the Soudan garrison. It is estimated that 5,000 have gone over to the false prophet. But the annual rising of the Nile precludes all fear of any immediate danger to the points threatened. Khartoum and Berber are said to be in a satisfactory condition. General Gordon writes that he has no fear as to his personal safety; and that he could leave Khartoum by a safe route any day, but that he will not do so until a better government in the eastern Soudan is established and the safety of the inhabitants from the rebels assured.

FINANCIAL DISASTERS.—A series of bank failures occurred during the past

month, occasioning a stir in the business world second only to that caused by the great panic of '73. Prominent among them was the failure of the wealthy firm of which General Grant was a member, involving many fortunes. Then, there were several occasioned by the defalcations of cashiers and other bank officers. Up to this time, with a few exceptions, we have had reason to congratulate ourselves on our fine banking system; and, we believe, we may still do so, for we think the evil is from another source. It is in the decline of the standard of integrity in the business world. The majority of the recent failures were clearly the result of a wild speculation, more properly termed gambling. Truly this is becoming one of the great

evils of the day, and one which the iron force of Congress should come down upon. It was rather amusing to note the variety of palaver and excuse in which the Northern press vented itself in behalf of U. S. Grant, who seems to have been criminally involved in the recent disaster of his firm. As to whether he was guilty or innocent it is not our place to say, but we would say we remember that within the last ten years his son made a tremendous haul by this same speculation. We deprecate the tone of the Northern press when it endeavors to lift General Grant entirely beyond the pale of reproach and the law merely on the ground of his reputation and the popular confidence which he enjoys.

W. S. R.

EDUCATIONAL.

—TWO weeks in the mountains, at Waynesville, for the North Carolina teachers, thanks to Mr. E. G. Harrell.

—THE degree of LL. D. has been conferred on Prof. W. G. Simmons, by the Trustees of Wake Forest College. The distinction is well merited.

—OXFORD Female Seminary enrolled last session 125, more than ever before by 13. Dr. Hawthorne, at the commencement, spoke of some errors in female education.

—THE Commencement at Charlotte Female Institute was "a brilliant and successful series of entertainments." The exercises began on the fifth of June. The Baccalaureate Sermon was preached by Rev. Wm. Adams, of Augusta, Ga.

—ROCKY River Springs Academy, in Stanly county, N. C., will begin work the first Monday in July—Mr. W. W. Hursey, a former student at Wake Forest, Principal, and Mr. S. J. Biggers, Assistant.

—TWO of General Lee's sons are prosperous planters in Virginia. The third succeeded his father in the presidency of Washington and Lee University, which position he has filled with success for the past thirteen years.

—LENOIR county is well supplied with educational facilities, and its citizens show their pride as they call it the banner county in the State in the matter of education. It is probable that Wayne, which joins it, is as bad off in this regard as any other.

—THE commencement at Richmond Female Institute was a “brilliant” affair. Besides some who completed the course in the different schools, there were five full graduates. This school is especially noted for its fine department of music.

—THIS has been a prosperous year in the history of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary. The number of students was larger than usual. Its commencement was highly satisfactory. Dr. J. C. Furman, of South Carolina, preached the annual sermon.

—THE next annual meeting of the National Educational Association of the United States will be held in the capitol at Madison, Wis., July 15th—18th. Preparations have been made to accommodate from 5,000 to 10,000 visitors, and it will be a great meeting.

—THE WINSTON GRADED SCHOOL.—Maj. R. Bingham says that this institution, with its magnificent new building, which was designed by Prof. J. L. Tomlinson, the Superintendent, is the grandest forward educational move North Carolina has ever witnessed.

—PROF. HOBGOOD has reason to be proud of the commencement exercises at his Seminary, according to the *News and Observer* of 12th inst. The crowds in attendance were very large. The rendition of music, recitations, etc., was unusually fine. A medal was awarded Miss Randolph for the best delivered recitation. Dr. J. B. Hawthorne delivered the annual address before the Literary Society; his subject was, “The mistakes in woman’s education and life-work.”

—THOMASVILLE Female College commencement began on the night of the 4th instant. The exercises are claimed to have equalled those of any previous year. President Reinhart has associated Rev. J. N. Stallings with himself in the management of the school, with a full corps of teachers. The fall term will open the first of September.

—THE success of Kinston College, Dr. R. H. Lewis, Principal, is marked. Not without opposition, and though opened so late as September, 1882, 155 students were enrolled during the last session, of whom 74 were males and 81 females. The stockholders at the late commencement provided \$2,500 for the better equipment of the school.

—THE commencement exercises at Vine Hill Academy, of Scotland Neck, passed off well and with credit, not only to the principal and teachers, but to the community also. It consisted of declamations, recitations, awarding of medals, etc. The *Roanoke News* speaks very highly of the principal, Mr. E. E. Hilliard. From all we hear he is rapidly building up the cause of education in Halifax county.

—NEW York State some months ago joined Vermont, New Hampshire, and Michigan, in fighting intemperance with the public school. After the first of next January no certificate will be granted to any person to teach in the public schools of the State of New York, who has not passed a satisfactory examination in physiology and hygiene, with special reference to the effects of alcoholic drinks, stimulants, and narcotics upon the human system.

—THE commencement exercises of the Monroe High School came off on the 29th, 30th, and 31st of May. The literary address was delivered by Dr. A. W. Miller, of Charlotte. This is a very fine school, under the management of Prof. J. A. Monroe and a competent corps of assistants. The attendance during the past scholastic year was 153.

—THE following facts are brought out by Mr. R. P. Porter relative to the illiteracy of the South. In 1870 nearly one-third of the population could not read and write; in 1880 the number was only one-fourth. Out of every 1,000 persons there are illiterates as follows: In Mississippi, 330; in North Carolina, 331; in Georgia, 337; in Lou-

isiana, 338; in Alabama, 343, and in South Carolina, 371. Now let the stigma cease to rest upon the Old North State that she has a greater percentage of illiterates than any other State.

—IN a strong paper in the June *Century*, read originally before Johns Hopkins University, President Eliot, of Harvard, advocates, as entitled to more respect than now given them in the college curriculum, English language and literature, French and German, history, political economy, and natural science. This enlargement would necessitate choice among co-ordinate studies for the degree of A. B.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

PICTURES OF LIFE AND CHARACTER, by John Leach, is just out. It has been well received by the public.

—NOW is the season of calm weather in literature. The book maker seeks mountain streams and solitudes, and the book seller waits for the springing of the trade in the fall.

THE Clarendon Press will publish next December a centenary edition of Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, in commemoration of the 100th anniversary of his death, December 13th, 1784.

—*The Examiner* says, "Mr. Appleton Morgan is badly bitten with the Baconian mania, and his contribution to the May *Manhattan*, 'Whose Sonnets' shows to what lengths hobby-riding will sometimes carry a man."

—“THE British Museum authorities are arranging for an exhibition of MSS. and other objects relating to Wickliffe and his works, together with Anglo-Saxon and English versions of the scriptures before his time. It will be similar to the Luther exhibition that aroused so much interest last year.”

—AFTER hearing Dr. J. B. Powers' able lecture on the Cause of Disease, we doubt not that Dr. Billings' work entitled *Relation of Animal Diseases to the Public Health and their Prevention*, will prove of much interest to the citizens of Wake Forest. The trichinosis question is fully discussed by the author. It is published by D. Appleton & Co., at \$4.00.

—D. APPLETON & CO., of New York, will soon publish the *Prose Writings of William Cullen Bryant* in two volumes. His Essays, Tales, and Orations will be contained in the first volume. The second volume will contain his Travels, Addresses, and Comments. Price \$6.00.

—DR. WILLIAM A. HAMMOND, who has attained such celebrity in the treatment of the insane, has turned his attention to novel writing. His latest production is a romance of life in the far West called *Lal*. It will soon be in the hands of the book-sellers.

—*The Century* is publishing a series of articles from prominent educators on important topics. In the June number President Eliot, of Harvard, answers the question, “*What is a Liberal Education?*” In the July number ex-President Woolsey will write on Honorary Degrees. Co-Education and the Study of Greek will be discussed in subsequent numbers, and the series will be concluded with an article by Mr. Arthur Gilman on *The Collegiate Study of Women*.

—*The Athenæum*, commenting on Geo. J. Romanes' new book, *Mental Evolution in Animals*, says: “Mr. Romanes has followed up his careful enumeration of the facts of *Animal Intelligence*, contributed to the ‘International Scientific Series,’ with a work dealing with the successive stages at which the various mental phenomena appear in the scale of life. The present installment displays the same evidence of industry in collecting facts and caution in co-ordinating them by theory as the former.”

—MESSRS. AVERY, RAND, & CO., Boston, Mass., have recently published a romance entitled *Salt Lake Fruit*. “Its motive is to disclose the horrible effects of polygamy in Utah, and to stir up American citizens to the danger which threatens the Republic from this giant evil.”

—OF *The Giant's Robe*, by the author of *Vice Versa*, now in course of publication in the *Cornhill Magazine*, the *Pall Mall Gazette* says: “For ingenuity of construction, sustained interest, and finished workmanship, there has been nothing in serial fiction for many a long day to equal *The Giant's Robe*. It is not often that the jaded reader of many magazines has the faintest spark of curiosity as to the next installment of a novel, but Mr. Guthrie carries one along with a genuine feeling of interest from month to month.”

—*THE London Academy* has this to say about Mr. Grant Allen's book on *Flowers and Their Pedigrees*: “We have few pleasanter gossipers about natural history than Mr. Grant Allen. And by a gossiper we do not mean one who talks on a subject about which he knows little. In the present volume, at least, the botanist will seldom find him tripping. The eight “essays” of which it is composed give the appearance of having been delivered as lectures, or written to be delivered as lectures. In each of them he takes as his text some English wild flower, and weaves out of it a pleasant and instructive discourse on a variety of topics. Thus “The Romance of a Way-side Weed” is an account of *Euphorbia pilosa*, a South

European plant found in a few spots in our southwestern counties, which leads to an admirable sketch of the geological history of our island, and of the varied origin of our flora. Under the head "The Origin of Wheat" he traces the genealogy of all our grasses and sedges from the lilies through the rushes, a history of the gradual decadence of a great family. "A Family History" is a description of a variety of useful and interesting plants belonging to the great rose family. And the remaining chapters are of equal quality. It is some time since we have seen a book better calculated to awake or stimulate an interest in natural history."

—“THAT once-famous book, *Vestiges of Creation*,” says *The Academy*, “which has been out of print some twenty years, now appears in a twelfth edition, with the name of the author on the title-page. Though we fancy that it has for some time been an open secret, it is here for the first time stated authoritatively that the author (and the sole author) was Robert Chambers. For writing the MS., he used the hand of his wife, and for communicating with his publishers the intervention of Mr. Alexander Ireland, who is now the sole survivor of the four original depositaries of the secret. In a graceful introduction, Mr. Ireland tells as much of the story as we shall ever know, and thus confers one more obligation upon those who are curious as to the literary history of the second quarter of the present century.”

—THE most important of all the libraries in Madrid belongs to the

Duke of Ossuna, the worth of which is estimated at 800,000^l., and which is going to be purchased at that price by the State. The collection and augmentation of this library has been carried on during centuries by the various chiefs of this family, and the collection has been greatly enlarged by the numerous acquisitions made by the late Duke. It contains more than 4,000 manuscripts, without counting 3,000 plays in manuscript of the time of the rise and splendor of Spanish literature. Among the latter alone are 100 of Lope de Vega, several of Calderon and Moreto, and the sole one of Quevedo. All these treasures have been unknown for centuries, and will be taken entirely from the country if the library is not bought by Spain. Among the manuscripts is one of Petrarca, with beautiful miniatures, also one of Dante, the journal of Columbus, copied out by Bartholome de las Casas; the *History of the Moorish War in the Alpujarras*, by the Count of Tendilla; the mass-book of Cardinal Cisneros, and many other rarities. It further contains the official correspondence of Rubens at the time he held a diplomatic office in Madrid. A bookseller at Madrid had a commission to bid 100,000^l. ($\text{£}4,000$) for a small manuscript of the “Roman de la Rose!” This library contains the collections of the Marquis de Santillana, Marquis de Villenna, and likewise all that Pimentel and the noble house of Benavento possessed. The library contains about 40,000 volumes in all.—*Borsenblatt fur den Deutschen Buchhandel*.

SCIENCE NOTES.*By Alumni Editor.*

GERMS AT SEA.—It has long been believed that the atmosphere at sea is comparatively pure and free from living organisms. Recent observations have established this. Scientists of a certain vessel found very little solid matter in the air at a distance from the vessel, but the air around it swarmed with microbes. A French observer explains the general freedom of the air at sea from germs by saying that such as are carried from the land by the winds fall into the sea.

TWO NEW CABLES are now being laid between Ireland and this country. They lie side by side from Ireland to Nova Scotia, whence one goes to Rockport, Mass., and the other goes round Cape Cod to Fire Island and thence to New York. Their aggregate length is more than 6,000 miles. The shore ends are $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter, but the cables proper are one inch in diameter. The conductor is formed of 13 wires, consisting of 12 small wires coiled around a central wire 1-10 inch in diameter. Gutta-percha is the insulating material, between which and the armor is a cushion of jute. The cables were made by Messrs. Siemens Brothers, near London; 1,700 men were employed on them.

MR. RUSKIN thinks that the majority of scientists have no soul for anything beyond dynamics, chemistry, etc. He says, however: "The real scientific man is one who can embrace not only the laws that be, but who can feel to the full the beauty and truth

of all that nature has to show, as the Creator has made them; such a man was Von Humboldt; such a man was Linnæus; such a man was Sir Isaac Newton." Here is another eminent man's view: "The current opinion that science and poetry are opposed is a delusion. It is doubtless true that an extreme activity of the reflective powers tends to deaden the feelings, and an extreme activity of the feelings tends to deaden the reflective powers; in which sense, indeed, all orders of activity are antagonistic to each other. But it is not true that the facts of science are unpoetical, or that the cultivation of science is necessarily unfriendly to the exercise of the imagination or the love of the beautiful. On the contrary, science opens up realms of poetry where to the unscientific all is a blank."

AFRICAN PESTS.—The bashikonai ants must be a terrible plague. They travel night and day, in armies miles long. The elephant and gorilla fly before them; the black man runs for his life so soon as the ants are seen. It is related of a traveller that as he was going up one of the mouths of the Zambesi, he saw a whole village suddenly deserted by the inhabitants, who fled with all they could carry off, a proceeding which, as there was no foe in sight, rather puzzled him, till he found they were fleeing from the ants. When these ants enter a hut, they clear it of every living thing in a few minutes. Huge cockroaches, almost

as large as mice, centipedes, mice, and rats are instantly devoured. A strong rat is killed in less than a minute, and in another minute its bones are picked. A leopard, dog, or deer is soon dispatched and devoured, for they kill by their numbers. They are quite half an inch long, and one variety is so strong that it will bite pieces clean out of the flesh. They possess, however, one meritorious quality—they mortally hate, and, whenever they can, put to death the mischievous white ants which make such destruction in houses. In addition to these and the sand ants, which bite like scorpions, leaving a distressing pain behind them, there are several varieties of flies which sting horribly, such as the igogonai—small gnats—whose bites go through the tough hide of the negroes, causing a terrible itch; the ibolai—flies or gnats—which sting as though with a needle, and whistle as they dash at you ; the richouma, which fill themselves with your blood before you know they are there, then leave an itching that lasts for hours, varied at intervals by certain sharp stabs of pain ; the sloway, or nest-building flies, not quite so big as a bee, which cling to a man even in the water, and assail the natives with such ferocity that if a canoe, by chance, touch one of their nests, the men instantly dive overboard.—*Scientific American.*

A CURIOUS APPARATUS for capturing

food is seen in the little animal called the wheel animalcule. He is worm-like, and varies in length from $\frac{1}{12}$ to $\frac{1}{8}$ of an inch. The posterior end is provided with appendages by means of which he attaches himself firmly, while the head, with its two eye spots and row of whirling hairs, moves about in the water in search of a good feeding place. These movements it is interesting to watch through the microscope, but much more so, when he has satisfied himself about the locality, to see him swallow his head, and push out in its room two wheels which at once begin to turn. These wheels are really composed of exceedingly fine hairs arranged on the edges of circular projections of the body, and it is the motion of these hairs which makes the appearance of a turning wheel. A strong eddy is made by this motion, and whatever microscopic plant or animal gets into the current is drawn with irresistible rapidity into the gaping vortex. These creatures swimming gayly through a drop of water, which is their ocean, before they are aware drift into the circling currents of this concealed maelstrom, and by and by dart helplessly down its throat, if small enough ; otherwise, still within the eddy, whirl about and then repeat the plunge; only escaping when the wheel animalcule swallows his wheels, protrudes his head, and seeks another feeding ground.

IN AND ABOUT THE COLLEGE.

—WE publish in this number a part of Dr. J. B. Powers' lecture on the germ theory of contagious disease, delivered before a large audience in the chapel in May.

—THE circular of Prof. L. W. Bagley's academy, to be opened here August 25th, has made its appearance. It is neat, complete, and expressive. Mr. C. E. Brewer will be Mr. Bagley's assistant.

—THE present graduating class is the largest the college has yet turned out. They will devote themselves to several different professions as follows: Medicine, 2; Teaching, 3; Law, 4; Ministry, 6.

—THE new catalogue shows 161 students. The type is larger than usual, and the inside shows improvement in the College. Natural History will be two years instead of one, and Chemistry ditto.

—THURSDAY afternoon, June 12th, an exciting game of base-ball was played here between the Swiftfoot Club, of Raleigh, and the Carolina, of Henderson. The score stood, Swiftfoot nine, Carolina eight. A large crowd witnessed the game.

—THE following are the names of the six editors elected from the Phi. and Eu. Societies for the ensuing year: Phi's, Senior Editor, E. Ward; Associate Editor, J. B. Pruitt; Business Manager, H. B. Conrad. Eu's, Senior Editor, A. T. Robertson; Associate Editor, W. C. Allen; Business Manager, W. W. Holding.

—THE Board of Trustees, at their late meeting, conferred the honorary degree of D. D. upon Rev. R. R. Overby, of Camden county, and Rev. C. T. Bailey, of the *Biblical Recorder*, Raleigh, and the honorary degree of LL. D. upon Prof. W. G. Simmons, of Wake Forest College.

—WE are sorry to lose from our community Maj. W. G. Riddick, whose management of College Hotel has given so unqualified satisfaction. He returns to his farm in the country. Mrs. Dickson will conduct the hotel next session, and rent out her own house to students who wish to room out of college.

—THE following is the order of degrees conferred upon the graduating class: A. M.—J. C. C. Dunford, W. H. Kornegay; A. B.—H. A. Chappell, W. W. Kitchin, I. G. Riddick, W. S. Royall, W. V. Savage; B. L.—D. M. Austin, W. B. Morton, W. B. Pope, W. S. Splawn; B. S.—R. S. Green, A. M. Redfearn, C. L. Smith, W. E. Wooten.

—JUNE 6th closed the week of examinations. The day ended with the annual mass-meeting of the two Literary Societies. Pres. W. V. Savage called the house to order. After the calling of the roll, the WAKE FOREST STUDENT was announced as the first matter for discussion. Mr. R. S. Green, Phi. Business Manager, gave some carefully prepared statistics showing the financial standing of THE STUDENT up to date. The figures were very gratifying. Mr. W. S. Royall,

Eu. Senior Editor, made some encouraging remarks about the literary standing of the magazine. He mentioned some testimonials from both the Northern and the Southern press as to its literary excellence, but urged a higher standard yet to be reached. The comic debate then took place. Messrs. Austin, Dixon, Savage, and Spainhour spoke. It is to be regretted that the meeting was made public, and the like will perhaps not be repeated.

—AT the Missionary Society meeting on the first Sunday afternoon in June, Mr. W. S. Royall, of Mt. Pleasant, S. C., member of the graduating class, announced his purpose to become a foreign missionary. He said the impression of duty in this direction had been growing on him for some time. He is thinking now particularly of Brazil.

—THE ordination of five young ministers made Sunday, June 8th, memorable. They were Messrs. D. W. Herring, Ed. M. Poteat, J. H. Lamberth, W. B. Morton, and W. S. Ballard. Dr. Royall preached the sermon, Prof. Royall led the ordaining prayer, and Rev. R. T. Vann delivered the charge and spoke the word of welcome to the ministry.

—THE following members of the graduating class presented at Commencement theses instead of orations: W. S. Splawn, Polk Co., N. C., subject, "How Boys may Become Men;" R. S. Green, Jr., Cana, N. C., "American Literature;" D. M. Austin, Anson Co., N. C., "The Value of a Genial Disposition;" W. B. Pope, Lumberton, N. C., "A Plea for Practical Education;" A. M. Redfearn, Chesterfield Co., S. C., "Woman in the Republic;" C. L. Smith, Durham, N. C., "The Picturesque in the South."

COMMENCEMENT WEEK.

[Reported by Mr. W. C. Allen.]

MONDAY.

The clear notes of Kessnich's well-known cornet announce the presence of the week of gayety. The day is fine and many visitors are already waiting for the festivity. Night approaches. The time for the competitive declamation draws nigh. The exercise was not below the average, but the pieces rendered were rather dramatic for declamations by boys. The following is the order in which the contestants declaimed:

J. W. Lynch—"Polish Boy."

Thomas Haynie—"Voice of the Charmer."

J. E. Collins—"Drummer's Bride."
B. D. Barker—"His Eye was Stern and Wild."

W. P. Stradley—"Fireman's Prayer."
W. T. Grimes—"Curse of Regulus."
C. E. Brewer—"Red Jacket."

J. F. Schenck—"Karl the Blacksmith."

J. R. Hunter—"Convict's Soliloquy."

J. W. Watson—"Southern Chivalry."

W. C. Allen—"Death-Bridge of the Tay."

The Committee, consisting of the Revs. R. T. Vann, Ed. M. Poteat,

and Dr. J. B. Powers, then withdrew. Presently they returned, and Rev. R. T. Vann, the chairman, in a few witty remarks, announced their decision in favor of Mr. J. F. Schenck.

TUESDAY.

Notwithstanding the threatening weather, visitors continue to arrive. There is no falling off of arrivals from previous years. At 10 o'clock the Board of Trustees met in regular session, and transacted some important business. Contrary to the regular programme, the annual sermon was preached before the graduating class at 8:00 p. m., by Rev. Chas. A. Stakely, of Charleston, S. C. He chose as his text the 20th verse of the 12th chapter of John, "We would see Jesus." About fifty minutes he occupied in delivering a sermon which was filled with Gospel truth. His clear enunciation made the sermon doubly attractive and enabled every one in the large hall to understand every word that was uttered. The character of Christ is sublime. No record of the personal appearance of Jesus has been handed down. No colors can portray his likeness. But in a higher and more important sense we may see him. We may see Jesus in the elements of his character, in the system of morals which he propounded, in the salvation which he wrought out, in the means he employed for spreading his kingdom among men, and in the effects of Christianity upon the individual and upon mankind at large. In a masterly manner he discussed these several points, and closed with a beautiful exhortation to the class. Few commencement sermons have been more generally enjoyed than this. It was

a real sermon. Mr. Stakely is a young man (about 25) and has been preaching for three years. He was a successful lawyer before he entered the ministry, being solicitor of the largest district in Georgia.

WEDNESDAY.

During the morning the Board of Trustees continued in session until 11 o'clock. Rev. C. C. Bitting, D. D., of Philadelphia, whose sermon here several years ago some of our readers remember, was elected President of the College; but a telegram from him the next day announced that he could not withdraw from his present work.

At 11 a. m. the large hall was nearly filled with an appreciative audience to hear the address before the Philomathesian and Euzelian Literary Societies by Rev. Jesse B. Thomas, D. D., of Brooklyn, N. Y. Dr. Thomas tenderly introduced his theme by an allusion to the death of his little son, saying that the last book which he read was the *Life of David Livingstone*. His theme was "Livingstone's Testimony to the Preciousness of the Earth, the Preciousness of Man, and the Preciousness of the Gospel of Christ." After presenting the salient features of the early life of the great missionary, he entered upon his struggles in trying to fit himself for the great purpose of his life. He failed at preaching, but he had faith and struggled on. He was painstaking in small things, keeping a faithful record of the little events and occurrences, and recording them with the greatest accuracy. The speaker, with pleasant humor, related several of his curious records. Livingstone was not prima-

rily a preacher, but he sought to open the way for future preachers. He believed that if he could open Central Africa to commerce, the Gospel would soon come. Going into the heart of Africa he studied the character of the degenerate sons of the "Dark Continent." And by doing this he threw light upon the great problem which scientific men are forcing upon the world to-day. He saw where men *devolved*, instead of evolving. The tendency of the African was downward, but he found them in their utter depravity sensitive to the Gospel. Livingstone was a pure character, and the cause of his purity was his close study of the Bible. The speaker in concluding contrasted, with genuine eloquence that overflowed in the eyes of many who listened, the death of Livingstone with that of Napoleon. The latter died struggling for ambition, and now rests under a lie written on his tomb; while the other died for the salvation of the country to which he had given his life, and now his body rests in Westminster Abbey, but his heart in Central Africa.

Dr. Thomas held the audience for one hour and twenty minutes, and intensely interested them. His voice is deep and powerful, his style unconstrained and natural. Out of the usual line on such occasions, the address was fresh and stimulating, and charmed all with its tender, manly spirit.

Then came the presentation of medals to the students, as follows: Latin medal was presented to R. H. Whitehead, Greek medal to W. C. Riddick, French medal to W. H. Kornegay, Declaimer's medal to J. F. Schenck, and medal for the best essay

published in the WAKE FOREST STUDENT, to W. S. Royall; all presented by Dr. R. H. Lewis, of Kinston College, in a brief, but pleasing speech. Dr. T. H. Pritchard next, in a capital manner, presented to J. B. Carlyle the medal for the greatest improvement in oratory in the Phi. Society, and to C. L. Smith the medal for the best essay in the same Society. Hon. C. M. Cooke presented to J. W. Lynch the medal for the greatest improvement in oratory in the Eu. Society, and to W. V. Savage the medal for the best essay in the same Society.

The following we clip from *The News and Observer*: "The exercises of Wednesday were brought to a fit conclusion in the evening by

THE ALUMNI ORATION.

A heavy shower of rain made the audience smaller than usual. Mr. John E. Ray, President of the Alumni Association, introduced as the annual orator Rev. Lansing Burrows, D. D., of Augusta, Ga. Dr. Burrows is of fine person and pleasant manners, and is counted one of the foremost orators of the South. No report can give any idea of the sparkling wit of his oration. He prefaced his address with reminiscences of his school days at Wake Forest twenty-five years ago, and he made many happy hits in telling of the school boy pranks of those days. Then he discussed with marked eloquence and force "The Responsibility of Educated Men." He laid stress upon this responsibility with reference to the material interests of the people, as illustrated in the confidence the people have in their doctors, lawyers, etc.; in reference to their moral

interest, because a polite libertine has vastly more influence for evil than a degraded, vicious man; and in reference to the comforts and conveniences of the people; being very severe upon that notion which makes little of beauty for beauty's sake. After the address a business meeting of the Alumni Association was held, at which Rev. G. W. Sanderlin, of La Grange, N. C., was elected orator for next year."

COMMENCEMENT DAY.

The sweet strains of Kessnich's string band invited a large audience to assemble at 10 o'clock in the Win-gate Memorial Hall. The audience was said to have been the largest ever present on such an occasion at Wake Forest College. The hall was packed, and many did not find seats. At 11 o'clock the fifteen members of the graduating class came in escorted by the marshals, and took their seats upon the rostrum. The excrcises were begun with prayer, Rev. Dr. Burrows leading.

Prof. Royall introduced as the first speaker, Mr. J. C. C. Dunford, of Marlboro county, S. C., who delivered the Salutatory Address. He did the welcoming in a decidedly welcoming manner. His language was graceful, and he gained applause.

The first oration was by Mr. W. S. Royall, of Mt. Pleasant, S. C., whose theme was "National Character." He discussed in a lucid style the foundation of character, private and national, and pictured the development of this great America of ours. His language was good and delivery easy.

Mr. W. V. Savage, of Como, N. C., discussed "Infidelity in France in the Eighteenth Century, and its Causes." His voice is well adapted for public speaking, being forceful, and his articulation very distinct. The address was well written.

A very musical subject, "Home, Sweet Home," was that chosen by Mr. W. E. Wooten, of Kinston, N. C. His words were well chosen. The band played "Home, Sweet Home," at the conclusion of the speech.

"The Power of Shrines," was the subject of Mr. I. G. Riddick, of Wake Forest, N. C. He discussed it in such a manner as to win applause and floral testimonials.

"The Diana of America" was re-vealed by Mr. W. B. Morton, in a re-markably distinct and clear voice. His speech had no surplus matter in it. He did .not say so in so many words, but all inferred that the Diana of America was alcohol.

Mr. W. W. Kitchin, of Scotland Neck, N. C., asked and answered the question, "Are We Degenerating?" He is a very youthful speaker, but acquitted himself with honor and made a good speech.

"Utilitarianism" was discussed in a very clever manner, by Mr. H. A. Chappell, of Forestville, N. C. This gentleman showed himself decidedly a speaker.

The Valedictory address was de-livered by Mr. W. H. Kornegay, of Duplin county, N. C. It was at times pathetic. His farewell to his class-mates was especially touching, and now and then eloquent.

Prof. Royall then presented to the

class of fifteen their diplomas, and addressed them in some tender words of counsel.

Dr. T. E. Skinner, President of the Board of Trustees, made some interesting remarks about the condition of the College, stating that its prospects were never fairer, and that the Trustees

had determined to elect a President. He paid a merited tribute to Prof. C. E. Taylor for completing the \$100,000 endowment last December.

With the benediction by Dr. T. H. Pritchard, the commencement exercises closed.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

—'52. Prof. W. G. Simmons, LL.D. The Wake Forest Trustees did it at their last meeting. They would be wise, if always so happy in the distribution of distinctions.

—'62. Dr. Lansing Burrows, of Augusta, Ga., chose as the subject of the Alumni address at our recent Commencement, "The Responsibility of Educated Men." The address is noticed elsewhere.

—'62. Rev. George W. Sanderlin, of La Grange, N. C., was elected by the Alumni Association to make the oration at the next Commencement. We are sure he will make a fine address. He is unusually gifted as a speaker.

—'59. Rev. James M. White, who has been favorably known as the teacher at Clayton, has enlarged his field of usefulness by entering the ministry. He has not been preaching a great while, we believe. He attended Commencement.

—Among the Alumni who sought their Alma Mater this month, were N. B. Cannady, Esq., of Oxford ('73); J. J. Vann, Esq., of Monroe ('73); Mr. N. D. Johnson, of Fair Bluff ('78); Rev. W. J. R. Ford, of Blenhhim, S. C. ('78); Rev. G. W. Greene, of Mora-

vian Falls ('70); H. Montague, Esq., of Wadesboro ('80); Mr. W. J. Ferrell and Rev. O. L. Stringfield, of Wakefield ('82); Mr. E. E. Hilliard, of Scotland Neck ('82); Mr. J. W. Fleetwood, of Woodland ('82), and T. B. Wilder, Esq., of Louisburg ('82).

—'79. Dr. J. T. J. Battle passed last month a successful examination and received of the N. C. Medical Association license to practise medicine. He has settled in Wadesboro.

—'81. Rev. E. M. Poteat, with four others, was ordained in the College chapel Sunday morning, June 8th. He received at the Theological Seminary a diploma as English graduate, though he lacked only Senior Hebrew of completing the entire course. He will return there next fall and probably take charge of a church near Louisville.

—'82. Rev. D. W. Herring was ordained June 8th. It will be remembered that his purpose is to join Dr. Yates in Shanghai, when he finishes the Seminary course. He preached in the evening.

—'82. Mr. E. G. Beckwith, while serving efficiently as tutor of Mathematics, completed, during the past session, those studies demanded by the A. M. course which are not in-

cluded in the A. B. He is, therefore, entitled to the former degree.

—THE most important action taken by the Alumni Association, at its late meeting, was the adoption of a constitution, one article of which requires annual dues of members to the amount \$1 each; another, that persons suitable for membership be nominated by

a standing committee of five. It declares any graduate in any school of the College to be eligible to membership. A committee, consisting of Mr. L. W. Bagley, Dr. J. B. Powers, and Rev. R. T. Vann, was appointed to provide a banquet for the next meeting.

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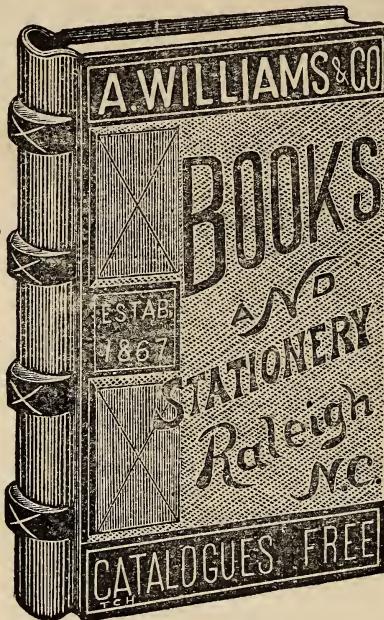
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